

Chatelaine

APRIL 1953 20 CENTS

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN

*The Queen looks West
—by Hector Bolitho*

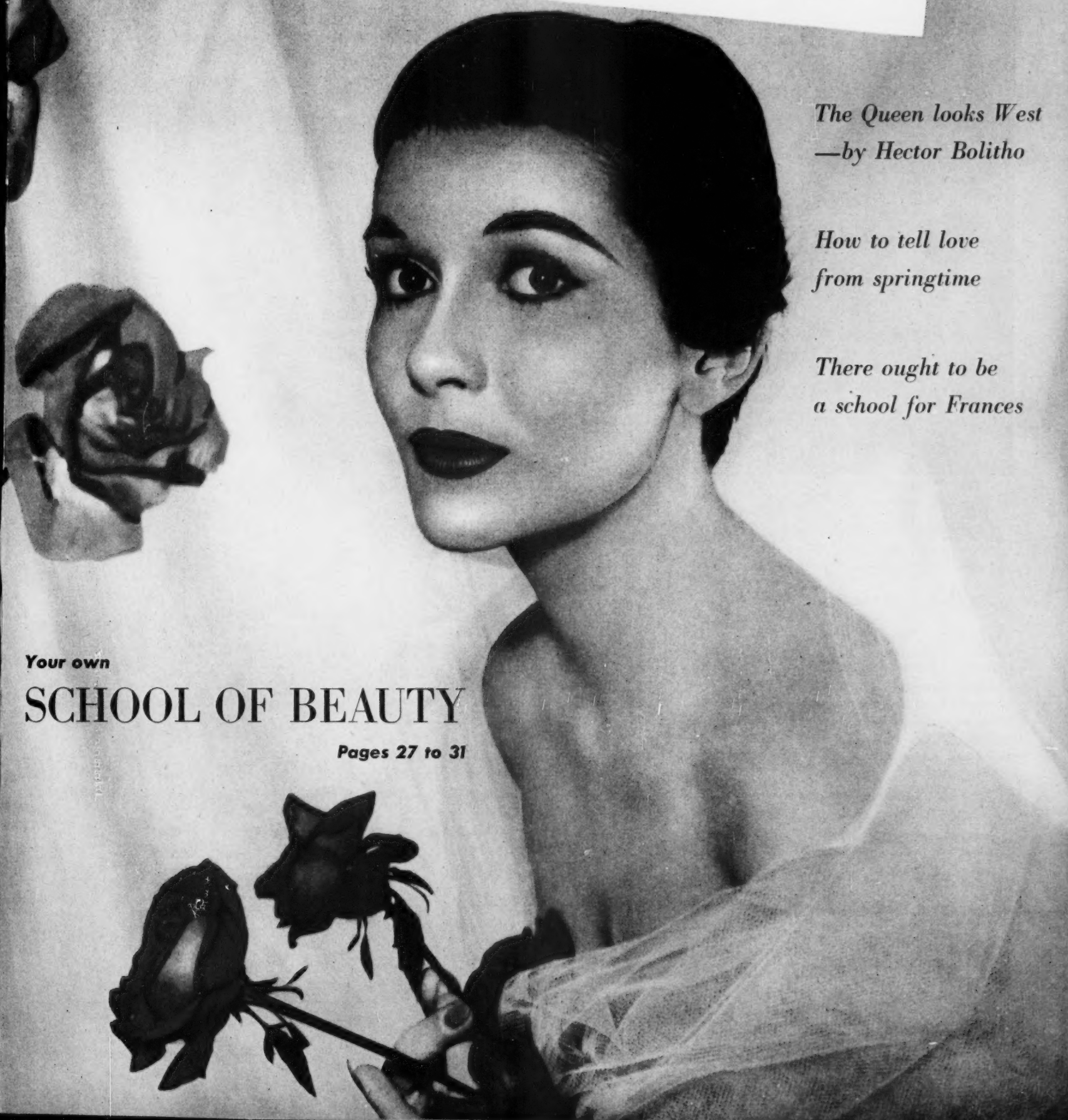
*How to tell love
from springtime*

*There ought to be
a school for Frances*

Your own

SCHOOL OF BEAUTY

Pages 27 to 31





MRS. T. R. DRYDEN
This lovely Canadian bride
gives her soft, clear skin
Camay all-weather care.

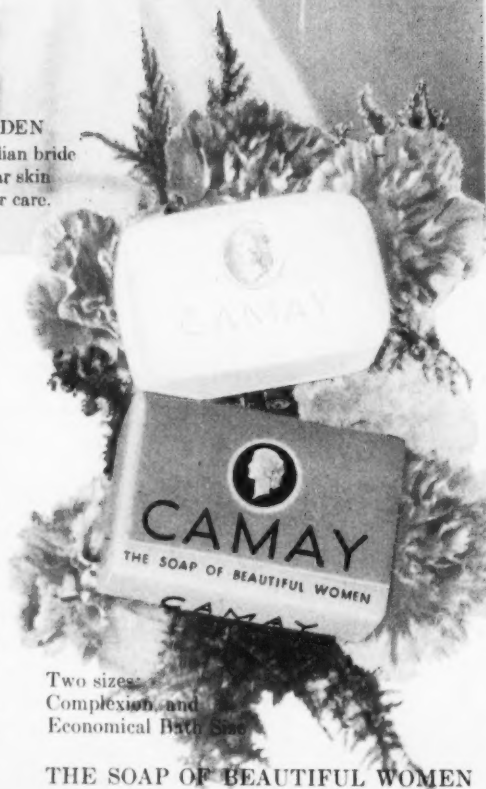
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She masterminds about thirty a year.

Chatelaine Centre

A Vancouverite who designs for the Queen, a best-selling cookbook and a couple of happy endings

All in a day's work. The minute Rosemary Boxer hits the office every morning phones begin to ring furiously. The reason—our fashion and beauty editor not only turns out lively ideas for Chatelaine but is in constant demand for fashion talks, advice and fashion commentating. She does a broadcast over twenty-five radio stations every day and recently produced, co-ordinated and commentated, as you see above, "The Wheel of Fashion" at the National Motor Show in Toronto. This was just one of about thirty fashion shows that our elegant editor produces and emcees each year. For a special spring package from Rosemary Boxer, Chatelaine's School of Beauty opens on page twenty-seven.

Doings of an Ex-Editor. Speaking of fashion editors, Eileen Morris, who filled the post at Chatelaine before Rosemary Boxer, tells us she also has her hands full, as you can see below.



Eileen is one of the founders of the Elizabeth Fry Society of Toronto. The object is to befriend and visit women in prison. Fortunately Eileen still finds time to knock off the occasional piece for Chatelaine in the lighthearted manner of her "How to Tell Love from Springtime," on page nine.

Back by Popular Request. Every month or two over the past four years the same request

has kept turning up in Chatelaine's mail. A reader wanted our Institute to start "Meals of the Month" again. Last November we ran one of these letters in Reader Takes Over. This started a landslide of R.T.O. letters from other women who had missed the menu aid. One woman wrote that she had depended entirely upon "Meals of the Month" as a bride and ever since the feature was dropped her husband has been grumbling about monotonous menus. That was four years ago! We're happy to report that his grumbling can cease, for "Meals of the Month" is back in Chatelaine with this issue. You'll find it on page seventy with a bonus "Recipe of the Month" added for good measure. This month it's for Hot Cross Buns.

Many Cooks Make Good Book. A Montreal women's club has just hit the best-seller lists with a cookbook. Entitled "A Treasury for My Daughter," it has gone into its third printing and has appeared in Indonesia and Australia as well as Canada and the United States. In 1947 the newly formed Ethel Epstein Ein Chapter of the Hadassah was pondering about how to raise some money. The members hit upon the idea of a cookbook which would be a brew of Jewish festival menus and recipes. They expected to make a few hundred dollars and were astounded when the book proved a sellout, netting five thousand dollars for the Hadassah rehabilitation program in Israel.

Fit for a Queen. Two cotton prints that the Queen is including in her Coronation wardrobe were designed by a Canadian. Peter Sager is actually a sculptor by trade and more at home working in bronze than in cotton, but the sculpting business is a bit slow these days, and after studying in Paris for four years he took a job with a London textile firm. He was back home in Vancouver when he received news that his designs had found royal favor. One, in sketchy charcoal lines on silver grey, will prob-

ably be worn to tea. The other, in mulberry with black and gold, is being made up for glamorous royal evenings. For more about Queen Elizabeth turn to page ten and another article in Hector Bolitho's series—"The Queen Looks West."



Sequel to Stories. The three heads you see bobbing above belong to three Carmans of Welland, Ont. After reading Chatelaine's story "We drove the Kids to Alaska" last year the Carmans took to the road too and drove all around Gaspé and the eastern U. S. Mother and daughter slept curled up on the car seats. Father and son slept on a collapsible table with their heads inside the trunk. The trip was such a success, they are planning to go to the Rockies this summer.

Here's another happy tag line to a Chatelaine tale. The heroine of our true story, "It's Not So Bad to be an Orphan," Chatelaine October 1952, says her father recently flew from Edmonton to Moose Jaw for a family reunion with his three daughters. This was the first time he had seen them since the court took them away from their mother sixteen years ago. "He's just wonderful," Mary writes. "He was proud as Punch when I told him I'd be getting my nurse's cap this month." +

Chatelaine Centre will pay \$5 to \$10 for true anecdotes. No contributions can be returned.

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As it spreads over scalp and hair, Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the germs associated with dandruff including the "bottle bacillus" (*P. ovale*).



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If you have any evidence of persistent flakes, scales and itching get busy with Listerine Antiseptic and massage every day . . . twice a day is better.

You will be delighted to see how quickly flakes and scales begin to disappear . . . how wonderfully fresh and healthy your scalp feels . . . how well your hair looks.

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For more than 60 years the chief use of Listerine Antiseptic has been as an antiseptic mouth-wash and gargle.

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Introducing our School of Beauty, cover girl Sandy Mann highlights the new pink, pinker, pinkest make-up. Photo by Desmond Russell.

Chatelaine

APRIL

1953

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Reader Takes Over

The small town — both sides agree there's no place like it

Jack Powers' February article, "I Won't Raise My Children in a Small Town," attracted scores of letters from all parts of Canada. Space does not permit the use of any letter in full nor all the letters received, but here are typical extracts. Readers were three to one in favor of the small town as a place to raise children. —The Editors.

I am a busy wife and mother, but after reading "I Won't Raise My Children in a Small Town," feel I must take time to defend our way of life. I am a city girl who married a country man, and I have never been happier than since we moved to a small town. Far from the ignorant self-satisfied picture painted by your author, we pride ourselves on our cultural endeavors. But the thing that strikes me most forcibly about a small town is its neighborliness, and it's typical that while its inhabitants talk about you when you're well, they look after you when you're sick. I hope my children will be privileged to grow up here and if later they have to move to the city the memory of good friends, the courtesy and gentleness of country-folk, may make them better people. —Mrs. David Munn, Summerland, B.C.

His Slip Shows

... So Jack Powers' dream about small towns was shattered. Just what could he expect? You can't face life while you are still busy trying to fulfill your dreams at the corner of Main and Centre streets in Utopia ... if he was stared at, as he claims, it was because his slip was showing. The biggest slip anyone can make in any community is to adopt a superior attitude. —A. J. Calder, Georgetown, Ont.

... Who wouldn't stare at a character like the writer—whatever he is! —Mrs. F. McMorrow, Ontario town.

Even The Dogs Stare

... Congratulations on a fine article. We agree emphatically that small towns tend to make people narrow and dull; in my town even the dogs turn around and stare, but they are a lot more sympathetic than their masters. Bad manners, bad taste, and above all, gossip—that's all one finds. —Mrs. M. P., Saguenay County, Que.

... Never read such nonsense ... you can't say people in small towns are louts and in the city they are gentlemen. Such generalizations went out with the turn of the century. —Mrs. G. Jacklin, Parry Sound, Ont.

... I am surprised you would give space to such a vituperative article. My daughter is about to depart with her husband to a small prairie village. She is fond of reading Chatelaine, and

what a boost this article will give her toward her new life! —M. A. Murdoch, Kelowna, B.C.

... Congratulations to Jack Powers. I was raised in a small Ontario town, and I want to say "Amen" to all his remarks. —M. C. Cowie, Vancouver.

... Did Mr. Powers really find conditions so bad or is he trying to convince himself, because he's too lazy to take an active part in his community life? —Miss J. E. Emerson, Danville, Que.

Turnip Level

... So rural people are narrow and dull, and on the level with turnips! I was raised on a farm and never had any trouble telling the people and the turnips apart. As for city manners, I've often been trampled under the feet of city men scrambling onto a streetcar. Possibly they didn't recognize me as a female, but mistook me for a turnip. —S. K. D., Inverness, Que.

... Never has an article so infuriated me. I am an average Canadian girl of twenty-one, raised in a small mining town in Northern Quebec. Neither I nor any of my friends have been reduced to the level of turnips, and our manners are often better than girls' raised in a city. —R. Wilson, Kingston.

... If he had been a good citizen, he'd have headed a committee to clean up that restaurant, have suggested a supervisor for that old swimmin' hole. —J. H., Pembroke, Ont.

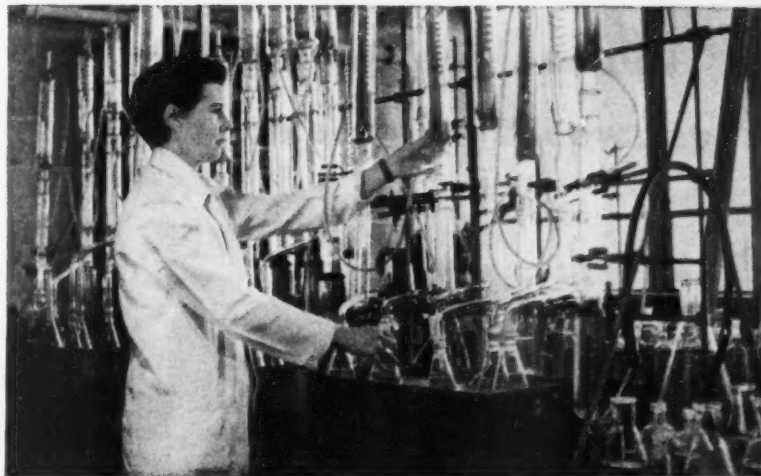
... Reminds me of the story of the man passing through town who asked an inhabitant about the kind of people who lived there. "What kind of people did you come from, stranger?" he was asked, and when he replied, "Terrible—bad-mannered and suspicious," the native retorted: "Well, the people here are the same, so you'd better move on." —J. Thompson, Brantford, Ont.

No Kindly Interest

... Allowing for the possibility that rural people in Ontario differ from rural people in Alberta and are still living in the Dark Ages, Mr. Powers still sounds like a bad case of ulcers to me. —L. Fiddes, Gleichen, Alta.

... Your article all too true ... we came from a city to a mean and unfriendly prairie town. The icy winds that swept that bleak and treeless place were not nearly so chilly as its frigid-hearted inhabitants. No one invited us to their homes, but all stopped us in the bitter cold to ask questions—and not from a kindly interest either. —M. L., Vancouver.

More letters on page 112



A scene in one of the research laboratories of Memorial Center for Cancer and Allied Diseases, New York City. In these laboratories, research on hormones is helping to shed new light on cancer.

A MESSAGE OF HOPE ABOUT CANCER

WITH PROGRESS in medical science, the survival rates for cancer patients are steadily increasing, according to the Canadian Cancer Society.

Today there is hope for even greater gains in our fight against this disease. This is because medical research is constantly yielding new facts about how and why cancer develops.

Some recent research findings

In surgery — increasing knowledge of the body's reactions to surgery has made it possible for doctors to perform major operations with far less risk to cancer patients. Largely because of improvements in surgical skill the greater hope of cure can be offered to an increasing number of patients with certain forms of cancer.

In chemotherapy — or treatment with chemicals — encouraging progress is being made. In fact, one highly experimental compound has been found that totally destroys certain cancers in laboratory animals. Even today, some chemical substances are being used which temporarily inhibit the growth of a few types of cancer in human beings.

In radiology — or X-ray treatment — intensive studies are under way on devices that are not only capable of producing more powerful X-rays, but also offer hope of a more effective use of them. Substances produced by atomic energy research are

also being used successfully to retard temporarily cancer of the thyroid gland and blood-forming tissues.

What should everyone do about cancer?

First — learn cancer's warning signals which are listed below. Every adult should know them, as a wise measure of self-protection. Should any of them appear, report to your doctor at once. Remember, however, that these signals do not invariably mean cancer. In fact, in the majority of cases the suspected symptoms are proved not to be caused by cancer, but by some other condition requiring treatment.

Second — have periodic health check-ups. Cancer may develop without any outward warning signals. Only examination by a physician may discover these "silent" cancers in their early stages. This is why periodic medical examinations are so important, especially for older people.

Third — do not rely on unproved methods for the treatment of cancer. Only surgery, X-rays, radium — used singly or in combination — can remove or destroy cancer. In skilled hands, these proved methods are successfully controlling cases which, not many years ago, would have been judged hopeless.

Above all, remember that cancer is often cured ... and that getting to your doctor early is your greatest contribution toward recovery.

CANCER'S 7 WARNING SIGNALS

1. Any sore that does not heal.
2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
4. Any change in a wart or mole.
5. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Persistent hoarseness or cough.
7. Any change in normal bowel habits. (Pain is not usually an early symptom of cancer.)

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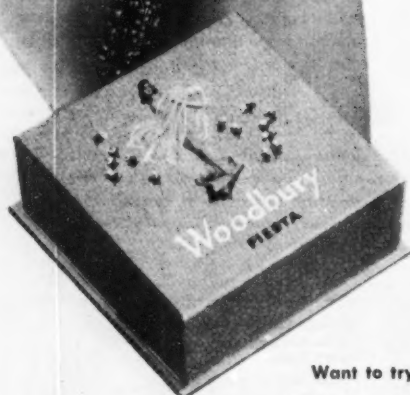
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MORE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
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WHY DON'T YOU?



Lovely women instinctively choose this exquisitely light, fabulously fine powder. Only Woodbury, with its secret color blending process and special foundation-cream ingredient, offers such superb vibrant shades, such exciting satin-smoothness, longer cling. Try it — see the thrilling difference!

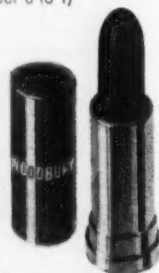
ELIZABETH TAYLOR, co-star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's **THE GIRL WHO HAD EVERYTHING** wears Woodbury Fiesta to intensify the tone of her skin. (Hollywood Stars chose Woodbury Powder 6 to 1)



25c, 45c, 75c.

Want to try a superb lipstick?

Add the excitement of Woodbury's "Fiesta Red" lipstick — a tempting, true red, especially blended to be worn with "Fiesta" powder. Also 6 other shades — all vivid and velvety. 25c and 35c.



(Made in Canada)



HAROLD TOWN

What it's like to Wear a wig

"When all my hair fell out I had formation—but nobody guessed my

IN ONE SHORT MONTH I lost my hair. All of it.

I was left quite, quite bald.

Up until the disaster, I had nice hair. Nothing sensational, but it did not need to be waved or set or worn in a net. It was just ordinary thick brown hair, with a slight wave of its own. I chose the easy way and wore it in a bun.

When it first began to fall out, I didn't worry. My hair had often done this and then grown in thicker than ever. But after a week or ten days I looked at my brush with fright. This had never happened before. My hairdresser recommended extra massage and talked about "dead hair."

On the morning when I first caught an odd pinkish gleam through the thinning hair on top of my head, I hustled off to a dermatologist. Under my arm, I carried a big manila envelope, stuffed full of my own fallen locks. This was evidence to convince the doctor of my serious plight. But he didn't need it. He could tell in advance.

Yes, I could expect it all to go. He could do nothing for my disease with its pretty name: alopecia—which the doctor translated, with brutal frankness, as "hairless."

I pressed him to tell me more of alopecia. What caused it? The doctor shook his head. It is believed to be related in some cases to shock or fatigue, he told me, but neither of these had I experienced. Typhoid or scarlet fever can cause it, but the hair usually grows in again. Endocrine glands are another possible cause.

I was appalled. But the doctor leaned forward and patted my shoulder. "We aren't saying good-bye to your hair yet," he said. "Right now, we'll try a little ultra-violet ray treatment to see if that will stimulate your scalp."

As I stood up to go, the dermatologist comforted me with the story of a young woman with a case like mine who had recovered, and another of a girl who had not but who "looked prettier in her wig than she had ever looked without it."

That word "wig" crushed me. Wig! Whoever wore a wig? On the stage, maybe, or in the eighteenth century. But for a modern, busy woman at her office each morning by nine, who swam for recreation, who hated a hat and seldom wore one—a wig for me?

"And you'd better invest in an eyebrow pencil," added the doctor.



"The wig-maker proved himself a patient, painstaking man . . ."

AS TOLD TO
HORTENSE
FLEXNER

to wear a trans- top secret"

"Your eyebrows have fallen out too."
It may seem strange that I hadn't already missed them. Nor my eyelashes either. But it was true. Now, I realized that my face looked different. I got to work with the eyebrow pencil and hoped people would think I had plucked them. Yet the new sophisticated look hardly suited me and anything like a stare from a passer-by was painful.

My choice of a wigmaker took me to a well-known theatrical firm. I had seen the name on theatre programs many times: "Costumes by"—so and so, "Wigs by"—my man.

When I telephoned for an appointment, the voice said, "One wig?" Oh, that word!

"Yes," I faltered.

"For theatre or opera?"

I swallowed and said it was for "personal use." The voice told me to come in.

When the taxi stopped and I saw the words "Wigmaker" in gilt letters right on the door, I darted in like a scared rabbit. No, not a rabbit. Rabbits have the equivalent of hair. But I felt the whole world was watching me open that hidden, tiny door.

The wigmaker proved himself a patient, painstaking man. He looked at samples of my old hair and brought out others to match it. He talked much of quality. Next he measured my head and, most disconcerting of all, brought in a wooden block, the exact shape of a bald head. On this he drew notes for his future guidance. He wasn't exactly sympathetic about my plight, but professionally interested in doing his best and giving me my money's worth. Not once did he try to persuade me to have a bobbed cut, or curls at my temples. The hard edges of a wig are difficult to hide, and curls conceal them best. But when I balked at curls, the wigmaker gave me short unwaved hairs at the temples.

"It will be like your own hair," he said. "But you won't like it."

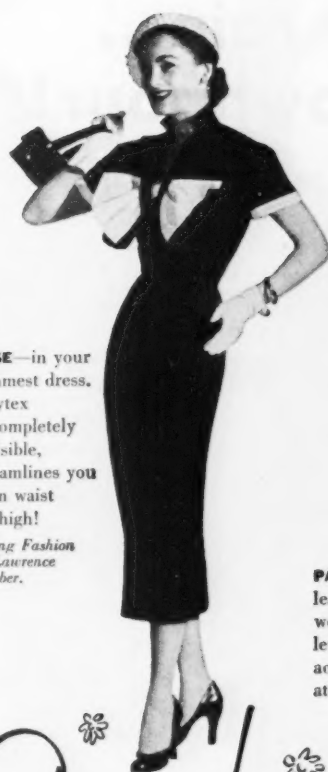
"Why not?"

He shrugged. "It will be a good wig."

I paid half the charge in advance. It cost enough to be good: one hundred and fifty dollars. Today that same wig would cost two hundred dollars, al-



PERCH—where you please
you're trim and at ease!
Your Playtex
is as comfortable
as a second skin!



POSE—in your
slimmest dress.
Playtex
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streamlines you
from waist
to thigh!

*Spring Fashion
by Lawrence
Sperber.*



PARADE—see how Playtex
leaves you
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lets you lead an
active, slimly
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Swing into Spring!

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It's another reason to welcome Spring—this miraculously figure-slimming girdle, that controls your figure naturally for Spring fashions! Playtex Fabric-Lined Girdle is all one smooth

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known
everywhere
as the
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in the
SLIM tube

Invisible

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"I prayed for rain... in a downpour!"

says ANNE BAXTER, co-starring in "I CONFESS" • A Warner Bros. Production. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock



"For the rain scenes in 'I Confess,'" Anne Baxter explained, "they drenched me with icy water from studio hoses. My skin got so raw, I prayed for gentle, real rain instead..."



"This windy ferry scene chapped my skin again..."



"But soothing Jergens Lotion was a blessing..."



"It kept my skin smooth for romantic close-ups..."



Jergens Lotion penetrates and softens instantly...

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

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Prove it with this simple test described above...



See why stars choose Jergens Lotion 7 to 11

Remember JERGENS LOTION... because you care for your hands!

15c, 37c, 65c, \$1.15. Made in Canada

Wearing a Wig continued

"The first time I met my friends, wearing the wig, was the worst moment of my life"

though Canadian prices for wigs start from about eighty dollars. The price of hair (the law requires it to be human) has gone up about one-third in the past few years. A bobbed wig or one with bangs would have cost just as much as mine, with long hair. The quality of the hair, more than the style or color, decides the price. But a grey wig, for technical reasons, is most expensive of all.

When I first put on the wig, it looked wonderfully like my old hair. But time revealed the drawbacks to me—though not to others. It had the "deep-freeze" look. The very perfection of it was unlike me.

I'll never forget the first time I appeared among my friends, wearing the wig. The occasion was an evening party, so a hat was impossible. I decided to wear a conspicuous dress, to draw eyes away from my real weakness. But the moment I walked into that crowded room (I had come late on purpose) was one of the worst in my life. Several old friends, after commenting on the dress, gave sharp glances at my hair. One said, "I didn't know you ever went to a hair-dresser." But the dreaded question, "What have you done with your hair?" was never asked. They didn't notice the wig.

I now know that outsiders, with the exception of milliners and an occasional dress clerk, did not know that I wore a wig. But oh, the nuisance of trying to "look natural"! The back of the neck was the bad place. All those little hairs I used to pin in so carefully were gone. And that was where the wig looked "wiggy." But it never slipped as wigs do in comic movies. (Comic, indeed!) A well-made wig is a skilled piece of engineering and it grips a round surface. Once, in the street, my hat blew off but the wig sat tight. Yet heavy and tiresome it was, especially in summer—like wearing a felt cloche all the time. Shampoos, however, were easy. I just dipped the wig up and down in naphtha.

The ultra-violet treatment my doctor had recommended did not help but later on the doctor was able to forecast a favorable outcome for me. He removed a sliver of my scalp, had it examined at a laboratory and reported that the hair follicles were still alive. This was wonderful news, for if the follicles die, so does all hope of recovery. He also prescribed an ointment containing hormones, and mild home massage.

I asked the doctor if young and old alike suffered from alopecia. Cases of total baldness like mine, he thought, were to be seen more often among the young. A number of Korean war veterans have been afflicted with it. There is one type of the disease, called

alopecia areata, which begins with coin-sized spots of baldness. The spots may disappear with massage, or may grow to cover the whole head. Everything about hair seems to be uncertain.

And so I went along, not suffering too much, but not happy either. Vacation time was best, for I learned to sew a few stray curls onto a bandanna or light turban and could dispense with the heavy wig. Sun-bathing, which was recommended, I loved, and a swimming cap felt and looked natural.

And then one day the miracle happened! Standing before the mirror with eyebrow pencil poised, I noticed a pale, thin fuzz instead of smooth brows. Real hair—weak and peculiar, but hair. I threw down the pencil and seized the hand-glass to examine the back of my head in the mirror. Sure enough—there were shadows, faint shadows on that unscored surface.

It would be nice to be able to report that my hair returned with a rush. But this is not the way of alopecia. No—the new hair had to begin at the beginning and work up. What came in first was thin, silky, baby hair. Luckily a vacation was at hand, and I was able to add an extra month to my holiday. I went to a secluded spot and removed the wig—for ever. Soon natural, coarser hair was overtaking the first timid growth. After two years of baldness I knew how to appreciate it. In some cases of alopecia, the hair re-appears after three or six months; in others, three years—and I heard of one woman who grew hair again after twenty years of baldness. But frequently the hair never returns.

On my first day back at the office after my holiday, I walked in wearing a short bob. The bun was gone, and now at last my friends asked, "What have you done to your hair?" I answered fearlessly, "Oh, I've taken your advice. How do you like it?" They liked it very much.

The crisis was over. I changed the subject. And nobody—nobody at all had guessed my top secret. +



"At last I removed the wig—for ever."

BIRKS

Beauty and Birks—two words that go together! Each succeeding generation of young people, when they fall in love, turn their thoughts to Birks. Here, they choose their Diamond—symbol of lasting devotion. From Birks comes their first fine Watch—their most prized possessions in Sterling, China and Crystal. A million Canadians know that Birks and Value are synonymous.

The diamond engagement ring and signet ring are representative of Birks superb collection.

From the world-famous **ETERNA** factory in Switzerland come the two watches—both with **ETERNA-MATIC** movements—the only self-winding watches with ball-bearings. Exclusive to Birks.

HALIFAX • SAINT JOHN • QUEBEC • MONTREAL • OTTAWA • SUDBURY • TORONTO • HAMILTON • LONDON
ST. CATHARINES • WINDSOR • WINNIPEG • REGINA • SASKATOON • EDMONTON • CALGARY • VANCOUVER • VICTORIA

BUY-LINES by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING COLUMN FOR CANADIAN WOMEN



will be straw . . . but here's real news. Waistcoats, shoes, stoles, belts and removable collars come in both straw and strawcloth . . . while even gloves go feminine with straw trim! Plastic patents play a "stellar role" in accessories, too . . . from shoes to bags to belts and (you guessed it!) glove-trimming again!

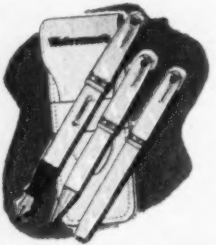
PERFECT COOKING? It's easy when you have the perfect stove . . . the new GURNEY Gas Range! Its designers have thought of everything to make cooking easier . . . but the feature I like best is that wonderful "Even-Heat" oven that the GURNEY people have perfected. The temperature stays exactly right automatically . . . on the sides, the top, the bottom and even in the corners. The GURNEY has many other wonderful features, too . . . the Automatic clock control, the interior oven light, the "see in" glass oven-door panel. Everything about it has been designed to make cooking a real pleasure and a certain success . . . and success in cooking is what all of us want! For proof, visit your GURNEY Dealer soon . . . for I'm sure you'll agree with me that this range looks as good as it cooks. And speaking of cooking . . . have you any favourite recipes you'd like to pass along? I'd love to have them . . . so mail to Nancy Sasser, 50 King St., W., Toronto.



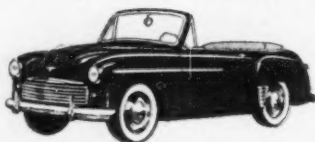
YOU ARE GIFTED with a mother's intuition . . . and know, without being told, that a baby's skin is thinner than a grown-up's . . . it chafes more easily and can be injured sooner. But I would like to make one suggestion . . . that you bathe your baby with BABY'S OWN SOAP and follow with a soothing application of BABY'S OWN OIL and BABY'S OWN POWDER. They're made by specialists especially for babies . . . contain all the right ingredients to protect your baby's thinner skin from harm. Take BABY'S OWN SOAP, for instance . . . it's not only wonderfully mild and gentle, but is enriched with bland, soothing Extract of Lanolin . . . a highly concentrated form of pure Lanolin that's so like the natural skin oil it helps guard against chapping, chafing and irritation. The pure antiseptic OIL is enriched with protective Lanolin, too . . . while the POWDER is made from the finest imported Italian Talc. That's why three generations of Canadian mothers have trusted these superb products . . . and why I urge you to give your baby BABY'S OWN 3-step protection every day!



KNOW WHAT I THINK is the grandest gift you can give . . . on graduations, birthdays or any other gift occasion? It's a WATERMAN'S . . . always welcomed and always appreciated by everyone! And when I say WATERMAN'S, I mean the whole line . . . for they make many kinds of special pens and sets for special uses. For instance, there's a wonderful Nurse's Set . . . consisting of a 14 kt. Gold Point WATERMAN'S Pen with pencil and thermometer to match. This beautiful and useful set comes in White Pearl with a gilt trim in a milk white leather carrying case . . . yet costs only \$9.65. There's also a very special de luxe set, a superb gift at \$30.00. There are other special sets too . . . the Doctor's Set for one . . . and WATERMAN'S also makes special pens for musicians, artists and accountants. Words can't do them justice, though . . . so visit your WATERMAN'S Dealer and learn all about them first hand.



MEMO TO BARGAIN HUNTERS who are shopping around for a car . . . the HILLMAN MINX gives you more car per dollar when you buy and more miles per dollar when you drive! I really mean it . . . you can't match a HILLMAN MINX at any price! And just look at all the "extras" you get . . . "big car" comfort and roominess plus the new,



smart 1953 styling. What fun it is to drive one, too . . . it glides in and out of traffic and up the steepest hills with the greatest of ease . . . and parking is sweet simplicity itself. But I particularly like the safety and reliability of a HILLMAN MINX . . . the feeling of confidence that comes from knowing you're protected by tough British steel all around and brakes that stop at your slightest suggestion. And remember . . . if you're going to England or Europe, you can buy your HILLMAN MINX here, have it delivered promptly any place you wish . . . then ship it home, freight-free. But see your Hillman Dealer . . . he'll tell you all about the marvelous MINX.

MEN LOVE GOOD FOOD and the girls who know how to fix it . . . so let me tell you how you can cook the most heavenly dishes this side of paradise. Just use AC'CEN'T . . . that "magic" ingredient sometimes known as pure monosodium glutamate in recipes these days. That's what I do . . . for it makes all kinds of foods taste naturally better! And the reason is this . . . AC'CEN'T brings out the true, natural flavours already in soups, meats, vegetables, fish and countless other foods . . . but adds no flavour or aroma of its own! You don't need any special recipes when you use AC'CEN'T, either



. . . just cook as you usually do. Try this . . . and you'll see what I mean: Prepare canned or frozen string beans your usual way and taste . . . then add about 1/4 tsp. AC'CEN'T per 4 to 6 servings and taste the wonderful difference. Now you know why good cooks use AC'CEN'T as a third shaker . . . along with the salt and pepper! And from now on I'll wager you will, too.

FIXING FESTIVE FARE is fun . . . but (oh!) how I used to hate to clean up afterwards! But not any more . . . now I turn the task over to S.O.S. which gets things clean and makes them shine in "no" time. In fact, S.O.S. is so wonderful I call them Magic Scouring Pads . . . a wondrous combination of sturdy, interwoven fibres and grease-dissolving soap that polishes while it cleans. That's right . . . S.O.S. gets blackened pots and pans, crusted casseroles and the like sparkling clean and shiny bright . . . without hard rubbing! And S.O.S. works the same wonders on your stove . . . makes a spattered oven, oven racks, broiler and messy reflector pans shine in a "wink." This isn't just my opinion, either . . . a recent survey shows that countless stove manufacturers, home economists and homemakers use and recommend S.O.S. for this job! Once you try S.O.S., I know you'll agree with me that it's the most useful cleanser there is! Get a box today . . . and see.



"TELL ME DOCTOR . . . is powdered skim milk really nutritious?" That's the question I asked our family physician recently and he was most emphatic . . . assuring me that it is not only nutritious, but also contains the most complete protein found in any food! He told me, further, that powdered skim milk is actually the lean meat of milk and is excellent for those people on reducing diets because it contains only half as many calories as whole milk. And MIL-KO is the powdered skim milk I recommend . . . for MIL-KO is milk—fresh, sweet, pasteurized—and it has so many other advantages besides high nutrition content. MIL-KO, at only half the cost of ordinary milk, gives extra economy. And MIL-KO has the just-right natural flavour your family will enjoy. Mine certainly does! You see, MIL-KO is fresh wholesome milk . . . only the fat and water are removed. So use nourishing, penny-wise MIL-KO . . . for drinking, cooking, baking and even whipping.



ASK ANY SMART COOK . . . she'll tell you that in the kitchen and at the table, WINDSOR SALT brightens the flavour of food! And I agree wholeheartedly . . . in fact, I find that just a little dash of WINDSOR SALT makes the big difference between foods that are so-so and those that are so-o-o delicious. It does this in so many ways, too . . . for example, to improve the

flavour of fresh pork, sprinkle it with a small handful of WINDSOR before cooking and let it stand for one hour at room temperature . . . then rinse the pork and bake it. And when you poach an egg, put WINDSOR SALT in the water . . . it helps set the white. I also consider it a "must" when washing lettuce, spinach or other greens . . . because it helps get them cleaner and crispier. But why say more . . . try WINDSOR SALT and discover for yourself how it makes all your favourite foods taste better and brighter! And it's always free-running, and iodized, too . . . just another reason why most people buy WINDSOR and so should you!



AT LONG LAST . . . after many years of research, they've finally created one white flour that's right for all baking! I'm talking about OGILVIE 4-Way Vitamin-Enriched Flour . . . the only white flour you need for baking fine pastry, fluffy cakes, fresh white bread, fancy sweet rolls . . . or all four! And this means you no longer have to keep two or three kinds of flour on hand . . . new OGILVIE 4-Way Vitamin-Enriched Flour is perfectly milled and scientifically blended to assure success with all your baking . . . all the time. This amazing modern flour also means low-cost protection for your family's health . . . because it's enriched four ways: with Iron, Thiamin, Niacin and Riboflavin. You must try it . . . and do write for these: **FREE** Master Baking Recipes for bread, cakes, pastry and sweet rolls . . . which you can use in any number of ways with variations and additions of your own. You'll think they're really wonderful . . . I certainly do. So write Nancy Sasser, 50 King St., W., Toronto . . . for yours today!



YOU'LL SCARCELY BELIEVE IT . . . but ironing is really a pleasure with a new WESTINGHOUSE "Open Handle" Iron! It certainly is for me . . . and the secret is the design of its handle. You see, it opens at the front . . . you can iron right up inside sleeves, cuffs and spots you could never reach before. And it's formed to fit the hand . . . while the bevelled edges slips under and around buttons without any interruption to your ironing rhythm. This WESTINGHOUSE Fliteweight Adjustomatic Iron has a new type heating element that is faster and maintains heat longer . . . yet is so lightweight it fairly g-l-i-d-e-s along. I also like its fabric selector dial . . . for it permits easy, finger-tip adjustment and assures correct heat for any fabric. It has an extra-wide surface, too . . . irons a much wider area at each easy stroke. But find out everything about this wondrous new iron . . . at your Westinghouse Dealer's.



Rockett

How to tell Love from Springtime

BY EILEEN MORRIS

*Sure, have your spring fling . . . but
don't marry the man until you are certain you like him too*

SPRING HAS SPRUNG—and caught you in its trap. You don't feel sick, exactly, but your heart beats in samba rhythm, you can't concentrate at work, and the family has faded to a grey blur.

It's him. Morning, noon and twelve p.m., it's him. When you are together, it's heaven with all the stars on. When you are apart, it's black, bleak despond. He speaks, you nod. He jokes, you giggle. He smiles, you catch fire. He frowns, and you tie yourself to the railway tracks. And you're sure it's love—you've even checked your ring size!

Honey, you *sure* you're sure? It's for you to decide.

Springtime romances, as if I had to tell you, are delightful.

You live a heady, date-to-date existence. It's that one moment in life when it makes sense to fall in love with a man because his left eyebrow quirks.

But you've seen other love affairs end in marriages that piled up on the rocks. Is this current crush of yours undying devotion, or will it go the way of past emotional whirlpools you leaped into with your shoes on?

Modern love is sometimes strong stuff. But successful marriage is something else again, as the five thousand ever-loving couples who divorce each year in Canada prove.

So make up your mind if this is love or rose pollen *now*—before the boy proposes.

Continued on page 92

Score yourself on the Heart Chart — page 92



Fedoren



*Mail and telephone
keep the Queen
in constant touch,
even on her
Dominion tours.*

FOURTH OF AN EXCLUSIVE SERIES

BY HECTOR BOLITHO

Elizabeth, seen here during her Canada-U.S. tour, had already visited two Dominions when she became Queen.

The Queen Looks West

Our young Queen is as keenly concerned with the Commonwealth's future as were earlier sovereigns with the Old World's intrigues



THE "IFS" OF HISTORY are no more than a pleasant parlor game for the mind: nevertheless, it is amusing to imagine what might have happened *if* Oliver Cromwell had never been born: *if* the Southern States of America had triumphed over the North. When I was living at Windsor, there was a window in the Castle, overlooking the Thames, that always excited my imagination in this game of "Ifs." There was a legend, surviving even into these harsh times, that the ghost of George III appeared there—a sad, demented figure, sometimes raising a hand in salute as the sentry walked below. The game for one's imagination, as one passed by, was to think over what might have happened had George III been spared his terrible seasons of madness: would we have "lost" the American Colonies?—would all North America now be one vast power; Canadians and Americans merged into one immense nation? It is bewildering to think over the possible changes in political history that might have developed if the fierce differences that flared up in 1775 had been settled by generous conference, before the conflicts of June began.

There is a lesser "If" that yields plenty of scope for those who like this harmless game. It concerns Queen Victoria's father, the old Duke of Kent, who died when

she was less than one year old. As it was, Princess Victoria was left to the education of her mother and Baroness Lehzen, whose thoughts and interests were all tied to Europe. They taught the Princess to think across the Channel, into France and Germany, and she grew up to believe that this was her world.

What would have happened if the Duke of Kent had lived? He went to Quebec with the Royal Fusiliers in the early 1780's, and was the first English Prince to serve in the "new countries." It is surprising to think of Queen Victoria's father as the centre of Quebec society, one hundred and seventy-odd years ago. He lived at Kent House in Quebec, and afterward in Halifax and in the West Indies.

We are left with the "If." What would have happened to Queen Victoria, had her father lived? She would have been brought up on his stories of life in Canada and the Indies: she would thus have had some conception of part of the Empire she was one day to rule. But she had to wait until her own children grew up before this important change came to her horizon and her interests. In 1860 her eldest son went to Canada to open the great railway bridge across the St. Lawrence River; and, about the same time, Prince Alfred went to South Africa, to open the new breakwater at Capetown.

A letter from Canada, written by the Prince of Wales to Queen Victoria, gives us a fair beginning to the new theme—the breaking down of barriers of thought and distance between the old land and the new. The Prince wrote, "Your telegram reached me in seven hours . . . the quickest time ever known." Science was helping the new generation of princes to bring Britain and the "Colonies" closer together. It seems that, by 1870, Queen Victoria had learned her lesson. Prince Arthur, afterward Duke of Connaught, wrote to her from Montreal, "The more I visit Canada, the more I like and admire the people. They are a set of fine, honest free-thinkers . . . I should like you so much to understand their character and admire them as I do." The Queen was so impressed by the letters and photographs which arrived at Windsor that she wrote of a day when her descendants "would spread and settle in the Colonies."

Toward the end of Queen Victoria's life, the "Empire" became almost an obsession with her: she even allowed her grandson—afterward King George V—to teach her to throw a boomerang, on the terrace at Balmoral; and one of the last gestures of her long reign was to entertain Canadian and Australian soldiers who had come to England from the war in South Africa. (Many of these Canadians are still living—with their memories of history spreading through six reigns.) One night the Queen gave a dinner in the Riding School at Windsor to her troops from overseas. She was then so blind that she could barely see to write; so lame that she could not walk very far. So they wheeled her down to see her soldiers, dressed in their "practical" khaki uniforms. A sergeant leapt up and called for three cheers, and the little old figure in the wheel chair nodded her acknowledgement. When the Queen returned to her room she dictated the story of the cheering for her diary.

With King George V, the conversion of the royal mind from Europe to the new countries was complete. He once said that he regretted the months he had spent in Germany "learning their beastly language": he was ill at ease with "foreigners" and he cherished most his memories of traveling to Canada, Australia and New Zealand. He was only sixteen when he came down to breakfast one morning, in Australia, and found a wreath of roses around his plate,

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Princess Elizabeth's visit to Washington pointed up the vital importance to Britain today of friendly relations with the mighty nation which grew from the Colonies lost by her royal forefather, George III.



The easy-going outdoor life of the Dominions appeals to the Queen. With her sister, she revelled in morning rides along the strand of Bonza Bay beside the Indian Ocean, during the South African tour which was her first trip abroad.



Mau-Mau terrorism now grips Kenya, where Elizabeth and Philip spent a few happy days before the King's death cancelled their southern trip. The Queen's travels help her to understand the problems as well as the possibilities of her Commonwealth countries.



THE FIVE BEAUTIFUL SMITH SISTERS

It's hard for a girl to compete with a bevy of beauties in her own family. But Emmy had that legacy--the earrings and her aunt's advice

THERE'D BEEN TIMES when Emmy wished savagely she could shake John Bellamy out of that crisp calmness of his, but now, when he did raise his voice, it scared her, like the sudden barking of a strange dog.

"If you don't *mind* paying attention, Miss Smith!"

Emmy opened her eyes wide. Everything was the same—the plain-looking office, the neat desk, the youngish red-headed man behind the desk. And the ache in her heart.

He frowned. "This has been going on for several days, Miss Smith," he said severely. "Obviously, you're not ill. Are you in love?"

The abrupt question was like a sharp blow between her shoulders, sending the words out, explosively. "Yes, dammit! And I had to take him home for dinner, last week—Mom always arranges that—and there was Stephanie!"

"Stephanie?" he echoed.

"My sister." Her feelings had started to boil over and couldn't be stopped. "And if it hadn't been Stephanie, it would have been Gabrielle, or even Melanie. She's only sixteen, but they start young in my family!"

"Stephanie . . . Gabrielle . . . Melanie!" sceptically.

"Mom tried to make up for the last name of Smith. There's Pamela, too, the youngest."

He shook his head slightly, as if to clear away the haze. Then, in his best legal manner, "Better lay the facts on the table."

Why not, Emmy thought, recklessly. Confession was supposed to be good for your psyche, and spilling it out here would be like confiding it to the statue in the park. John Bellamy was as impersonal as one of his law books.

Emmy put her notebook down, rested her chin on a cupped hand. "My sisters are beautiful, and—well, I meet a man and he likes me. Then he comes to my home, meets one of my sisters, and gasps like a fish waiting to be taken off the hook."

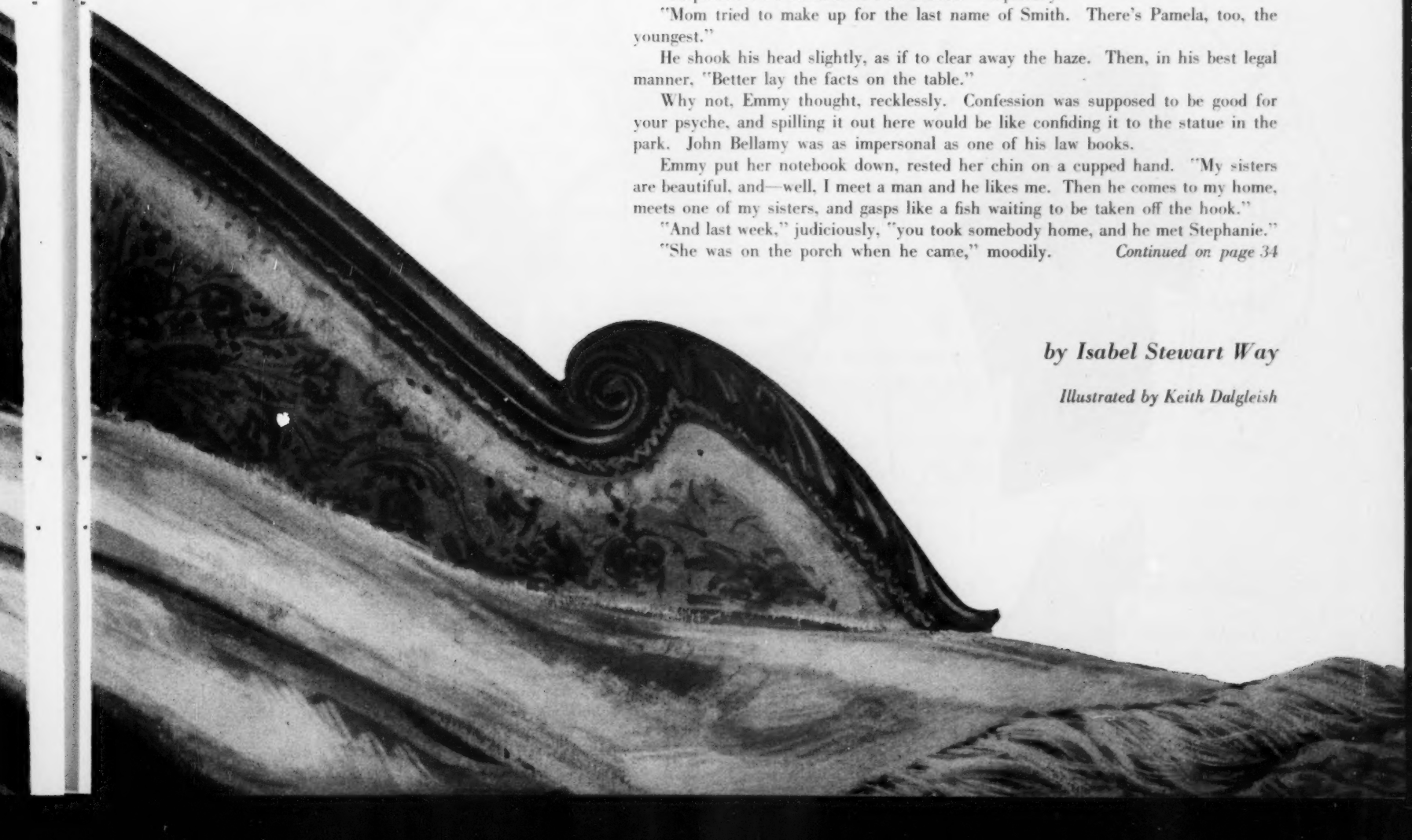
"And last week," judiciously, "you took somebody home, and he met Stephanie."

"She was on the porch when he came," moodily.

Continued on page 34

by Isabel Stewart Way

Illustrated by Keith Dalglish



*The little girl was crying, and neither Carl nor
Sister Teresa could console her. "Now I won't
ever get the miracle," Abbie Ann wept.*



Abbie Ann

AND THE ARCHANGEL

by Zoa Sherburne

Illustrated by Oscar Cahen

ABBIE ANN was the smallest, so she stood at the very head of the procession. The other little girls were lined up behind her, two by two, like the animals in the ark. Their starched white dresses rippled in the breeze and the flower wreaths that adorned their heads were tipped this way and that, mute evidence of a long and tiresome wait.

The dark-robed nuns darted up and down the line of children making soothing encouraging sounds "Yes . . . yes . . . the train will be here soon . . . any minute now. Perhaps His Excellency ordered the train to stop somewhere along the way. Perhaps there were other children waiting to see His Excellency . . ."

No one seemed at all surprised at the possibility of His Excellency disrupting the railroad's carefully clocked schedule.

Abbie Ann stood very still, her dark eyes glued to the silver ribbon of track. The basket of flowers that Sister Teresa had given her stood at her feet and the scent of rose petals was strong and sweet, like incense in church.

The far-off wail of a whistle signaled the approach of the train.

The Bishop is coming . . . the Bishop is coming . . . the Bishop is coming . . . the words sang along Abbie Ann's veins. She was so excited that there were little flags of color in her cheeks and her hands were trembling as she picked up the basket and held it carefully in the circle of one arm the way Sister had shown her. She would scatter her rose petals s-o-o carefully. He could step on them all the way to church and not have to walk on the hard pavement with his poor bare feet.

The nuns were scurrying in and out among the children, issuing last-minute instructions, adjusting wreaths, smoothing down skirts.

Abbie Ann felt a little sick at her stomach now that the moment was so close. She closed her eyes tight and thought hard about the miracle. No one else knew about the miracle . . . she hadn't even told her mother. It was going to be a surprise.

The Bishop is coming . . . the Bishop is coming . . . sang the little refrain in Abbie Ann's head. And . . . the Bishop is coming . . . the Bishop is coming . . . sang the silver tracks.

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As Carl explained to her later, it isn't every miracle that happens Bang! just like a shot . . . some miracles take time



Where's that man



I married?

BY NORMA MANSFIELD

Illustrated by Will Davies

THEY WERE BOTH GOING PLACES IN THEIR CAREERS — BUT IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS

SHE'S THE PRETTY girl with the high heels and nylon legs hurrying past your window toward the bus corner every weekday workday. She's been up this morning longer than you'd think, having prepared breakfast for self and husband, tidied the kitchen, made the beds, and slicked up the living room before leaving her pretty house. Her very pretty house.

When she whips past your window she looks sleek and expensively groomed and thoroughly enviable. Presumably she doesn't have Junior whom you do have, but who wants Junior at this moment? Your book on infants instructs you to offer food. It doesn't tell you what to do when he returns it, a spoonful at a time, not to you, but to tinted areas of wall space.

The bus bumbles to its stop at the corner, and you can imagine her stepping into it with a swish of modish skirt and a flash of pretty leg. She'll have nothing to do for twenty minutes but sit with her slim hands folded, exchanging speculative glances with the handsome guy across the aisle. And later, at the office, she'll spend half her morning in the washroom, touching up her lips. Tonight she'll have cocktails at a swanky bar and go out to dinner later, and on, probably, to dance somewhere. Without Junior to waken her every twenty minutes after she goes home to bed.

If you have a generous nature, and of course you have, you send her a congratulatory thought: "Live a little, honey, life is short."

Life was so short for Susan Reade that morning she was secretly swallowing her last bite of breakfast after she had found a seat in the bus. She had learned to save a half slice of toast to be snatched up and masticated as she fled for

the bus. There was her broken fingernail to think about, too. Such things always happened to her on a day when Mike was playing an important golf match, with a business-contact dinner later at some place chosen by Mike's incredible boss who was cleaving a runway for himself in the insurance business, using Mike, hip-pocket stuffed with insurance applications, golf club in hand, for a spearhead. Both of them using me, Sue thought, deftly parrying the speculative glance from the handsome guy across the aisle, to supply grease for Mike's wheels.

It was the first time that particular thought had occurred to her and she turned it warily, with some shock, in her mind. There was a tiny crust of toast wedged between two back teeth where she suspected a cavity—I must get to the dentist, when, when—and it contributed to the discomfort begun this morning when she had awakened with a mild sore throat. Now the suspicion that Mike's boss, and Mike himself, were demanding too much of her began to ferment the mild sore throat, the wedge of toast and the irrelevant—until now—hard day's work ahead of her, work which must be done before noon when she could leave her office, this being Saturday.

First, however, she must enter her office, and this morning even the routine bustle up the elevator and hustle through the big outer room of Keener and Smith's advertising agency seemed a hair shirt to Susan Reade. Mike didn't have to work on Saturdays. Why did she have to work on Saturdays? Mike was out playing golf—she had pitied him earlier for being forced to golf in early, windy April—while she was holed up here with a snuffy

Continued on page 76

*"One of us," Susan thought, "is abused." Mike
would be out playing golf all day,
while she was holed up in a stuffy office.*



Paul Rockett

Mrs. Gray listens to her daughter composing a tune. Frances plays classical music by ear.

There ought to be a school for Frances

SAYS THE MOTHER OF A BLIND AND
RETARDED DAUGHTER, WHO MADE
THE BITTER DISCOVERY THAT CANADA
HAS NO TRAINING TO OFFER SUCH
DOUBLY HANDICAPPED CHILDREN

BY LILLIAN COLLIER GRAY

THE LETTER READ, "As we have done all we are able to do for your daughter, we will not be able to accept her as a student next term." Reading the words, I felt as if the one steady plank in the shaky house of my inner being had suddenly collapsed and precipitated me into a dark pit.

Thirteen years earlier, when the little day nurse who had looked after me during my two-week confinement came to bring me my baby and say good-by, she had suddenly hugged me to her, with the tears starting to her eyes, and had hurried away without a parting word. With sinking heart I realized that she knew what I already feared, that something was not right with my baby. This fear had choked in my throat all through the long and difficult birth

"As the black burden descended, I wished my child and I had both died in the night"

which had culminated in an injury to my child.

The fear had shaken me when I first looked at Frances with her bruised eye and a beaten, chastened look on her wan little face. Such a round, healthy body (perfect, the specialist said), but with a head that had been hurt beyond repair. No one told me then that the injury was so serious—but I suspected it. I suspected it when she lay, listless, on my arm, not gazing at the strange, new world with candid eyes as most babies do quite soon after birth.

But although I felt some horror had happened to us—to my husband John, Frances, and me, I would not whisper it nor admit it even in my own mind. Possibly my suspicions were mistaken. Or perhaps her condition would change; nothing like this could happen to us. You read about such tragedies, saw children who were "not right"—but it couldn't happen to us. And yet something, I was not sure what, *had* happened.

Conspiracy of Silence

We were living at that time on a dairy farm in Eastern Ontario. We came home from the hospital, Frances and I, and now there were three of us where before there had been two. Almost as soon as I came home from the hospital I went back to my household duties. Relief was to be found in doing the familiar chores, where for a while I could forget the little face with its sweet, too passive look, and escape that nagging point of pain that burned into my consciousness.

When spring came, I would come in from working in the garden and gather up my baby and give her limp little form a playful shake, feeling that the very intensity of my wanting her to be like other babies must by some miracle make her so. Then I would put her back down and attack the indoor work either with feverish intensity or listless despair.

The months passed. Frances was a good baby, nursing, sleeping, and growing just as a healthy infant should. She smiled and cooed, and seemed to enjoy being held and talked to. But she never "noticed." She would reach for the rattles and bells we shook in front of her, but, when they were placed in her hand, she would hold them weakly for a moment before dropping them. She was slow about holding up her head, slower in sitting up alone. And by the time she was a year old, she had developed a habit of whimpering that she persisted in for some years. I knew she whimpered because she wanted attention, that attention was the only security she knew against the thing which kept her prisoner. What that thing was I did not know, definitely, until Frances was fourteen months old.

All this time, whenever we took our baby to the doctor, he would look grave as he examined her, and send us away with the noncommittal remark, "She seems very healthy—is gaining just about right." That we were so long in discovering her actual condition seems almost incredible now. It was due to what can only be

described as a conspiracy of silence. Silence on the part of doctor for reasons best known to himself, and on the part of friends out of sensitiveness to our hurt. It was as if disregarding the obvious might somehow wipe out the horror. The coward's refuge.

Finally, one day before I knew I was going to say it, I blurted out to John, "I'm—I'm afraid Frances doesn't see as well as she should. Have you noticed the way she ignores her toys?" John turned his face away. "We'd better take her to an eye specialist," he said, "and find out just what the trouble is." John didn't need to tell me then that he had feared all along, as I had, that something was seriously wrong.

Then began the interminable trips to specialists. Toronto. Montreal. Ottawa. Child specialists, eye specialists, nerve specialists, clinics. After five years of fruitless consultations with the best medical brains in our part of the world, we had to accept the truth. Frances was not only totally blind, she was also mentally retarded. She never would see, and never would be anything but subnormal, unless nature or advances in medical science should at some future time come to her assistance. Frances is twenty-four now, and so far neither has come to her aid.

During the last eighteen years we have, by painful degrees, discovered that our society has discouragingly little aid to offer a child like Frances. And we realize this is a tragedy which greatly dwarfs our personal problems. We have made the staggering discovery that despite our million-dollar schools, our fine hospitals, this rich and resourceful country of ours has no training at all to offer either the child or the adult who must live with such a double handicap. There are training schools for the blind, there are special classes in some of our public schools for the "exceptional child" hindered by various disabilities, and there are provincial institutions which (although usually terribly overcrowded) do excellent work in training the mentally retarded child for a place in life. But nowhere in all of Canada does any school or institution offer the child who is both blind and subnormal a chance to make the most of what life offers within its limitations.

Happy Tunes and Plaintive

Teaching a child who is both blind and subnormal is something that must be done by intuition and trial and error, when the teacher is (as I was) both untrained and inexperienced. Frances could be taught, however, and was trained in toilet habits and cleanliness as early as the average child. She liked to listen to stories and little poems, even if she was not always able to grasp all the meaning of the words. And when she was five, she discovered for herself our old grand piano. Leaning her sturdy little body against its dark mahogany front, she would stand and pick out little tunes on the yellowed keys.

This gift of music has developed through the

years until, with very little instruction, she is now a better authority than the average student of music on the composers and their works, and can play endlessly by ear. The works of Handel, Brahms, Chopin, Tchaikovsky, and all the other great composers—these she can converse about with ease, from having listened to the best radio programs and the records she collects for her radio-phonograph. She still "composes," too, as she has from the very beginning. She usually creates her tunes when she is feeling happy over some small pleasure, although she likes to make up plaintive little melodies as well.

Through Music, Beauty

Sometimes, when Frances was playing the piano, with that sensitive touch which always reveals the true musician's love of and feeling for music, I would stand in the doorway of our big, shabby living room and watch the long fingers wandering over the keys. In profile, Frances was a pretty child, her dark curls framing a face with clear-cut, regular features. It was only when looking directly into her face that you were struck with the absence of something which once prompted a friend to say pityingly, "She would have been a very pretty child, wouldn't she?" There at the piano she was pretty, as she sat absorbed in making up little airs that must have been the expression of something deep within her. Watching her at times like these, I felt that surely she must be quite normal. It must be only a bad dream that she was "different." Sadly, though, it was only at the piano that she was whole and complete. As time went on, I began to understand better and better the careless words heard now and then to describe other handicapped persons like Frances. "A little lacking," "Not all there," "Not quite right," became words of frightful significance as I realized they applied to my child.

Frances was not only a well-built, well-developed child physically, but she was also immaculate and fastidious about her personal being. She loved her bath, hated getting her hands soiled in little household chores, fretted about marking her dress with a crumb of spilled food until I would tell her to put on a fresh one. She loved perfumed soap—the most expensive brands, and bath salts and colognes. She liked soft lingerie, nice hose, pretty dishes on the table. Just to be told a cup and saucer were of fine china and had a pretty pattern gave her pleasure. She loved fragrant flowers, and could distinguish certain varieties by their scent. She liked the feel of polished furniture and to know there were pretty pictures on the walls. Her appreciation of beauty was either inherent or had been born mainly through her appreciation of good music. She also had a natural flair for using good English in her somewhat limited vocabulary, so much so that friends often remark what choice words Frances uses. Considering all these

Continued on page 42

MENU 1

Grape Juice Cocktail
 Meat Loaf and Vegetable Platter
 Mustard Relish
 Tomato Jelly and Celery Salad
 Raisin and Orange Pudding
 Beverage

MEAT LOAF AND VEGETABLE PLATTER

Meat Loaf approximate cost 20c per serving

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| 1 pound minced round or chuck steak | 1 small onion, finely chopped |
| 1 teaspoon salt | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon sage |
| $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup quick cooking oats | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup tomato catsup or condensed tomato soup |
| 1 cup soft bread crumbs | 1 egg |
| 1 tablespoon chopped parsley | 2 strips side bacon |

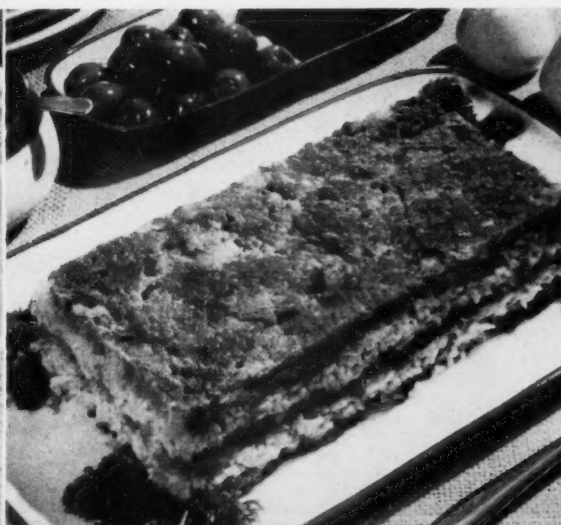
Combine all ingredients except bacon in large mixing bowl. Mix thoroughly. Pack into greased loaf tin and top with strips of bacon. Bake in moderately slow oven (325 deg. F.) for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Turn out on oven-proof platter. Place under broiler for 5 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

Platter arrangement: Around meat loaf arrange mounds of mashed potatoes and Frenched green beans. Garnish top of the loaf with a green bean and carrot flower.

Approved by, Chatelaine Institute

PENNY-WISE MEAT-LOAF DINNERS IN COMPANY DRESS

By MARIE HOLMES, Director, Chatelaine Institute



MENU 2

Individual Ham Loaves
Green Beans Cheese Creamed Potatoes
Cabbage and Pineapple Salad
Cottage Pudding with Chocolate Marshmallow Sauce

MENU 3

Meat and Rice Layer Loaf
Mashed Carrots and Parsnips Pickled Beets
Orange, Onion and Green Pepper Salad
Cherry Pie

MENU 4

Jellied Meat Loaf Baked Potato Croquettes
Scalloped Corn
Crisp Relishes Hot French Bread
Lemon Cream Cake

INDIVIDUAL HAM LOAVES

Approximate cost 27c per serving

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 pound ham | 2 tablespoons brown sugar |
| 1/2 pound lean pork | 1/4 teaspoon poultry seasoning |
| 3 slices bread | 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard |
| 1/2 cup milk | Corn syrup or honey |
| 1 egg, beaten | |
| 1 cup crushed crisp cereal | |

Finely grind ham and pork. (The ground ham should measure 2 cups, the pork will be the equivalent of 2 medium chops slightly trimmed.) Cut bread in cubes, add milk and beaten egg. Combine this with meat, crisp cereal and seasonings. Shape into 6 individual loaves and arrange in shallow pan. Drizzle a little corn syrup or honey on each, then bake at 325 deg. F. for 50 minutes. Serve with white or sweet potatoes and a green vegetable. Serves 6.

Notes: 1. Leftover cooked ham or uncooked ham may be used, or use canned luncheon meat.
2. For crusty meat loaves, roll the shaped loaves in crushed crisp cereal before baking.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

MEAT AND RICE LAYER LOAF

Approximate cost 22c per serving

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 pound minced beef | 2 1/4 cups cooked rice |
| 1/2 pound sausage meat | 1 egg, beaten |
| 1/4 cup soft bread crumbs | 1/4 teaspoon salt |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 1/4 teaspoon pepper |
| 1/4 teaspoon sage | 2 tablespoons milk |
| 1/4 cup milk | 1/4 teaspoon thyme |
| 1 egg, beaten | 1 tablespoon chopped parsley |

Combine meat mixture thoroughly in one bowl. Combine rice mixture in another bowl. In a large greased loaf pan pack 1/3 of meat mixture. Top with 1/2 rice mixture. Repeat with remaining meat mixture on top. Bake at 325 deg. F. for 1 1/2 hours. Turn out on hot platter. Serve with tomato sauce if desired. Serves 6 to 8. For party occasions, garnish loaf with sautéed mushrooms or serve with a Mushroom Tomato Sauce.

Note: To make 2 1/4 cups cooked rice use 3/4 cup uncooked rice.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

JELLIED MEAT LOAF

Approximate cost 21c per serving

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 tablespoon plain gelatine | 2 cups ground cooked meat |
| 1/4 cup cold water | 1/2 teaspoon onion juice |
| 1 1/2 cups boiling meat stock | 2 tablespoons chopped pimento |
| 2 tablespoons lemon juice | 1/4 cup sweet pickle relish |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | 1/4 cup chopped celery |
| | 1 hard-cooked egg |

Soak gelatine in cold water, then dissolve in boiling meat stock. (If meat stock is not available use meat extract or cubes and boiling water according to directions for the meat extract or cubes, or use one can consommé plus enough water to make 1 1/2 cups.) Add lemon juice and salt. Cool and when mixture begins to jell add ground meat, onion juice, pimento, pickle relish and celery. Rinse a loaf pan with cold water. Slice hard-cooked egg and arrange in bottom of pan. Pour a little of the meat mixture in pan and put in refrigerator until firm. Then add remaining mixture. Chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with parsley. Serves 6.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

DESSERT RECIPES AND MORE MEAT-LOAF IDEAS ON PAGE 74



In Coal Harbor, Vancouver, the Davies (left to right, Ken, Fred, Muriel and Stan) load supplies aboard their auxiliary sloop "Hymac" for a sailing week end.

THE WHOLE DARN FAMILY GOES TO SEA

BY NAOMI LANG

AN EASTERN VISITOR stood entranced at Prospect Point in Vancouver's Stanley Park, one summer Sunday evening, staring out over the ocean into the setting sun. Had he been at home at this hour he would have been fighting his way down a traffic-clogged highway, driving his family back from the cottage through a choking cloud of exhaust fumes while his nerves twanged as apprehensively as his car's wrinkled fenders.

Vancouverites, he was just discovering, had licked this city dweller's nightmare. Their highway was as wide as the ocean, as fresh as the salt spray and paved with gold. As he watched, they came sailing gently down it in a thousand modest sloops and cabin cruisers, sparkling yachts and tiny dinghies, funneling easily through the Narrows to seek out familiar mooring places after a week end at sea.

Somewhere among this relaxed if weary week-end fleet, though the visitor wouldn't know it, was the thirty-five-foot auxiliary sloop Hymac. Guiding it competently to its crowded Coal Harbor berth were the Hymac's captain, insurance man Stanley Davies, deckhands Fred and Ken Davies (twelve and ten), and first mate Muriel Davies, a mother and housewife who once expressed the Davies way of life in a sentence: "To heck with the living-room curtains—let's have the spinnaker tinted blue."

The Davies chose June for their wedding, fourteen

Continued on page 54

THE DAVIES OF VANCOUVER DON'T HAVE TO

BUCK TRAFFIC JAMS TO GET AWAY FROM IT

ALL. THEY JUST HOIST SAIL AND MAKE THE

WHOLE PACIFIC COAST THEIR PLAYGROUND

PHOTOS BY JACK LONG



Muriel and her son Ken, both expert sailors, help get "Hymac" under way.



With downtown Vancouver as a backdrop, the "Hymac" heads out to sea.



In a cove off Howe Sound the Davies drop anchor and go for a swim.



Ashore, the boys seek treasure trove: clams, seashells, "bottles with notes."



Aboard, Ken and his father clean and fillet fish they caught for supper.



Muriel, chief cook as well as first mate, dishes up from the tiny galley.

The Davies spend every summer week end at sea. They visit favorite haunts, explore new coves, enter boat races, swim, troll—or just sunbathe on deck.



I WAS A COUNTER SPY

BY LENORE REINKE



A model demonstrates how a professional comparison shopper takes unobtrusive notes.

Read the confessions of a woman who was paid to snoop as she shopped

IT HAPPENED RECENTLY in a Toronto store.

As I was walking through the carpet department I saw a little bedroom rug I liked. I stood and waited while three salesmen chatted together casually, watching me as they talked. Finally I went over to them and said smiling, "Who do I have to know here to get waited on?" One of them grinned at me and said, "Oh, were you really interested in that rug? I'm sorry, madam, we knew you were a shopper and thought you just wanted to look things over."

I was amazed. You see, it's over ten years since I was a comparison shopper for Eaton's, and I didn't expect anyone to remember me from the days when I really did "just want to look things over."

Comparison shoppers shop constantly in other stores as a check against their own store's price and quality, and are not to be confused with those shoppers who pick out goods in their own store on behalf of customers. For instance, if a competitor advertised a special on bath towels, one of us was asked to look at them, probably buy some for testing to see how they compared with our towels of the same price and grade. Another important job was to shop within our own store, especially to compare prices on similar items sold through two or more different departments.

When I was in the comparison office, Eaton's had a staff of five shoppers, four women and one man, in the main downtown store. Now the staff numbers about thirty, some of whom are working hard on checking the merchandise in the new Simpsons-Sears catalogue because of the recent tie-up between the Robert Simpson Co. of Canada and Sears-Roebuck of Chicago, which makes Eaton's traditional rival even more formidable.

Simpson's big store across Queen Street has been Eaton's chief Toronto rival for years, of course, and one of our jobs as shoppers was to estimate the crowds waiting at Simpson's doors for them to open on the morning of a sale. Their shoppers

counted our customers too, and on my way across the street to make my check, I used to pass a girl I knew well at college, now working as a comparison shopper for the opposition. I thought she carried commercial rivalry a little far, though; she would never return my greeting.

We became expert at estimating Eaton's crowds, too. One time just as we were getting ready to leave for the day, the manager's direct phone from the president's office rang, and we heard him say: "Yes sir, right away." The boss wanted to know how many people were in the store "right now." We fanned out and reported back in five minutes with an estimate of the number of customers then roving the aisles on the main store's five merchandise floors.

As a comparison shopper, I have bought everything from diamond rings to garbage cans, baby carriages to crystal chandeliers. I have gone out for a morning and come back with dozens of little toy cars from every kind of store to show to our merchandising office. I have determinedly carried a huge pair of blankets out of a store when the baffled clerk stubbornly insisted on delivering them. I have had the owner-manager of one of the smaller shops follow me back to our store, and then confront me, much to my embarrassment, with the comment, "Oh, I thought you were from Simpson's." That day I certainly didn't feel I was such a smooth undercover operator. But I went back to his shop and had a chat with him later and it seemed that by sheer coincidence I had picked on the same article a shopper from another store had been in about that morning. He said he would be glad to show me anything he had in the store anytime and I did go back and take him up on his offer.

Not everyone was so co-operative, particularly after they suspected you were a professional shopper. The trick was to look and act like an ordinary shopper while seeing as much of the stock as you could, and without getting the clerk so mad he or she would begin to twitch with

Continued on page 48

MUSHROOMS

are food magic



ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company Ltd

*... matchless in
cream soup... per-
fect in a pour-on
sauce and as a
cooking ingredient*

Anne Marshall

It's a delight, this soup made with extra-heavy cream and fine cultivated mushrooms . . . and the family adore it! Once famed as a party soup, Campbell's Cream of Mushroom has become an everyday favorite. Countless easy meals in countless homes are planned around it. It's a handy dish for lunches. It dresses up dinners.

This soup is loaded with that fine mushroom taste that brings out the best in foods. When used with meat, eggs, fish, or to give leftovers a big lift, cream of mushroom is so much better than old-fashioned white sauce. It's easier to fix. It doesn't lump. It tastes richer . . . better try it!

Cream of Mushroom Soup:

Make it the appealing center of family meals . . . with sandwiches, salad or dessert.

Ham Croquettes with Mushroom Sauce:

As a pour-on sauce . . . use Campbell's Cream of Mushroom soup (1/3 cup milk mixed with 1 can soup). Heat and pour over croquettes.

Mushroom Omelet:

Heat 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom soup (mixed with 1/3 cup milk). Pour half in center of cooked omelet (4-egg size); fold omelet and pour on rest of sauce.

Mushroom-Tuna Casserole:

Mix 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom soup with 1/2 cup milk. Add 1 cup each of drained tuna, crushed potato chips and cooked green peas. Bake at 375°F. for 25 minutes. 4 servings.

*A good cook keeps plenty
of Campbell's Cream of Mushroom
on her soup shelf.*





You've never known
such softness!



New Kotex

with Wondersoft Covering

—brings you an entirely new experience
in lasting comfort

Softer! Softer by far—the new Wondersoft covering that only new Kotex gives you. An airy, down-like softness incomparably soft—extra strong—and the very look of this covering shows you how absorbent it is!

It's air-woven! A downy film of cotton blown on specially softened gauze. Each fluffy particle is firmly adhered. And

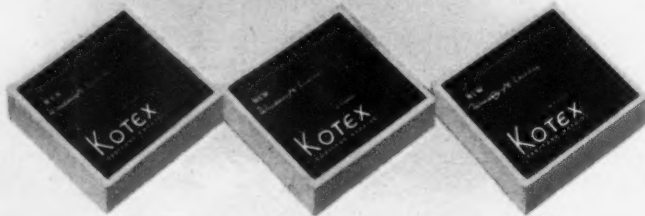
each gauze thread is "locked in"—to assure extra strength. Only Kotex has this exclusive process for your greater comfort, protection.

A "Safer Softness" . . . hold the Wondersoft covering up to the light. You'll see the fluffy cotton webbing . . . how "open" it is, to admit *all* the moisture quickly (the edges stay dry).

You'll feel confident . . . comfortably dainty, with the open-weave, sturdy covering of Kotex.

When you use new Kotex, notice the way it holds firm in your sanitary belt clasp, too. Without tearing, slipping, or unsightly bunching. You know, only Kotex has flat pressed ends to prevent revealing outlines.

Best of all, with Kotex you get absorbency that doesn't fail . . . softness that holds its shape, retains its fit and comfort for hours. As you wear it you'll agree —New Kotex starts softer, stays softer!



New Kotex with Wondersoft covering in all 3 sizes
Regular (Blue box) Junior (Green box) Super (Brown box)

More women choose Kotex*
than all other sanitary napkins

*Reg. Trade Mark

Chatelaine School of Beauty




Want a new future for you? We know you do.

Ever since we told of New Futures for Three Women, last November, you've been writing, wiring and telephoning to say, "My problem is . . ." You even asked for appointments, as if we had a beauty school on the premises. We haven't, of course.

But out of your requests has grown a wonderful idea, and now you can attend your own Chatelaine School of Beauty right in these pages. There couldn't be a more appropriate moment, for it's time for spring beauty care again—the fifth year Chatelaine has sponsored Beauty Week in Canada (April 12 to 18).

But beauty isn't just a springtime thing—and our Beauty School will go on helping you summer, winter, fall.

—Rosemary Boxer

continued 

HOW TO CHANGE THE SHAPE OF YOUR FACE

IT'S ALL DONE with mirrors, make-up and the right hair style. No matter which of the face shapes illustrated is yours, you can create the illusion of the perfect oval.

● *Oval*. Requires few special measures. Wears any hair style well. Make-up should play up best feature. Keep eyebrows neatly arched and apply rouge at approximately mid-cheek and slightly out toward the hairline.

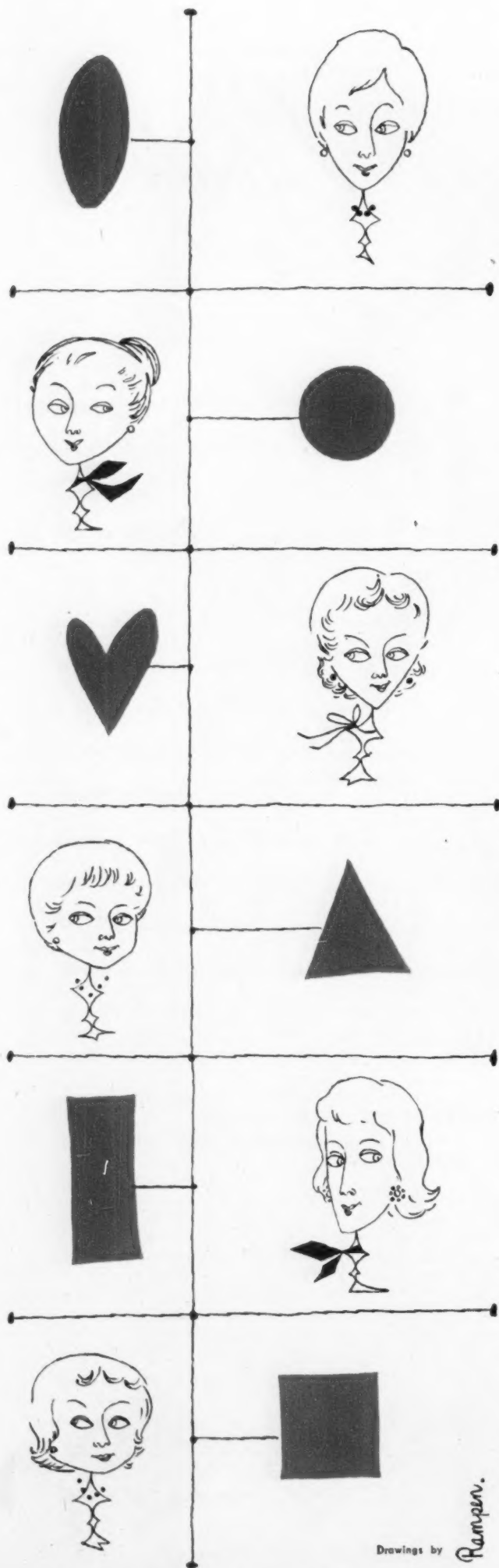
● *Round*. You'll need lengthening effects. Blend darker foundation from mid-cheek straight down to edge of jaws just below mouth corners. This slices off width. Keep hair up off forehead and temples. Eyebrows well arched and extended to outer eye only. Mouth should not exceed natural curves unless they are very thin. Fade lipstick out slightly toward the corners. No eye shadow should extend beyond the corners of the eyes. Rouge from temples out to cheek centre and blend down and in to mid-jaw line.

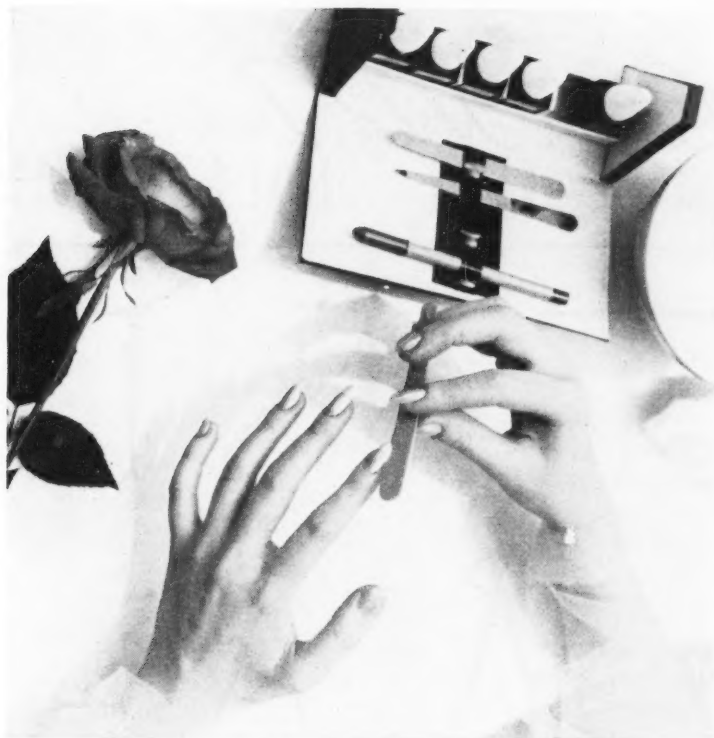
♥ *Heart-shaped*. Blend dark foundation at the sides of your forehead, keeping it lightest around the jaw line to create width. Darken the tip of the chin to foreshorten slightly. Eyebrows should not extend past eye corners and should be well arched. No mascara past eye corners. Extend lipstick to form a wider, fuller mouth. Hair could be waved slightly onto forehead, but kept smooth above the ears with slight fullness below the ears. Rouge out from temples, and then sharply in to cheek centre and blended down to jaw centre. A receding chin can be brought forward by blending light foundation on the lower face.

▲ *Triangular*. Hair off the face. Dark foundation from temples down the sides of the cheeks meeting just below the mouth to create more rounded effect. Paint mouth on natural curves fading it out at corners. Play up the eyes by extending the eyebrows well past the eye corners as well as your mascara and you could add a tiny liner extending just beyond eye corners. Start rouge near eye corners, then sweep out sharply and in again to cheek centre.

■ *Oblong*. Hair styled on forehead and fluffy at the sides but shaped and controlled on top. Not long. Dark foundation should start from just below the ears and curving around below the mouth to foreshorten the face. Paint mouth full and wide and play up the eyes by widening them with extended eyebrows, mascara and a tiny liner. Keep all interest on width particularly from the ears up. Rouge only slightly on upper, outer cheek at eye level. Keep eyebrows well separated by plucking at inner corners.

■ *Square*. Dark foundation from temples diagonally to point of chin. Hair sideparted and off the face with height slightly to one side. Eyebrows extended slightly beyond eye corners and well arched. Mouth not to exceed natural curves at corners. Play up the eyes with shadow and mascara taking interest from the lower part of your face. Rouge from temples down to outer jaw lines diagonally.





Have an emery board, nail-white pencil and file close by before you begin. Shape and smooth nail tips starting from the outer edges.



Photos by Desmond Russell

Don't be rough with your orangewood stick. Push cuticle back gently and try a nightly fingertip massage with cuticle cream to keep hangnails at bay.

HAVE LOVELY AND INTERESTING HANDS

YOUR HANDS are your most expressive asset, second only to your eyes and as constantly on display. They are a visible index to your probable age, occupation and state of health. But regardless of what type hands you have—small, large, thin or overweight—they can be good-looking and sparked with a personality of their own if given proper care, twice-weekly manicures and the right accessories.

Square hands, for instance, need slim or banded bracelets and rings with small stones. They should avoid cluttered charm bracelets and garish colors. In much the same category are large masculine hands with enlarged knuckles. They'll be more feminine dressed up with one single bracelet not more than one inch wide and not less than one half inch. Detailed accessories should be simple and feminine. Heavy signet rings, for instance, would only accentuate enlarged characteristics. Delicately wrought jewelry with a faint blush of color is for the woman with thin hands. Hardware-type chains, armored bands or blinding stones would be too overpowering. Jewelry with a tailored look and not overly large flatters the overweight hand.

Clever accessorizing won't help cover up rough skin and a sloppy manicure, however, and while we spend willingly for creams and lotions for our face, few of us realize that hands need this treatment even more because they have fewer oil glands. Keep them soft and white with nightly applications of rich hand cream. Wear gloves overnight if they're really weatherbeaten. During the day, smooth on hand-saving lotion and keep an extra bottle in the kitchen or at the office. Frequent lubrication with lotion and hand cream will also keep the fingernails more pliable, less likely to dry and crack, and provide a healthy smooth surface for nail lacquer. Before manicuring, nails should first be filed and shaped with a good steel

file, then smoothed with an emery board to remove ragged edges.

To manicure. First, wash and dry the hands thoroughly, removing any stains with peroxide or lemon juice. Then, soften the cuticle and clean beneath the nails with an oily cuticle remover applied to the end of a cotton-wool-tipped orangewood stick. Work it gently around the base and sides of the nail, pushing the dry cuticle back to form a perfect unbroken oval. Press hangnails back gently and snip them off close to the skin surface. Dip the fingers into clear water again and dry. Then apply your colored nail lacquer or base coat, removing a tiny hairline from the nail tips to prevent the polish from chipping.

Apply your lacquer starting from the nail base and unless you cover the entire surface, coat the underside of the tips with nail white.





Chatelaine School of Beauty

SPOT REDUCING

IF YOU wonder why you're developing bulges where your curves used to be, it's probably because you've lost interest in girlhood sports and outdoor activity. As you become less active physically, fat slowly begins collecting in those spots where it's not likely to be disturbed often, such as the upper leg, upper arm, waist and ankles. If you've been storing up in any of these spots during the winter months, you'll want to pare it down before the temperature goes up and summer clothes give you away. You can swing and bend your way through these spot-whittling exercises in fifteen minutes. Make them a daily habit and if you'd like a little rhythm with your routines, set them to music. Afterward, take an extra five minutes to lie flat on your back with your feet higher than your head. You'll find this position relaxing after strenuous exercise.

Upper Arm. Raise arms straight out at shoulder level and make ten complete stiff-arm circles, one arm at a time, swinging it across in front of your body, then up and back again to its original position.

Neck—Chin. Stand with feet well apart, hands on hips, chest held well up and chin tucked in. Tip the head backward slowly, then bring it forward again and tuck chin in hard. Repeat ten times. This is also an excellent corrective exercise for round shoulders and flat chest.

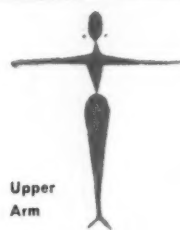
Hips—Thighs. Lying on your left side, raise the right leg straight up as high as possible, lower it slowly. Repeat ten times. Turn over and repeat ten times with your left leg.

Lower Leg—Ankle. Do this one from a sitting position with your left knee crossed over the right. Then, keeping your legs as still as possible, draw ten circles in the air with the toe of your left foot. Put all the muscle play you can into this. Then make ten circles in the opposite direction. Next, cross the right knee over the left and repeat with the right foot.

Abdomen. Lie on your back and raise both legs toward the ceiling until the weight of the body rests on the shoulders and back of the neck. Support your hips by placing your hands under your back with elbows on the floor. Then make bicycle-riding motions with your legs. Spend two minutes at this.

Waist. Stand with feet well apart and arms raised to shoulder level. Now clasp hands and move arms upward, stretching toward the ceiling and at the same time twisting to the left. Return to starting position and repeat, this time twisting to the right. Repeat ten times alternating right and left.

Back. Sit on the floor with the legs straight forward. Then grasp your ankles and pull your body forward and down till you touch your knees with your head. Repeat five times.



Upper Arm



Neck Chin

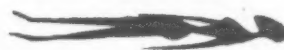
Hips — Thighs



Lower Leg Ankle



Abdomen



Waist



Back



PRACTICE THE PRIVATE GRACES

FRAGRANCE is an accessory you should never be without. As a morale-booster it can be rated high above buying a new hat because you can have it twenty-four hours a day for very little money. Its appeal is mostly to the senses, but a drop of perfume can often provide enough poise to make last year's suit look like new.

It's a head-to-toe habit that begins with a daily bath followed by generous helpings of cologne and scented talcum to lay a fragrant perspiration-proof foundation for your lingerie and clothes. Just because you have dry skin, don't be timid about a bath a day. Instead, lubricate your body with a bath-oil massage just before you take the plunge. And should hard water be a problem, spike your steaming tub with bath salts. They do a delightfully fragrant job of softening the water. It's prudent practice to enlist the loyal support every night of such grooming aids as underarm deodorant, mouthwash and a fresh-tasting toothpaste, and once or twice a week, a fragrant shampoo. Underarms and legs should be kept hair-free with a good depilatory. Leave your perfume until you've finished dressing, always making sure that it matches your basic cologne and talcum. Remember, too, that perfume is highly concentrated and should be used with restraint—just a few drops on the pulse areas directly in front of the ears, at the base of the throat and on the wrists. And since even the most expensive perfumes lose their powers after four hours, carry a purse-sized bottle with you.





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BEAUTY

Memo

from

Rosemary



The rush is on to make you prettier under the sun. Cosmetics as well as clothes are registering fair and warmer with color trends to match. Here are some notes taken on a cosmetic counter-hopping tour, plus memoranda jotted hastily in New York's plushiest beauty salons.

Gentlemen prefer redheads . . . saw flaming mops everywhere in Manhattan . . . red tones ignited even brunette, jet and platinum coiffures . . . hair is still short with just a few waves pushed back or forward and tagged with such fetching nomers as "cherub" and "Michelangelo" . . . seems the short cut is in for a long run . . .



Blondes are going blonder with the accent on shine . . . seems it's easy with the new hair lightener that lets you go as light as you please the more often you use it . . . women are suddenly becoming more hair conscious than ever before . . . small wonder with spring's small round and polished straws that perch on top of the head . . .

Make-up is going pinker by the minute . . . lipsticks from dim to dark all undertoned with pink . . . nail lacquers to match . . . new liquid rouge that becomes an anytime thing . . . worn under, over or mixed with foundation . . . even over powder with nary a smear . . . dainty pink bed mittens, gay as grandma's ruffled nightcaps, designed to keep overnight hand cream where it should be . . .



In a swank New York salon I was told that the old olive oil and egg mixture for scalp massage before shampoos beats all for ousting dandruff and adding lustre . . . that lipstick is hardly on unless you can say "hello" into a mirror and see no natural lip color . . . and that creams which pack a vitamin punch are best to revitalize a winter-worn complexion. Heard all about a new treatment for a chapped or sensitive mouth—pink lip salve that comes in a regular lipstick case to wear beneath your regular brand . . . could be a gift for a little miss who likes to use mother's lipstick and frequently does . . . with abandon . . .

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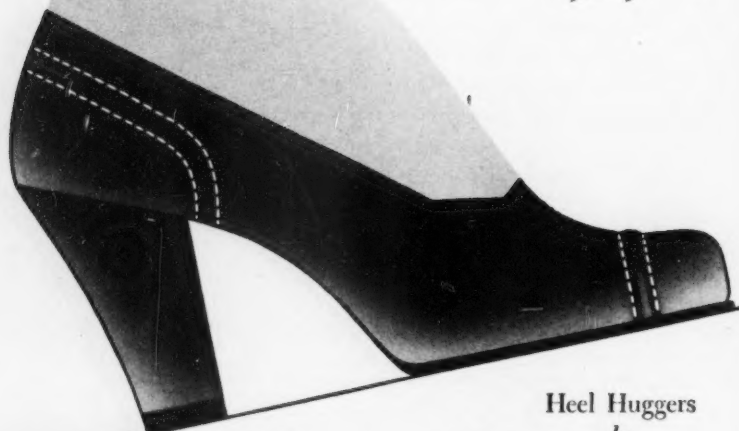
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Heel Huggers
by

MS

Murray-Selby shoes Ltd.

London, Canada.

THE SMITH SISTERS

Continued from page 13

"I asked her to the movies with us. I knew I might as well. He talks about her, all through lunchtime."

"Kirk Slocum? You've been lunching with him at the Bluebonnet."

That surprised Emmy—that he'd noticed anything about her except that she flung a neat shorthand. It surprised her into giving the one bit of information she meant to withhold. "Yes, it was Kirk. He'll probably take her to the big dance." Her voice almost broke. To fail to get a date for the Yacht Club dance was to admit, practically, that you were a social failure, but Emmy wasn't thinking of that. What twisted her, inside, was the dream she had of going with Kirk, dancing with him . . . likely being kissed by him out in the Club gardens.

John Bellamy said, "You'll have to change your tactics, Miss Smith, if it really matters to you."

"Matters? Don't you get it? I'm in love!" But she spoke gently, the way you chide a child too young to know, because she'd realized, all at once, that John Bellamy, with his steel-trap mind, probably knew nothing of love. Not even its hurt.

"All right!" He took charge, briskly. "You'll lunch with me at the Bluebonnet, these next few days." Then, curiously, "Your name's so different. Emmy, isn't it?"

"Emmeline. For Dad's sister. When I was born," she explained carefully, "she was married to that awfully rich husband—the copra exporter. Only, her other two husbands got what money he left."

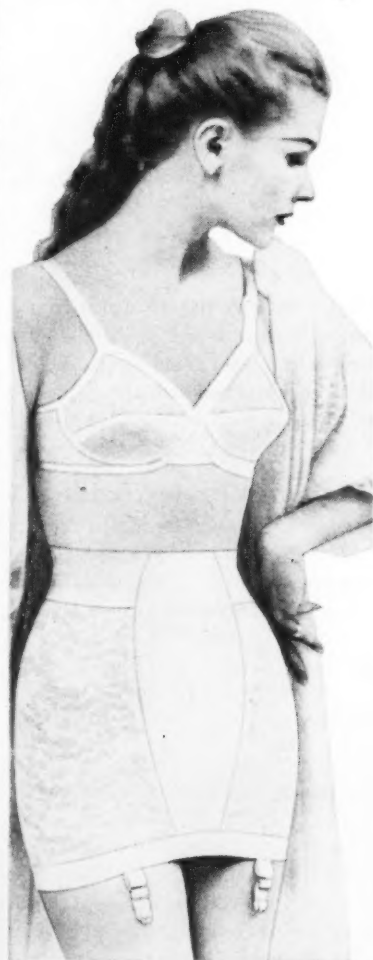


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"And you got only the name."
 "She left me some antique earrings. And I don't mind the name." Its plainness soothed her, just as her mirrored face often did. The combination of grey eyes, wide mouth, scattered freckles and plain brown hair was sometimes a relief from a houseful of beauty. Then, "Shall we finish dictation?"

"After lunch." He picked up a legal document. "We'll go in ten minutes."

Emmy picked up her notebook. "It's good of you to take an interest," she said primly.

"You're the best secretary I ever had." He didn't look up. "I'd like to settle this and get back to work."

Of all the cold-blooded legal machines! Emmy wanted to slam the door after her, as she went out. Her grey eyes were still dark with exasperation as she put on new lipstick, but she was sort of glad, anyhow, that she'd tacked the new white organdie collar to her navy blue dress, that morning.

Kirk was at the Bluebonnet, and about the handsomest man there, with his dark wavy hair and greenish eyes. He stood up, flashed his heart-warming smile. "I saved a place for you, Emmy."

"Oh," she said, and hesitated. Probably this was all wrong, she thought wildly. Probably she was losing her last chance with Kirk. But she had no choice. John Bellamy came up, took her arm.

"Sorry, Slocum," he said, and steered her toward an empty table. When they were seated, he bent over, spoke low. "He's watching us. We've got to act like we're having a good time. If we could—" He stopped, suddenly perplexed, as if he'd come up against a poser.

Emmy laughed. Then John Bellamy was laughing with her—a sort of audible grin that made him look remarkably young. And, surprisingly, the pretense wasn't so hard. There were moments, of course, when tears were close, because, this way, Emmy wasn't even getting any crumbs of happiness from being near Kirk. On the other hand, it was a relief to be doing something definite about her problem.

She was laughing when Kirk Slocum came over, stopped at their table stiffly, his eyes bleak. "Would it be all right to call Stephanie during working hours?" he asked.

The laughter drained from Emmy's heart, although she felt her lips freeze to its smile. "Why, of course!" she got out.

"Thanks," Kirk mumbled, and strode on, his shoulders a little too straight.

John Bellamy said, approvingly, "You carried that off pretty well."

"I did, didn't I?" she agreed, entirely without approval.

Emmy was the last one home from work, three nights later, and the folks were eating when she came in. Mom, pretty and youngish in a plump blond way, said, "We knew you wouldn't mind, Emmy," and fourteen-year-old Pamela burst out, "They're letting the high school kids come in and dance a while at the Yacht Club, and I've got a date. So has Melanie."

Gabrielle smiled wryly. She was perhaps the most beautiful of them all, with her short jet curls and violet eyes, but she was also the best-natured. "The

sprouts are ahead of their elders," she observed, as she passed Emmy the rolls. "Neither Stephanie nor I have a date. Have you, Emmy?"

"Not yet," Emmy returned shortly. Stephanie looked up. Her yellow hair hung in a smooth page-boy; when she lifted her head, it made a golden halo, and her blue eyes were angelic, too. "Seen Kirk Slocum lately?" she asked, too casually.

"Sure. He's been at the Bluebonnet when I go to lunch—with John Bellamy."

They all stared. Melanie exclaimed, "Jeep, Emmy, your boss!" and Mom said, "Bring him to dinner, dear. How about Saturday night?"

Dad pushed back his cup, ran a hand over his balding sandy head. "Leave Emmy alone." He always barked, as if it were the only way to make himself heard in this houseful of petticoats. "If she doesn't want to fetch him home, she doesn't have to!"

Mom's blue eyes went round. "Why shouldn't she?"

"Let's be excused," Dad barked again, and, in the confusion, Mom's question was lost. But Stephanie caught Emmy's arm. "Kirk called me up the other day, Emmy. He seemed to be fishing for a date, but I didn't know you were—I mean—"

"Don't let me stand in your way," Emmy advised drily.

Next day, after dictation, John Bellamy said, "I met Slocum in the hall today, and he scowled at me. We're making progress."

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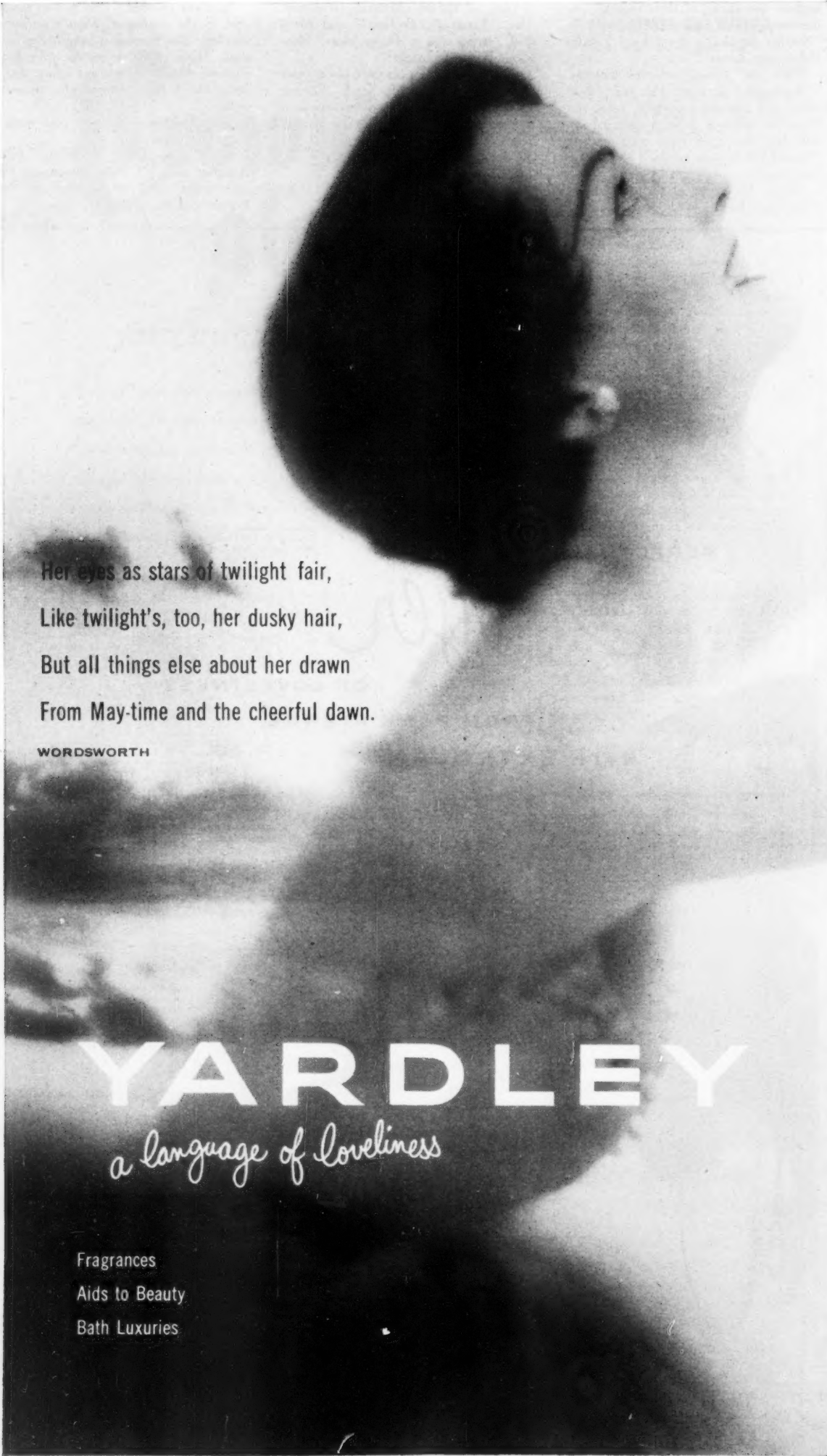
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Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair,
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn.

WORDSWORTH

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a language of loveliness

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"Yes?" Emmy drawled. "Well, he called Stephanie for a date." It was stretching the truth a bit, but Emmy felt perverse.

"Oh!" John Bellamy was evidently taken aback. "Well, we'll have to try something else. But what?"

"I suppose," Emmy offered, edgily, "that I should take you home to dinner."

"Why not?" he brightened. "Why not, Emmy? And—you'd better call me John."

Emmy bit her lips, then said: "Saturday night? And remember, I warned you . . . John."

Emmy got a new dress for Saturday night, a yellow - and - black Hawaiian print which she hoped made her look mysterious. But Stephanie said, when Emmy came downstairs, "You look sweet. Like a little girl, Emmy."

"Well, you don't look like a little girl." There were stars in her sister's eyes. "What's up?"

"Emmy, Kirk's asked me to the Yacht Club dance!"

"Fine thing!" Emmy commented under her breath, as she went on into the living room. At least, John Bellamy had been warned about her sisters. He'd be on guard. She hoped.

Her hopes died a-borning. John came, greeted Emmy warmly, then stopped in midsentence, staring past her. Emmy turned, and there was Gabrielle, late home from a tennis date and trying to slip upstairs to dress.

Gabrielle's white sharkskin shorts and thin jersey tee-shirt were rumpled, even a bit soiled, but didn't detract one iota from the charm of her slim tanned legs and slender body . . . no more than did the windblown state of her short black curls, or her flushed cheeks. In fact, Gabrielle seemed more beautiful, that minute, than ever before.

Here's where I came in, Emmy thought. Then, in husky politeness, "Gabrielle, this is John Bellamy. John, my sister . . ."

Gabrielle smiled, and from then on it all ran according to form. John wore the usual slightly dazed air, all through dinner, stealing awe-struck glances at Gabrielle, who now wore a sleeveless white pique dress that had big flowers splashed on it—blue, to match her eyes.

Emmy let the talk flow about her, because she didn't feel witty, like Gabrielle, nor deeply serious like Stephanie, nor had she at hand any of the wisecracking chatter of Pamela and Melanie, the poodle-clipped, amber-eyed honey-blondes. She was just Emmy, plain of face and speech. Just Emmy, with heartache inside her, as she watched events move over a long familiar path . . . through dinner, and afterward, when John Bellamy stood up, looked at Emmy.

"Shall we take in a movie?" he asked, without any hesitation. "Perhaps your sister would come along."

Emmy lowered her lids, because it might be that a look as daggered as hers would kill. She held her voice smooth. "Sure, why not?"

Five minutes later, the three of them rode away, Emmy in the middle, and John and Gabrielle flinging witty speeches across her, each one nicking her a bit as it grazed past.

Gabrielle pointedly made Emmy sit by John in the theatre, but whenever

anything funny happened on the screen, John leaned out to share his laughter with Gabrielle. As for Emmy, there wasn't anything funny, anywhere. She just sat there, thinking of Kirk . . . of this new humiliation she'd brought upon herself.

A pox on John Bellamy and his cold-blooded schemes!

Just one good lick she got in. Back home, she followed Gabrielle out of the car, then turned. "Goodnight, John," she said decisively. "Thanks—for everything."

He took his dismissal, but his mouth tightened. Inside the house, Gabrielle turned shocked gaze at her.

"Will you shut up?" Emmy cried, and fled upstairs to her room.

John Bellamy was still angry the next Monday morning. There was a distinct coolness between himself and Emmy during dictation. Then he asked, "Will these letters be done by noon?"

"Probably not," she told him, "but I'll work into the noon hour. I brought my lunch today."

His face tightened still more. "So this is a brush-off?"

"Not exactly. Your taking me to

☆ ☆ ☆

APRIL IS A NURSEMAID

By R. H. Grenville

April is a nursemaid.
Everywhere you go,
Between their leafy covers,
Baby faces show.

The willow's lovely children
Smiling by the brook
In their furry bonnets;
The catkins' cosy look

In little caps with tassels,
And, deep within the wood,
The first-born of the violets
In her purple hood!

☆ ☆ ☆

lunch was a project, and it failed. Kirk's asked Stephanie to the dance."

John said stuffily, "May I have the honor of taking you, Miss Smith?"

"No!" explosively. "You've done enough. You took me to lunch, and came to my house for dinner, and—"

"And met your family."

The brightening of his eyes added fuel to Emmy's anger.

"That's what they all say," she flared.

"So that's it." Violently, he pushed his red hair till it stood on end, like a torch somebody had just touched a match to. "I asked your sister to the movies with us, out of common politeness, and you're jealous."

"I'm not!" savagely. "I hope you even ask her to the dance."

His eyes narrowed. He reached for the phone book.

"It's Elwood 7381," she snapped, and watched him dial the number, then ask for Gabrielle at the dress shop where she helped design clothes. "I know it's late," he apologized, when Gabrielle answered, "but will you go with me to the Yacht Club dance?"

Emmy, gathering her notes, heard her sister's low murmur, then John's assurance. "You won't hurt Emmy. She

doesn't want to go with me, in fact."

Emmy had her notes together by then, and she left, her head very high.

At the door, John stopped her. "I'm going out of town this afternoon," he announced coolly, "for about five days. You can work on those permanent notes for my files."

"I'll get them done," she promised crisply, although all the starch seemed gone from her life.

It helped, daytimes, to have John Bellamy away. She could type hard and keep from thinking. But at night John seemed to haunt her like a belligerent ghost. That first evening Dad barked, when she came in late, "See here, Emmy! Gabrielle says Bellamy asked her to the dance. And the one you brought home before—he and Stephanie—"

"I'm just a decoy," Emmy returned smoothly, as she sat down. "I lure men within reach so my sisters can wing 'em."

"Emmy!" Stephanie exclaimed. "You said—" and Gabrielle cried out, in the same breath, "John told me—"

Emmy waved a hand. "They're both all yours, darlings. And now, pass me some of everything." If she ate, she wouldn't have to talk.

"But what'll you do, Emmy?" Mom asked worriedly. "Dad and I have to go to the dance. We're on the committee—"

"Oh, Emmy, I hadn't thought!" Gabrielle broke in. "You'll be home alone."

Emmy lifted her head, spoke fiercely from her pride. "Oh, no. I'll go with Mom and Dad. There's always the stag line."

She would have taken the words back, if she could, but they were spoken, hanging on the air like a flock of dark, twittering birds.

It was the night of the dance. Gloomily, Emmy regarded herself in the mirror. Outside her room, the confusion of the others getting dressed was a mounting crescendo. They were working eagerly toward glamor, but Emmy would wear her customary well-scrubbed look, she thought bitterly.

Melanie peered in, her net hoop-skirt swinging about her young silk-clad legs. "Gabrielle wants your earrings," she said, and breezed on.

Emmy took out the earrings that were her legacy. They were large, quaint, with an exquisite sapphire set in each long, dangling triangle of gold filigree.

"I wish I had something more to leave you, Emmy," Aunt Emmeline told her, the day she gave them. "You deserve something special, to keep your head above water with those others. And maybe I can give you something," she added slowly, "if you're not too young to understand."

Then it came. About men. "It's all a matter of dignity," Aunt Emmeline explained. "Never lose that, under any conditions. That means you'll never quarrel with any man. If a break comes, you'll get out of his life, gentle and smiling, with your dignity intact."

"Yes, Aunt Emmeline," Emmy offered dutifully.

Her aunt gave her a sharp look. "Can you understand, honey? Even if another girl gets him, you'll still hold him. Every time she cries or nags at him, he'll



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remember you, who never raised your voice. He'll put a halo on you in his memory. And he'll come back. Usually you won't want him, but he'll come."

Aunt Emmeline stopped, resting. When Emmy had thought her asleep, she opened one eye. "And about the earrings, wear 'em when everything seems lost. They were always lucky for me."

"May I have the earrings?" Gabrielle asked from the hall.

"Sorry," Emmy called back, "but I'm

wearing them, myself, this evening."

"Oh," Gabrielle said, unbelievably. Emmy knew what she was thinking. The sapphires which went so beautifully with Gabrielle's eyes, were lost on Emmy. The quaint dangling triangles didn't go with Emmy's face, nor her dress, nor her style.

"And nobody knows that better than I," she muttered as she screwed the baubles in place, then stared at herself in the mirror. She looked like nothing more than a little girl dressed up in

some harridan's cast-off jewelry.

Gathering her mass of brown hair, she twisted it high and tight off her face, anchored it with pins. Whether good or bad, Emmy didn't know, but, definitely, it did something, and the dangle-bobs seemed a little closer to belonging.

Next Emmy started on make-up. A spot of rouge low . . . then high . . . finally, none at all. She dug into a drawer for a violent purple lipstick Melanie had given her for Christmas.

The effect was startling, but it helped. Now, if she could make her eyes fit into the picture . . .

She did a fair job, she thought, as she surveyed the result. She didn't look like Emmy, but her hair and face and eyes and the ear-rings all matched. Now for the dress.

She got her own demure blue formal, picked up the manicure scissors, started snipping.

Her sisters had gone ahead with their dates, and Mom and Dad were already in the car, impatient to be off, when Emmy came down, her white stole wrapped about her. Mom was near-sighted, and left off her glasses for evening affairs. Dad would find a poker game, so neither parent would be a problem.

At the Yacht Club, Emmy had a moment's compunction when she unveiled herself. The dress was entirely startling. What there was of the taffeta bodice hugged her waistline, then plunged uncertainly above, making the long full net skirt seem too daring.

Emmy wore no jewelry except the earrings. A tiny string of pearls or a gold chain might have taken away the naked feeling, she thought, but it was too late now.

Touching one dangling triangle for luck, Emmy sailed, head high, into the ballroom. Just for an instant she stood there, meeting startled glances, wishing miserably that she were home. Then, from the stag line, a tall broad-shouldered man, crew haircut looking funny with his tux, broke loose and strode toward her.

"Hi, Emmy Smith," he grinned. "Let's dance." Then she was out on the floor with an old schoolmate whose name she scarcely recalled. A minute after that, another man tapped the old classmate on the shoulder. And, after him, another.

I know how Aunt Emmeline felt, Emmy told herself, later. I know why she got three husbands, easy. She felt the way I do, and when you feel this way, men come flocking. Most men, that is.

Kirk Slocum didn't cut in, nor seek her out. Neither did John Bellamy. Under the excitement, a queer ache gnawed away inside Emmy. Then, about mid-evening, when a waltz ended, Emmy and her partner found themselves beside Stephanie and Kirk, and Emmy felt it was time to do something.

Stephanie's eyes were disapproving, but Emmy smiled past her to Kirk, giving a slow lift to her long lashes. It worked. Kirk said, "Shall we change partners?" and danced off with her.

"What's happened to you, Emmy?" he demanded, his tones queerly desperate. "Why did you run away from me?"

Emmy couldn't have done what she did, after that, if she hadn't been wearing the earrings. But it was as if she had learned the lines and gestures, and were giving them as rehearsed. "I'll tell you—outside," she whispered, and Kirk took her out into the moonlight, quite forgetting Stephanie.

"When I was little, we used to come here and peek in at the dances," she said. "It was fun." Then she sighed, because she realized, suddenly, that life wasn't fun any more.

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Avon of Canada, MONTREAL

"Tell me about when you were little," Kirk said, and they sat on a bench and talked, and they laughed together, and Emmy wondered, now and then, why the queer ache stayed inside her. She was with Kirk again, and she knew that the slightest swaying toward him would bring his arms about her, but she didn't want that. What did she want?

Before she could figure it out, a man came tramping down the path to stand before them. John Bellamy, grim under the moonlight. He gave Emmy a quick distasteful glance before he turned to Kirk. "You brought another girl to the dance!" he reminded Kirk severely. "And you've been out here an hour!"

"Oh, my gosh!" Kirk jumped to his feet. "Emmy, I'm sorry. I mean . . . I'll be seeing you again. I've got to see you." Then he trudged toward the clubhouse like a small boy heading for the woodshed.

John drew a long breath, then exploded. "And you had me believing your sisters took your men away from you! You had me sorry for you, and all the time—"

"You shut up!" She jumped up, as furious as he. "Nobody asked you to manage my life. You just butted in, and made me take you home, and—oh, what right did you have?"

"I told you!" he shouted in exasperation, running a furious hand through his brash red hair. "You're my secretary, and a good one, and—"

"I'm not your secretary. I quit!"

"You will not!"

"I already have! I don't want to see you ever again, you interfering old busybody. You—"

"Why, you little vixen!" His hands shot to her shoulders, and then he was shaking her . . . shaking her . . . making the ear-dangles dance, tumbling her hair down . . . making her heart beat faster, then stop entirely for an instant as she realized the truth.

She *did* want to see John Bellamy again! She wanted to go on seeing him, even if it meant him going on, this way, shaking her. She wanted it, because—because, dammit, she loved him.

She loved him. John, not Kirk. And John had eyes only for Gabrielle. The new hurt in Emmy was a rising tide that turned again to fury. Her hands curled to fists, and her fists beat against his chest, because it was all so hopeless. Wear the earrings when everything seemed lost, Aunt Emmeline had told her. Well, it was all wrong. Aunt Emmeline's legacy was no soap for Emmy.

Then she recalled the other part of the legacy. "It's a matter of dignity . . . If a break comes, you'll go out of his life, gentle and smiling—with your dignity intact."

If she had remembered, dignity might have helped, but Emmy had booted that away, too. John Bellamy would never put a halo on her, even in memory.

The fight went out of Emmy all at once. Her two fists uncurled and dropped, and she was like a limp rag doll for John to shake.

He stopped, looked down at her again. "Hey! You're crying!"

She bent her head down, began pulling at the earrings. "It was these," she explained, quietly. Maybe she could still salvage a shred of dignity and leave John, gentle, if not smiling. "Give them to Gabrielle, will you, please? Tell her

they're hers—for keeps. I was crazy to wear them, but Aunt Emmeline said to put them on if—when—"

"Yes, Emmy?" quietly, as he looked at the trinkets in his hand.

"She said to wear them when everything seemed lost."

John stuck them into his pocket. "Everything isn't lost, Emmy. Kirk left Stephanie tonight—for you."

"Kirk?" she echoed vaguely. "Oh . . . him."

John put a finger under her chin,

turned her face up, stared bewilderedly into her eyes. Then, like a lighted candle flaring to full flame, his own eyes brightened.

"Emmy!" he breathed. "Emmy! Why, I'll be gosh-darned! Emmy!" jubilantly. "I love you!" His arms jerked her close, and his lips bent to hers.

When finally he lifted his head, he said, "I'll have to go to Gabrielle now, sweet. We'll get through the rest of the evening some way . . . and I'll give

Gabrielle the earrings." He grinned, pulled them from his pocket and looked at them again. "I don't want you to wear them any more tonight."

"I won't, Johnny. Only—" She held out her hand. "They were a legacy, and I guess I'll keep them. After all—"

After all, Aunt Emmeline's legacy was good, even if a girl couldn't always hang on to her dignity, when dealing with a red-headed man. And there might be other times when everything would seem lost. +

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SCHOOL FOR FRANCES

Continued from page 19

things, one is sometimes prone to wonder if being "different" is so great a tragedy, after all.

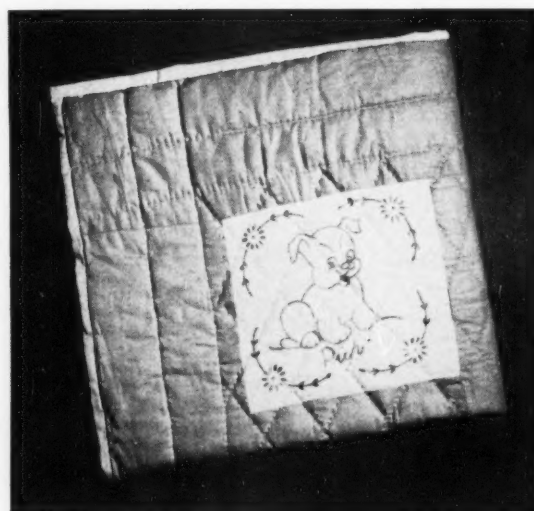
When Frances was nine she went away to the Ontario School for the Blind, at Brantford. The wrench of parting from and of entrusting a timid, confused child to other and strange hands cannot be minimized. But while this break entailed acute mental suffering for her parents, there was also a great relief experienced at being freed from a strain that had at times become almost intolerable. Frances was growing more and more restless, irritable, difficult to manage. We were relieved to know something was being done to give her opportunities for education and for mixing with other children similarly handicapped. We felt that under this discipline she would become controlled and happier. For the first time in nine years I unwound a little, and began to feel something might still exist in life for all of us.

For all of those nine years there had been no relaxation beyond the physical slackening that comes from utter fatigue. You went to bed relieved that one more day was ended, and wakened in the morning only to be enveloped in a blanket of despair as the thought pressed in on you that nothing had changed during the night. Your child was still cruelly mutilated, and nothing could ever be harder to face day after day, year after year, than the knowledge of that mutilation. Each morning, as the black burden descended, you wished you and your child had both died during the night.

Still, life went on, its greatest solace

being found in the simple, ordinary everyday demands on one's time and energy. I joined a church organization and a social club. Neighbors were very kind about minding Frances, and a teenage girl could usually be found to act as sitter on occasional evenings out. These contacts with other people were of real value to Frances, but do not imagine that here, as in everything else, problems were not involved. There is a problem at every turn with the handicapped child, and when the handicaps are multiple the problems are likewise multiple. The "different" child is seldom understood by either adult or child, and while the adult is usually kind, children are capable of exquisite cruelty in their dealings with the afflicted. If a visiting child is kind in intention, he is often quite helpless about how to play, or what to say or do. It was always distressing to me to watch a neighbor youngster sit just gazing at Frances. And it was this kind of visitor who encouraged Frances to take the initiative, and to become more self-assertive than we liked for either her good or ours. That self-assertiveness developed with the years, along with an inflexibility of will that only great and kindly firmness has been able to contend with.

And so, when Frances did get away to school, we dared to hope for some permanent improvement in her development. And we were not disappointed. She learned to read and write in Braille, and, still more important, to live with others more happily than she ever had before. Her teachers, although specially trained to teach the blind, did not find Frances an easy pupil, partly because of her limitations, but even more so, I believe, because they were not trained to teach the subnormal. However, Frances was making progress. For four



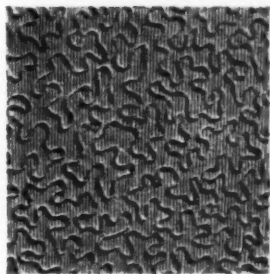
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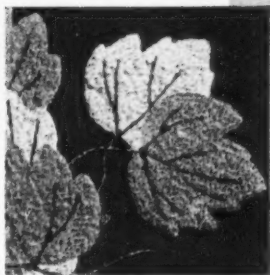
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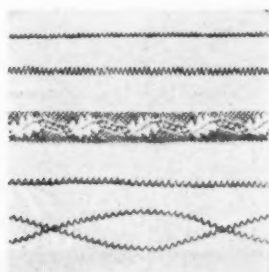
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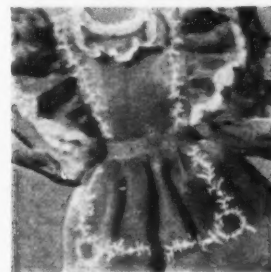
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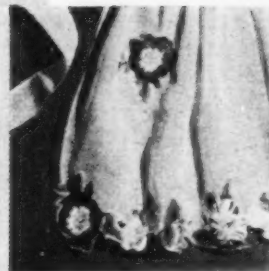
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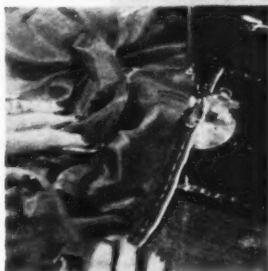
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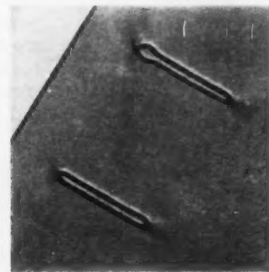
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new ways to easy-living

by Nancy Nylon



Welcome, welcome, welcome — to the first thin ray of spring sunshine, the first buds on the trees — and to new spring clothes! And welcome too, to that strange feeling that comes over all of us at this time of the year — the longing for new kitchen curtains, a new hair style, a new hat — the feeling that is known as "spring fever" — and can only be cured by a change!

And speaking of change — there is no easier way to change a basic dress or add glamor to an old one than by adding a



touch of white frosting! You'll find neck-wear counters blossoming with the loveliest collar and cuff sets, all frills and pleated and frothed with lace and embroidery — and if you choose them of nylon they'll be easy to care for and stay looking new and pretty for ages.

Separates have kept their high place in the fashion scene because they are so becoming to all types and ages, because they give such variety to our wardrobes and because they are so practical. And nylon blouses fit into the separates scheme like a hand in a glove. There are wonderful



new sheers, both printed and plain to wear for dress-up occasions with fussy, rusty skirts. There are the new heavier weight tricot blouses in handsome classical tailored styles to wear with plain straight skirts or with slacks or shorts. And every nylon blouse you own will be a joy to live with because it washes so easily, dries so fast and needs little or no ironing.

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Hunting for a perfect Easter gift? Something gay, pretty and practical? Then it's nylon, of course! Nylon gloves are as welcome as the first crocus — and just as lovely. Mothers would welcome the new nylon crepe hose with the dull, mat finish that wear so well. And for a young miss, what could be lovelier than the new lingerie specially designed for her? This sweet nightie and peignoir is printed nylon tricot. Printed tricots are making news in women's lingerie too, this spring — and would make an enchanting and different gift for Easter.



With the high cost of living — few brides can afford an extravagant trousseau. Yet every bride longs for romantic, pretty clothes, and if she chooses nylon she can have them — and be practical too! For the joys of a nylon trousseau are long-lasting. A nylon wedding dress, toasted with champagne, can be washed and worn to a party the next night! Nylon lingerie, exquisite and fragile, will take endless washings and wearings — and come up smiling. There are lovely nylon mesh or lace shoes, nylon bathing suits and foundation garments, gloves, hosiery — practically everything you need, you'll find prettier and more practical in nylon.

For those of you who are planning to be married, I've written a little booklet called "How to plan a nylon trousseau". If you'd like a copy just write to me, Nancy Nylon, Dept. 77, P.O. Box 10, Montreal, and I'll send you one. I hope you'll find it helpful.



years, we were happier than we had been since her birth, feeling that something was being done for her. We visited her when we could afford the time and money, and were encouraged by the fine spirit of the principal and staff at the school. We were thrilled to see blind children doing so many of the things sighted children do — running, skipping, swinging, sliding, skating, giving concerts and plays, and living very happily in a school all their own. Frances did some of these things but she was not able to participate in all of them, due to her mental limitation as well as the peculiar gait she used in walking — a stiff, awkward locomotion that revealed, as much as facial characteristics, her scarred brain. But we were deeply grateful that such a school existed for children without sight. Consequently when we received the letter which stated that Frances might no longer remain as a student, the news came as a terrible blow.

The letter was a blow, for only then did I realize that subnormal children are admitted to the Brantford School but if they fail to measure up to the required standard they are not allowed to remain.

The grief of having our child excluded was only slightly less than the grief we had experienced in placing her in the School for the Blind. However, we gathered up our shattered hopes, telling ourselves that if the Ontario School for the Blind would not have her there must be other schools that would.

Schooling Over at Thirteen

And then began our fruitless search for such a school. By the time the next term had opened, we were forced to admit we were beaten. True, there was, at Orillia, Ont., a hospital school for mentally defective children and a second has since opened at Smiths Falls. But as officials admit, with hundreds of such children on the waiting list, no attempt is made there to meet the special requirements of the child who is not only retarded but also blind. There was not to be found in Ontario, nor indeed in all of Canada, one school — private or public — that was prepared to instruct a child like Frances.

Well, our daughter was thirteen, and her schooling was finished. It was at this stage that I began to become really bitter for Frances. Why, I asked, should a government provide educational facilities for the normal child and for the blind child, but such terribly inadequate facilities for the blind, subnormal child? I wondered how many cases of Frances' type were in existence and how many would be born in the years to come. But there was no way of ascertaining

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these figures, for according to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics no statistics along this line have ever been gathered. However, through the years that followed, as I have investigated up one dead-end street after another, I have become convinced that the number of multiple handicap cases in Canada—many of them blind subnormals of low I.Q.—may be quite formidable.

Our trouble had not, however, reached its peak. The child specialist who had attended Frances following her birth had kindly warned us that at adolescence a child with brain injury might possibly become epileptic. Soon after her return from the Brantford School the calamity we had by this time almost forgotten to dread occurred. One chilly spring morning, just as the grey dawn was streaking the windowsill, a weird, un-human sort of sound came to us from Frances' room across the hall. Hurrying in, we were horrified to find her in a spasm that we later learned was a severe epileptic seizure. Now, indeed, the worst had happened. Yet, such is the resource of the human spirit that, living, one rallies and finds the strength to carry on. After Frances had been the victim of several such seizures, we had her admitted for treatment to the Ontario Hospital for Epileptics at Woodstock.

If placing a child in a blind school is difficult, it is nothing, we found, compared to the agony of admitting one's flesh and blood to a mental institution. But while John drove away from that place with the tears rolling down his face, my eyes were dry. For one thing, I was too numb to cry. And for another, eternal optimism that every mother is, I was hoping again. The superintendent had been understanding and kind. What we had seen of the place led us to believe the care would be satisfactory. I was pleased to learn that classes in occupational therapy were a part of the program, with patients who were well enough to do so going "to school" every day. Maybe, at last, we had found the solution. Perhaps Frances could find happiness and security in this place, and might learn and develop as time went on.

No Access to Music

But once again we were doomed to disappointment. For while the hospital worked out a treatment that was successful in controlling the seizures so that in two years she was discharged, and while the care provided may well have been above the average found in our overcrowded, understaffed mental institutions, I soon discovered nothing more need be expected. True, Frances went each day "to class," where she spent her time, day after day, week after week, month after month, folding paper serviettes or putting absorbent cotton on sticks. The therapist in charge either had no time to teach any but her sighted pupils, or was not equipped or obliged to do more. The monotony of her existence was not Frances' greatest grief, however. The chief trial of her life was that she now had no access to music of any kind, except as she listened to the run-of-the-mill programs that emanated from the radio in the office. The therapy that appeared to help her most at home had been mainly her beloved piano, and her radio and record-player. With no radio of her own, and no piano in the ward to which she was confined, she endured weeks on end

without the solace of the kind of music she loved. During her visits at home she invariably spent almost all of her time playing or listening to music. Obviously, although the Woodstock hospital had, we must admit in all fairness, fulfilled its function in treating epilepsy, it was not the answer to our problem, and when Frances received her discharge as a controlled epileptic the relief for us was as great as for her.

Frances has been home for some years now. The only hope of any education,

aside from what we have worked out ourselves, is that contributed by the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, that worthy agency which sends home teachers to the sightless. And while their teachers, blind themselves, are not especially trained to deal with multiple handicaps, they are willing and anxious to do as much as they can wherever they can be of assistance to all blind people.

The Ontario School for the Blind is still maintained for the normal blind,

and to it come children from many parts of Canada where such facilities are not available. Here pupils with limited learning ability are given a trial period to determine the progress of which they are capable, as was Frances. Just last year an auxiliary class was established to give additional assistance to pupils with learning difficulties, providing these pupils come within what is known as the "educable" group. Thus, like auxiliary classes in many public school systems, this one does not offer anything to the

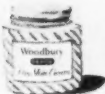
Dry skin can be joy —or jinx!

by Rosemary Hall
BEAUTY AUTHORITY

Dry skin is both a blessing and a curse. Which it is in your case is up to you. Two women I discussed the problem with just the other day illustrate what I mean!



The first was grateful for her naturally dry complexion, the delicacy it gave her skin and the freedom from that "greasy" look. The second felt terribly about hers. It was drab and flaky, so her make-up looked harsh and little lines were threatening to become wrinkles.



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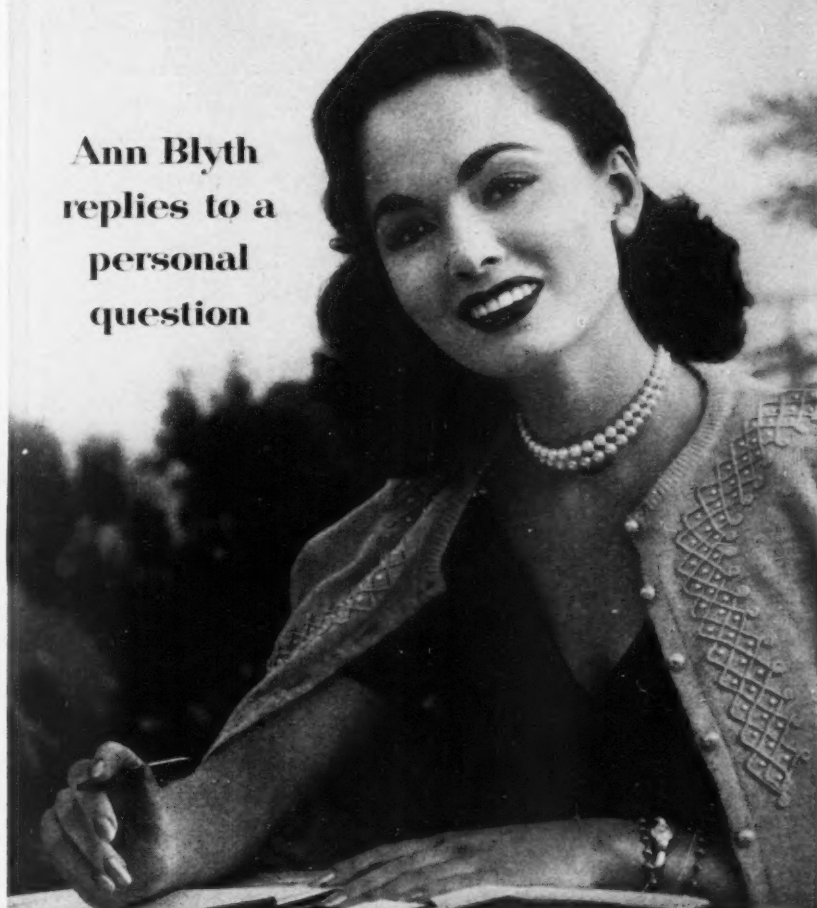
With your fingertips, cream this extra rich Woodbury Dry Skin Cream into your skin. Leave it on for five minutes, then . . . tissue off.



Your skin will have a new freshness and youthful bloom. Try it and see! Woodbury Dry Skin Cream only costs 25¢, 45¢, 78¢, and \$1.15.

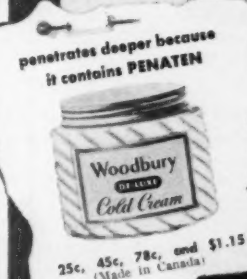


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child whose I.Q. falls below the generally accepted borderline of fifty (normal being one hundred).

The superintendent of the Ontario School for the Blind pointed out the necessity for more adequate facilities when, in an annual report to the Department of Education, he stated, "We are not equipped to deal with children who have handicaps other than blindness." And mentioning the primary grade in his 1950 report, he said, "Never in the last sixteen years have our primary children been so handicapped. I should like to stress that this condition is not normal, and I hope will not be duplicated in many years to come. The class consists of: dull normals—6, subnormals—10, blind and physically handicapped—1, blind, no handicap—0.

From these figures, we see that seventeen children in that year were placed in a school which was equipped and intended to teach normal children only. The principal goes on to say that some of these children will be allowed to remain. But, he asks, "Where are these children (who are not allowed to remain) to go when they are excluded from the Ontario School for the Blind? I believe, in some cases, they have been sent to mental institutions, but they cannot function in that society since it is a seeing group. Further, I understand there is no specific training given them. I am convinced," he goes on, "these little folk should have an opportunity of living a life that brings satisfaction, happiness and achievement. Life should offer them a chance to appreciate and do to the full extent of their limited powers."

From every other province comes a similar story, in slightly different words, as from Nova Scotia where an official reports, "We have no special facilities to teach the unfortunate people who have this double handicap. Nova Scotia has not set up any type of institution where these people can be cared for." This official goes on to say, "I feel that if the public would take a vital interest, a great deal could be done to persuade or even force legislators to bring about an amelioration of the problem which is of such deep concern to the afflicted individual and to the families of such individuals. After all, in any democracy it is only an enlightened public who can bring an advance in social conditions."

In the western provinces, the story is the same, except that the prairie provinces do not even have their own school for the blind. According to figures reported in the last report of the Ontario Minister of Education, the enrollment at the Ontario school was one hundred and eighty-eight pupils, distributed as follows: from Ontario, one hundred and twenty-seven; from Manitoba, twenty; from Saskatchewan, twenty-nine; from Alberta, twelve. The Departments of Education of the three western provinces pay fees for the pupils they send to the Ontario School for the Blind. It seems only reasonable to suspect that some parents in the west keep their blind children at home rather than allow them to go so far away. Their blind subnormal children are, of course, neither better nor worse off than those in Ontario. A government official sums the situation up neatly when he says, "There is no provision in Canada for the education of the blind, subnormal child."

What Is To Be Done?

Doubtless there are mothers of children with multiple handicaps who could tell a sadder, more hopeless story than ours. Frances was born into an average-income home, to parents with sufficient education to know how to overcome some of the obstacles themselves. She has always been kindly treated although not coddled. She has been well fed, well clothed, amused so far as her limitations will allow, and protected from every kind of danger. Just how many parents in Canada are confronted with a similar problem, I have no way of knowing. The question is—what is going to be done about our children?

What is going to be done to educate and train these children and help them to live the most abundant life possible under their limitations? And what is going to be done to see they are cared for adequately when the time comes that they no longer have parents to look after them? Are more institutions the answer, more small centres or "homes," or some entirely new approach to the problem? It is too late for a school for Frances. But Frances has now become more than one quiet little girl who started life with a hurt head. Frances is all the little girls and boys for whom no adequate school has ever been built in Canada. +

TURTLE COLLAR HIGHLIGHTED

A diamond motif turtle-collar blouse styled with long or short sleeves in new angora, wool and nylon blend. Price for instructions 20c. Order No. C77.



Order from
Chatelaine Needlecraft Dept.
481 University Ave., Toronto.

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Toronto: "My skin was often dry until I started using Noxzema," says Betty Hickman of Toronto. "Now it is so much smoother, fresher. I'm delighted!"



Winnipeg: "I rely on Noxzema to keep my skin soft, fresh and free of blemishes," says Helen Schmick. "I use it night and morning and recommend it to my friends!"

How you, too, can Look lovelier in 10 days *or your money back!*

Noted skin specialist's new home beauty care helps skin look fresher, softer, lovelier—and helps you keep it that way!

You should see our mail! Thousands of letters from all over Canada and the United States! You should read how thrilled women are with new Noxzema home beauty routine... how their fresher, lovelier-looking skin is winning them compliments... bringing new self-confidence!

It's the biggest beauty news in years!

Betty Hickman of Toronto who was troubled by dry, flaky skin and Helen Schmick of Winnipeg who relies on Noxzema to keep her complexion soft, fresh and unblemished, are just two of thousands who report thrilling results with this new beauty care. It was developed by a noted skin specialist and owes its remarkable effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema.

This famous *greaseless* beauty cream is a *medicated* formula! It combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients. That's why it has helped so many women with discouraging skin problems: blotches and blemishes; rough, flaky, dry skin; and that dull, lifeless, *half-clean* look of so many so-called normal complexions.

Wouldn't you like to help your skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier? Then, tonight, try this:

1. Cleanse thoroughly by 'cream-washing' with Noxzema and water. Smooth *greaseless, medicated* Noxzema over face and neck. Then

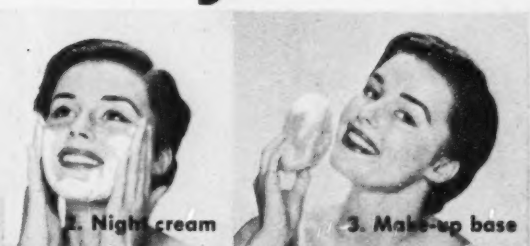
wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how make-up and dirt disappear! How clean and fresh skin looks the very first time you 'cream-wash' with Noxzema. No dry, drawn feeling!

2. Night cream. Smooth Noxzema over your face and neck so that its softening, soothing ingredients can help

your skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier. (Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes to help heal them—fast!)

The protective film of oil-and-moisture Noxzema provides is especially beneficial to rough, dry, sensitive complexions. Even in extreme cases, where the dried-out, curled-up cells of dead skin give an unattractive grayish look, you will see a big improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It's *greaseless*. No smeary face or stained pillow!

3. Make-up base. In the morning, 'cream-wash' again, then apply Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. It



holds make-up beautifully—yet makes it easier to remove every particle of cosmetics and dirt that might otherwise clog pores and have a coarsening effect on skin texture.

Noxzema works or money back! No matter how many other creams you have used, try Noxzema. This *greaseless* beauty cream is a *medicated* formula. That's one secret of its effectiveness. In clinical tests, Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems. Try it for 10 days. If not delighted, return jar to Noxzema, Toronto. Your money back!

Look lovelier offer!
40' NOXZEMA only **29¢**

1. use this trial jar—see how much lovelier it helps your skin look

2. then save money by getting giant 10 oz. jar only \$1.25! Drug or cosmetic counters.

FOR WOMEN with dandruff, unmanageable hair

**IF YOU HAVE DANDRUFF, DRY SCALP, FRIZZY HAIR,
HAIR THAT'S HARD TO MANAGE... HERE'S BIG NEWS!**

An amazing new miracle discovery in hair care, approved by beauty editors and scalp authorities, has been helping women everywhere to discover the joy of a clean, shining scalp, soft gleaming hair.

It helps correct hair problems caused by bad permanents, harsh shampoos, tints, dyes, bobby pins and curlers.

SO EASY! SO SIMPLE! SO SAFE!

It takes only a few minutes to "cream-tone condition" your hair. You get results that will amaze you the very first time. For soft, lovely hair, easy to manage, easy to set, gleaming with new luster... do this!

1. Buy a bottle of *Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing*...fragrant, creamy, wonderful.
2. Brush your hair. Then part it, section by section, with a comb and rub this creamy hair conditioner into your scalp along each part.
3. Massage and comb the hair dressing through your hair from scalp to hair ends.
4. Leave it on for 10 to 15 minutes (overnight if you wish). Feel the ingredients of this amazing conditioner work their magic.
5. Rinse with clean water. Then shampoo.

IT'S THAT EASY!

And there are two more ways *Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing* can add new glamour to your hair, too. A teaspoonful added to your final shampoo rinse will make your hair much easier to manage, easier to set. And for daily beauty touch-ups, brush a few drops through your hair to add luster, keep stray ends in place.

Ask for *Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing* today! It's on sale at your favorite toilet goods counter. Wildroot Limited, Fort Erie, Ontario.

I WAS A COUNTER SPY

Continued from page 24

a barely restrained urge to commit mayhem.

The trick was to watch a display of merchandise as a clerk paraded it before you and remember all the details of price, quality and style. Occasionally we bought the article on which we were shopping but we couldn't buy them all and the problem was to write our notes without being detected.

We were supplied with money to make those purchases that were necessary but equally as important was the notebook kept concealed in a spacious pocket or in a handbag. I became adept at furtively scratching down notes while the clerk was away from the counter digging up more goods for this woman who didn't seem able to make up her mind and wanted to see everything in the store.

All this information went into a signed report, written on returning to the office and then sent to the merchandising office. The report had to be accurate enough so that the comparison office could use it as an argument with a department manager whose prices might be out of line. This is Comparison Shopping—exhaustive, exhausting and, if you like to shop as I did and still do, fun.

Being a shopper trains you to observe almost automatically. I have counted heads of customers on a sales floor so often that I still catch myself counting panes of glass in a window, the rows of brick in the fireplace, the number of

cracks in the hardwood floor. I don't dare use patterned paper on our walls or I would count the squares, and I assure you that counting sheep singly would never get me to sleep. I'd count them by tens, then by scores and finally I'd block them off in groups of roughly a hundred. I have walked around too many sale dress racks sizing up the number of customers who showed up. Try it sometime and then examine the articles themselves on sale from the standpoint of size, range of color, quality, finish and price, and see how much of it you can remember when you get home.

It's like the old parlor game of showing your guests a tray on which are displayed ten or twelve assorted objects. You let them look at this for two minutes, then take the tray away and see how many they can remember.

The good comparison shopper's chief item of equipment was always a big bag, with a handle to free your hands, and a side pocket in which you could slip a small notebook and pencil. Also essential were at least two pairs of flat-heeled shoes, kept in the office, and inconspicuous clothes so clerks won't remember you. For years I wore nothing but grey or black suits and small black hats.

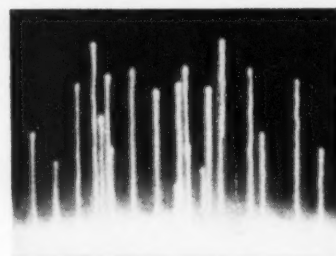
A comparison shopper also needs the ability to see everything without seeming to see much, and a mind trained to retain detail while shopping casually for further information. It was pretty hard sometimes to keep all this in your head until you could get outside to jot it down.

I'll never forget the time I was sent out to shop on electric fixtures for a

Trigere designed her gown of Alençon lace over silk taffeta. Her deodorant, Fresh, for surer protection.



Scientific proof! Using precise Tracer Method technique (right), tests prove New Fresh superior in keeping underarms dry.



New!



Sure, yet gentle! Stops odor instantly... keeps underarms dry. Safe for fabrics. Use daily.

...a Sensational Step Forward
in deodorants!

Gentle NEW FRESH will give you up to 180% more underarm protection than other leading cream deodorants. Proved by university scientists!

Now the greatest improvement in deodorants in years is in New Fresh. By a skillful change in formula, New Fresh is now up to 180% more effective than other leading cream deodorants! It out-performs all the others in keeping underarms dry. It stops odor completely! Yet it is still as creamy soft, as extra gentle to skin!

Superior new formula! Tracer Method Tests made in a famous university laboratory prove that the gentle new moisture-control formula in New Fresh is far superior in astringent action to other leading cream deodorants. And it's the astringent action in deodorants that keeps underarms dry... actually keeps you and your clothes safer!

New Fresh keeps you Lovely to Love Always...

(Advertisement)

house—a whole house, and all types of fixtures. I took another shopper along in case there was too much for one to handle.

We walked in our first shop and a very courteous man took us over. I told him I was from out of town and we were building a house and I just wanted to look the situation over for all the rooms. He spent one hour and ten minutes with me and I never talked faster in my life. He asked me the size of these rooms! Were the outside lights above or at the side of the front door, was there a light over the sink, etc., etc.—and finally it came, as I knew it would. "Where are you building?" he asked. I answered glibly, "Oh, over in Hamilton," because the neighboring city had once been my home. Whereupon he said, "I know Hamilton very well. Whereabouts in Hamilton?" My moral support high-tailed around a doorway as I answered almost as glibly, "Up on the mountain brow."

"Oh," said he, "do you know the Browns?" and indeed I did. "Well," he added helpfully, "I'm going over to visit them this week end, and I'll just drop in and look your place over if you don't mind."

I never felt worse, but hastened to assure him that we were going up to our cottage in Haliburton that week end, and thank you very much but I'd better talk it over with my husband. I finally escaped from his solicitude and wrote a twelve-page report on what he had shown me. I have never been in that store since, but some day when I need fixtures a very courteous salesman down there is going to get my business.

Not all my assignments were so heavy. There was the daily check of Simpson's customers first thing each morning and again at three o'clock, a one-man chore which was rotated. After you'd figured out how much of each floor you could see from each escalator it was a simple matter to go from the main to the sixth up one bank of escalators, scanning each floor as you went, and over to the other end of the store and down the other bank of escalators. Any concentration of customers was looked into—how many and what they were looking at—and a rough total estimate of the number of people in the whole store. You'd be surprised how good you can get at it. It was this daily check that finally made me conspicuous to people like the salesmen in the rug department at the start of my story. One of the floor managers used to smile and we'd exchange a cheery "Good Morning" as we passed in the aisle.

I'll never forget the day when I was sent out in a rush to buy a pair of grey wool blankets. It was a Saturday morning in the fall, I was going away for the week end, and instead of being dressed in my working clothes I rivalled Mrs. Astor's plush nag for splendor. So I sailed into the blanket department, picked on an inexperienced-looking clerk, and asked for a pair of dark grey wool blankets.

When he politely asked where he could have them sent, I said, "Oh, thank you, but I'll take them with me."

If you've ever seen the size parcel a pair of double-bed wool blankets makes, you'll understand why he remonstrated. I explained glibly we were leaving immediately to close up our cottage (that handy cottage again) and taking

Continued on page 52

"Dazzling"...

is the word for Maureen O'Hara's beauty. Flaming red hair to match a vivacious personality... flashing green eyes and white, white skin that's smooth as satin. She's the essence of Irish beauty!

"Here's my care for smoother skin...Lux!"

says Maureen O'Hara

How would you like this lovely complexion beauty for your own? It's yours—Maureen O'Hara's personal beauty care, Lux Soap with its wonderful Skin-Tonic Action.

"Just a minute a day with Lux can make your skin softer, more alluring," says Maureen O'Hara.

The key to this allure?

It's the Skin-Tonic Action of Lux care. This gentle toning action brings out the moisture within your skin... moisture that makes skin truly smooth. That's the secret of velvet-smooth Lux complexions.

Lux care will improve any normal skin... especially dry skin, stimulating the moisture that brings radiance to complexions.

Try Lux and see what it can do for your skin. You'll see a new glow... a gentle softness... a wonderful young look with your very first cake of Lux.



Maureen O'Hara

star of

"THE REDHEAD FROM WYOMING"

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PRODUCTION
Color by Technicolor

9 out of 10 screen stars
use Lux Toilet Soap



Come one! Come all!

SEE THE BIGGEST "COMFORT"

You name the price...we've got the mattress!

SLUMBER KING

The wonderful comfort of inner coil construction. 253 coils, pre-built border, ventilators, handles. A spectacular buy!

Suggested price:

\$59⁵⁰

DEEPSLEEP

Restful comfort on the uniform support of inner springs, with 312 coils locked in perfect position. Finest in its price field!

Suggested price:

\$69⁵⁰

It's the biggest comfort show...

It's the biggest value show in the history of Simmons!

It pays to be an early bird now at your Simmons dealer's.

Every coil, every stitch in every one of these mattresses has the famous craftsmanship that made Simmons "the greatest name in sleep". Each available with matching box spring.

To your Simmons dealer!

SHOW" IN THE HISTORY OF SIMMONS

The most value for your money at any price!

BACK GUARD

Extra firmness assured by extra-heavy gauge steel inner construction. Superb comfort.

Suggested price:

\$79⁵⁰

BEAUTYREST

The world's most comfortable and most wanted mattress. Level comfort from head to toe — with 837 coils separately cloth-wrapped.

Suggested price:

\$99⁵⁰

Only Simmons give you so much to choose from at any price. And only Simmons makes Beautyrest — world famous for independent spring action which is the secret of luxurious Beautyrest comfort.

When it comes to sleep, Simmons is your best buy. So come now to your Simmons dealer... for the most for your money!

Only Simmons
makes
BEAUTYREST

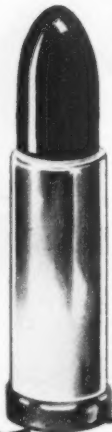
Your choice of either

Gentle-Firm
(Standard)

Extra-Firm

Now—No More Lipstick Smears!

Hazel Bishop's Amazing, Lasting Lipstick Stays On—and On—and On! Won't Eat Off—Bite Off—Kiss Off!



Here's the amazing, lasting lipstick that stays on until you yourself easily wash or cream it off! Yes, Hazel Bishop No-Smear Lipstick always looks fresh, radiant, all day—all evening!

Creamy! Non-drying! More economical than ordinary lipsticks; you apply it only once or twice a day. And now Hazel Bishop is even more economical at the

NEW price only
Refills \$1.00

**New Cheek Colour
Makes You Look Years Younger!**

Unlike cake or paste rouges, this luxurious liquid-creme cheek colour blends perfectly with your natural skin tone; gives your cheeks a soft, youthful radiance that's completely natural looking—perfectly beautiful! Only \$1.50 and \$2.00.



Hazel Bishop

CLIFTON LIMITED

TORONTO, CANADA

Mothers, when Dressmaking choose

'Viyella'

"WASH AS WOOL... IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE"

For yourself and children of every age, you can make smart looking clothes of 'Viyella'—in authentic tartans, checks, prints, or plain shades. For blouses, skirts, dresses, pyjamas, play-suits or school uniforms nothing wears and washes like 'Viyella'. There is nothing to equal the dressmaking possibilities of 'Viyella'—the amazing fabric with the amazing guarantee—"Wash as Wool—if it Shrinks we replace". 'Viyella' is entirely British made—spun, woven, and finished in Great Britain by William Hollins & Company Ltd. since 1784.

V-25



'Viyella' Flannel
is sold at
all leading stores.
(Lux Tested)



WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LTD.
266 KING ST. W. TORONTO, ONT.

Continued from page 49

some extra guests along, hence the blankets and thank you but I'd take them. At this he only called a parcel boy and asked him to carry this vast bundle out to my car for me. Desperate, I mumbled something about having to meet my husband at his office, grabbed the paper monster, and walked out with (I hope) great dignity complete with eye-veil and three-inch heels. I often wondered if he went over to the window and watched me struggle up James Street to the Eaton's Research Bureau.

I thought I'd eventually get thick-skinned about experiences like this but I never did. I refused utterly to return to that blanket department for a month, which was foolish, of course. After all, the clerk had made a perfectly good \$18.50 sale.

For embarrassment, however, this experience was nothing on the day I went shopping for diamond solitaires with a salesman from our jewel shop playing the role of my betrothed. When the clerk stepped out of sight for a minute my alleged fiancé said as he tenderly tried the ring on my finger, "Gee, my hands smell of onions. I was helping my wife make chili sauce last night." I kicked his shin so hard he limped but he never yipped a yip.

P.S. We bought the diamond. And incidentally, when I wore it back to the shop a couple of days later to get the guarantee that it was perfect blue-white and of a certain weight, every wife I had ever learned and used as a shopper failed. The store undoubtedly knew its advertised claims were false (the reason we bought the ring in the first place) and clearly suspected my choice of the ring was not entirely romantic.

We were always glad to see a memo come around requesting a report on chocolates. This was an easy one—much buying, much tasting. Another assignment we didn't mind at all was the annual check on restaurants. We would eat in each of the various spots in Eaton's that served food and also in comparable places, around the city.

On this assignment I got in the habit of bringing back a menu from outside restaurants and was surprised to find that the hostesses were flattered to be asked for one, and would invariably rush off to get a brand-clean one. This has turned into a sort of hobby with me and I still often ask if I may keep a menu.

Then there was the time I thought I was going to get a new suit free. I was sent to a store to have a suit made to measure. At the first fitting I laughed and said, "Oh, you've brought me someone else's suit," although it was the same cloth I had selected. Nothing was right. In fact, it was so far from right that they threw the coat aside and measured me for another, also taking great pieces off the skirt. I wear size twelve and this was at least eighteen. I had been promised the suit in ten days. At the second fitting, they had to measure me for another skirt and take in the new jacket. This went on and on with twice the number of fittings I should have had and thirty-two days later I went in and tried it on. It was awful, but they said my how nice, so I took it back to the head of our own suit department and without one word of comment put it on. He looked at it for a moment and started to laugh.

Then he asked me, "Do you want it?" I said thank you just the same but I preferred to stay inconspicuous when shopping.

Because we were well known to most of our own department managers we never had to sign for merchandise we took from the floor to the Research Bureau for testing. But we weren't this well known to everyone and one day when I flung some dresses over my arm and hustled across the street to Eaton's annex for more merchandise, a store detective stopped me. He suggested that it might be better to buy the things. People began to stop and look. I finally convinced him I was a comparison shopper and not a shop-lifter.

Don't Buy Without Shopping

Here are some of the things I learned about shopping which have been helpful to me as a housewife:

I learned to shop with care to avoid being disappointed. When you buy a housedress that fades the first time it is washed, don't automatically blame the clerk or the store. Did you check closely with the clerk and with the manufacturer's tag to make sure it was washable? Or did you just assume that it was color-fast? If you shop with care and know what you want, yet don't get what you want, then you have a come-back, otherwise, you must share the responsibility for a disappointment. I know this sounds elementary, but it is surprising the number of women who buy without shopping.

Ask how much of this sock is wool and how much cotton. I have seen socks advertised as wool which looked it, but when the wool was boiled out in a research lab a whole sock of cotton was left behind.

When it comes to purchasing specialized things like jewels or furs, the best guide is your dealer. Like your doctor, you have to rely on him and his knowledge and integrity.

Always buy quality. That does not mean the most expensive either. If you hanker for a mink coat but have a limited amount to spend, don't take the coat that looks the most like mink. Find out what kind of fur you can buy for your money, and buy the very best quality of this fur.

In all buying, unless you have unlimited funds at your disposal, buy modish things of not too high style. A conservative well-cut cloth coat will look smart and well cut four years later. A cheap fur coat will not. Don't buy the "last word" in anything unless it is a small item you can afford to replace next season.

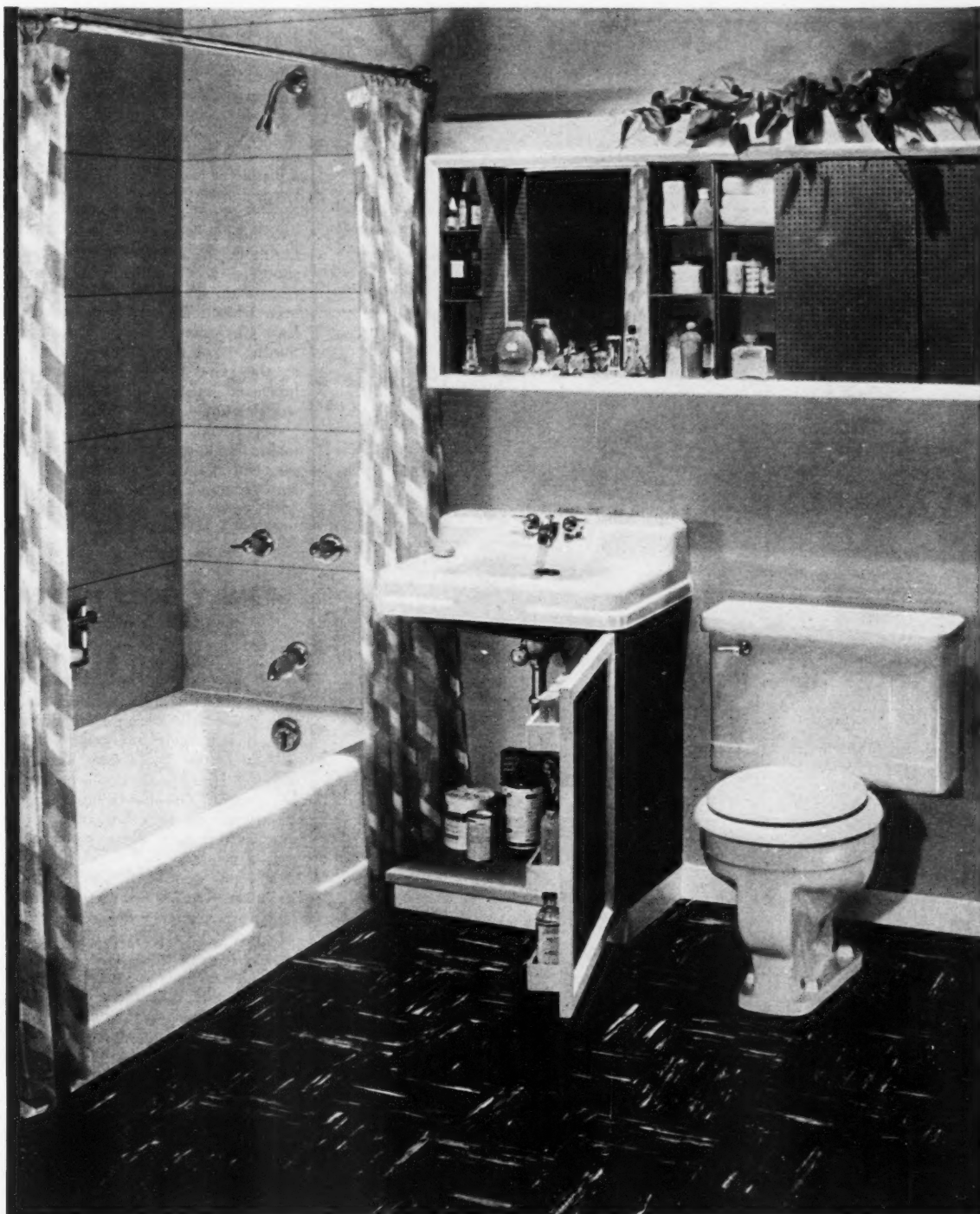
Be careful of merchandise bought and made especially for a sale. You may find shirt tails shorter, seams narrower, and many details of lesser quality than in garments made for regular sale. For real bargains I prefer reduced merchandise from regular stock to sale goods. And buy for the type of life you lead, be it furniture or a new dress. Sure, admire the brocade hostess gowns, but maybe you should get yourself a dashing black quilted skirt lined with red that will go in the washing machine and needs no ironing.

And here's something else I learned as a professional shopper that has nothing to do with making purchases. Always wear your most comfortable shoes when shopping. I like ones with

*For small space
...and
modest budget*

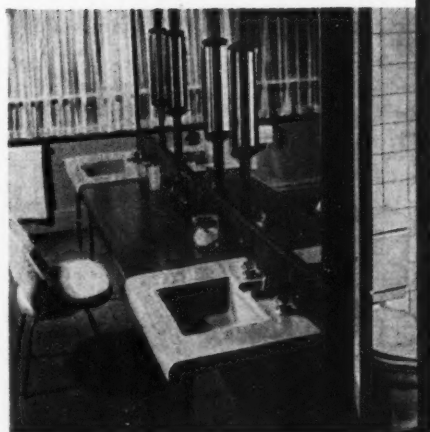
a CRANE economy bathroom

*is smart...
convenient...
and very practical!*



In the small modern home, economical fixtures (like those shown above, for example) provide a bathroom that's compact, neat and simple—yet with the lasting convenience and dependability of Crane quality throughout.

Tub, wash basin and toilet can be counted on for lasting usefulness. They have a gleaming beauty that endures. They are quickly, easily cleaned. Here they are shown in an inexpensive setting that is simple, attractive and practical.



A more elaborate installation is shown at left—with fixtures also from the Crane line, in which you will find a complete variety of materials, designs and sizes from which to choose, and a range of eight attractive colours as well as white.

Ask your Plumbing and Heating Contractor for details.

For every home...for every budget...

CRANE

the preferred plumbing and heating

CRANE LIMITED:

General Office:
1170 Beaver Hall Square,
Montreal
6 Canadian Factories
18 Canadian Branches

LOVELY
AS A
DREAM...



PYJAMAS



SLIPS



HALF-SLIPS

sleepwear and lingerie

STYLED BY *Munsingwear*

Graceful, drifting loveliness...
a dream for a midsummer night and
every other night in the year.
Match it with STANFIELD'S exquisite
lingerie. Fine acetate tricot or
wash-easy nylon tricot with delicate
touches of lace, net or embroidery.
At better stores throughout Canada.

Such dreamy shades

WHITE	* GREEN LACQUER
PINK	AQUA
BLUE	ROSE CERAMIC
* YELLOW ROSE	CORAL GLAZE
LILAC	ROSE PASTEL

*Gown illustrated available in shades marked
with asterisk.

Finely Fashioned by

STANFIELD'S
STANFIELD'S LIMITED—TRURO, N.S.

flat heels. If your feet give out your critical faculties are going to suffer, and instead of shopping you're going to find yourself buying just to get it over with, so you can go home and sit down. And don't shop too long at a stretch. After a couple of hours you will begin to get tired, a little broke, too, perhaps, and your judgment will suffer as your weariness increases.

Another legacy from my professional shopping days is a dangerous tendency to size up all the merchandise I see, even when it's given to me as a gift. Last Christmas I caught myself murmuring, "You shouldn't have done it!" at the same time I was fingering a luncheon set and wondering how it would launder.

My friends say this critical habit makes it almost impossible to buy for me. Not at all. I'm very easy to please. Any old mink will do. +

FAMILY GOES TO SEA

Continued from page 22

years ago this summer, not so that Muriel could be a June bride but so's they could sail off to an International Regatta on their honeymoon, in the first of eleven boats they have since owned. Stan Davies is a conscientious breadwinner who rose to head a branch agency of his firm but quit to join another company which specializes in marine insurance.

It's the same with the two boys. Fred and Ken are both on their school ball team, but they argue more about who's to take the Hymac's helm than who is to play shortstop.

"There are only about two kids in our school whose dads have boats," Fred explains, almost wonderingly.

"And those," adds Ken with all the disdain of a ten-year-old sail enthusiast, "are power boats."

The Davies family snapshot album is devoted entirely to boats—pages and pages of them—except for three or four pages near the beginning. These cover two years and are filled with pictures of babies and carriages, and no boats. But then come pages of babies and boats, and soon just boats again... boats and boats and boats.

The two boatless years came just after the second boy was born, when Stan and Muriel had to sell their car and their boat to buy a house. "It was a thirty-foot sailboat," Stan adds absently. "It was the first house on the block," Muriel corrects him, smiling. "But imagine—no boat," they both exclaim, painfully recalling the dry years of 1940-42 and clearly determined never to suffer such a horror again. The five-room house is now a bit crowded with the mounting clutter of ten- and twelve-year-olds, and the Davies keep thinking perhaps they should buy a bigger one. "But we always talk it over and end up with a bigger boat."

Even when the boys were small the Davies never once had a baby sitter. They have never found the youngsters an anchor, for seagoing has always been a family affair.

Half the excitement of sailing comes from its element of danger. Both Stan and Muriel realize the hazards only too well, because Muriel's only brother,

Helene Curtis

Brings Canadian Women

The New Smoother Look

with **spray net**



*The magic mist
that keeps hair
softly in place all day*

Now comes a new way to keep your hair perfectly in place—all day, all evening. Simply press the button—and the magic mist of Helene Curtis Spray Net keeps your hair the way you set it—softly, naturally... invisibly... for that new, smoother look.

Millions of women are finding that Helene Curtis Spray Net is the perfect answer to wispy, straggly, unruly hair. Protects your hair-do unfailingly—utterly without stiff-looking lacquers or greasiness. Won't harm hair—brushes out instantly. Takes less time to apply than lipstick. Get Helene Curtis Spray Net today!



Only \$1.75

PERFECT
HAIR CONTROL
WHEREVER
YOU NEED IT

Helene Curtis
spray net



At all Drug Stores, Cosmetic Counters
and Beauty Salons.

Fred, was drowned in a sailing accident when he was seventeen. Muriel's parents wouldn't let her go near a boat for two years after that, but they finally became reconciled to her love of the sea and now tease that "You and Stan are not only married to each other, but to your boat."

The Davies thus never let the danger get out of hand, with one tragedy and their own family considerations always in mind. One week end last summer they entered an overnight race to Ballenas Island in Georgia Strait. Headed back to Vancouver, they found the wind had freshened.

"We were going so fast," says Stan, "that there was danger of hitting drift—partly submerged logs and other debris, you know—especially in the Vancouver area."

The Hymac was then about an hour ahead of the closest boat and they hated to relinquish their lead. "But we had a council of war and decided the risk wasn't worth it," recalls the skipper.

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From morn—till night...

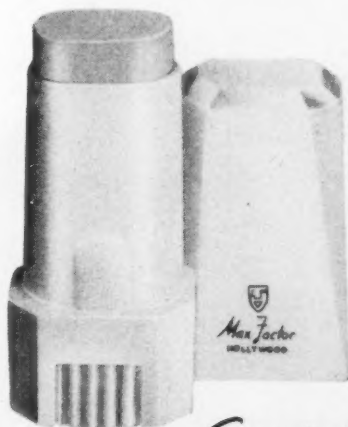
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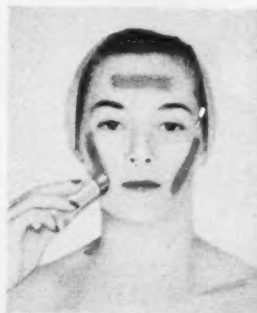
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DREAM...



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every other night in the year.
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lingerie. Fine acetate tricot or
wash-easy nylon tricot with delicate
touches of lace, net or embroidery.
At better stores throughout Canada.

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PINK	AQUA
* BLUE	ROSE CERAMIC
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*Gown illustrated available in shades marked
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PYJAMAS



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HALF-SLIPS

Finely Fashioned by

STANFIELD'S

STANFIELD'S LIMITED—TRURO, N.S.

flat heels. If your feet give out your critical faculties are going to suffer, and instead of shopping you're going to find yourself buying just to get it over with, so you can go home and sit down. And don't shop too long at a stretch. After a couple of hours you will begin to get tired, a little broke, too, perhaps, and your judgment will suffer as your weariness increases.

Another legacy from my professional shopping days is a dangerous tendency to size up all the merchandise I see, even when it's given to me as a gift. Last Christmas I caught myself murmuring, "You shouldn't have done it!" at the same time I was fingering a luncheon set and wondering how it would launder.

My friends say this critical habit makes it almost impossible to buy for me. Not at all. I'm very easy to please. Any old mink will do. +

FAMILY GOES TO SEA

Continued from page 22

years ago this summer, not so that Muriel could be a June bride but so's they could sail off to an International Regatta on their honeymoon, in the first of eleven boats they have since owned. Stan Davies is a conscientious breadwinner who rose to head a branch agency of his firm but quit to join another company which specializes in marine insurance.

It's the same with the two boys. Fred and Ken are both on their school ball team, but they argue more about who's to take the Hymac's helm than who is to play shortstop.

"There are only about two kids in our school whose dads have boats," Fred explains, almost wonderingly.

"And those," adds Ken with all the disdain of a ten-year-old sail enthusiast, "are power boats."

The Davies family snapshot album is devoted entirely to boats—pages and pages of them—except for three or four pages near the beginning. These cover two years and are filled with pictures of babies and carriages, and no boats. But then come pages of babies and boats, and soon just boats again... boats and boats and boats.

The two boatless years came just after the second boy was born, when Stan and Muriel had to sell their car and their boat to buy a house. "It was a thirty-foot sailboat," Stan adds absent-mindedly. "It was the first house on the block," Muriel corrects him, smiling.

"But imagine—no boat," they both exclaim, painfully recalling the dry years of 1940-42 and clearly determined never to suffer such a horror again. The five-room house is now a bit crowded with the mounting clutter of ten- and twelve-year-olds, and the Davies keep thinking perhaps they should buy a bigger one. "But we always talk it over and end up with a bigger boat."

Even when the boys were small the Davies never once had a baby sitter. They have never found the youngsters an anchor, for seagoing has always been a family affair.

Half the excitement of sailing comes from its element of danger. Both Stan and Muriel realize the hazards only too well, because Muriel's only brother,

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and Beauty Salons.

Fred, was drowned in a sailing accident when he was seventeen. Muriel's parents wouldn't let her go near a boat for two years after that, but they finally became reconciled to her love of the sea and now tease that "You and Stan are not only married to each other, but to your boat."

The Davies thus never let the danger get out of hand, with one tragedy and their own family considerations always in mind. One week end last summer they entered an overnight race to Ballenas Island in Georgia Strait. Headed back to Vancouver, they found the wind had freshened.

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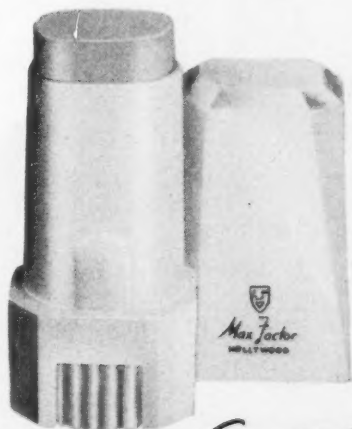
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notes in them," for seashells, oysters and clams.

"You pry the oysters off the rocks and sling 'em in a bucket," explains Fred. "Then you shuck them—like corn," adds his father.

The Davies like their oysters dipped in egg and fried, but the clams they dig up on the beach are best boiled and dipped in butter. Stan instinctively pats up a hand to wipe off his chin, just talking about it.

Often another boat has already pulled

into the cove the Hymac makes for, frequently a neighbor boat from back at the Coal Harbor anchorage.

"And if you don't know the owners," says Muriel, "you talk anyway. In fact, sometimes it's more fun. Strangers always invite you on board to look over their boat, you know, and you talk. Then you invite them on board and you talk some more. Before you know it, you've had a lovely day and it's time to go to bed."

Perhaps it's because they do more

entertaining at sea than at home that most sailing wives, like Muriel, would rather have the spinnaker tinted blue than new drapes. The spinnaker is that great triangular sail that billows out in front of a boat when she's running before a wind, making her look like a full-bosomed dowager bearing down on the guest of honor. In the waters plied by the Hymac many boats flaunt crimson, olive green, sky blue and even red-and-green striped spinnakers, and Muriel thinks a blue one would look

"simply beautiful" on the blue-decked Hymac with her white topsides.

Even if it were a toss-up between getting the sail tinted or buying a new fur coat, Muriel would settle for the tint job. She has a fur coat, a muskrat. But it hangs in her closet at home, along with three evening dresses, two good suits and lots of skirts and sweaters.

"Two cocktail parties a year is a real social whirl for us," says Muriel who, like her husband, drinks very little and doesn't smoke.

Even her nylons go unworn. "The ones I'm given at Christmas last me right through the year. I don't know when I last bought any."

Muriel has oodles of pedal pushers and T shirts, which are her sailing uniform. She doesn't even wear a girdle—"gives me a tummy ache." She doesn't need one either. Yarding in sheets aboard the Hymac keeps her down to a trim, muscular one hundred and ten pounds for her five feet two inches.

Muriel's one fashion-fad is shoes—high-heeled, frivolous, "go-to-hell" combinations of narrow straps. She gets high heels "to give me those extra inches" and because Stan doesn't like her in low ones.

She Goes Barefoot Aboard

That's the theory. In practice, Stan never gets to see her in heels. Aboard the Hymac she always wears saddle oxfords or faded blues with rubber soles, when she wears shoes at all. Most of the time, she goes barefoot. So do the boys. "We always kick off our shoes when we're sailing. You seem to have more control of your feet and if you fall in, you haven't got shoes to get filled with water."

Their feet are deeply tanned, too, just like every other inch of them. The Davies aren't people who get tans. They have them.

Muriel feels that as a housewife she has a soft touch. "Here's everybody struggling for a five-day week and I work only four."

Muriel and the boys aim to get down to the boat at noon each Friday, to get things shipshape by the time Stan gets off work. "That means Friday's shot. Which just leaves Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday and they evaporate. I give the house a thorough cleaning once a week, wash and bake twice, do the shopping and mending. And of course there's the garden."

The boys are always willing to help, even if their efforts are not entirely disinterested; for every evening during the working week the Davies manage to clear up the supper dishes and get down to the boat by seven. Ask them what they do at the boat night after night, and they mutter vaguely about "general ship's husbandry." Go down with them, and you realize that the Coal Harbor station is their community centre.

Stan has hardly got the cover off the auxiliary engine to put a filter in the oil line when no less than three blue-jeaned figures appear from nowhere to tell him what he's doing wrong.

"How's your pressure?" one asks knowledgeably. His words aren't out of his mouth before his wife arrives to say they've got some oysters stashed away at a little island in the gulf.

"You going out Friday night?" she says, not waiting for an answer. Of course they're going out Friday night.

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the modern hair beauty rinse

- Leaves hair soft, easy to manage • Blends in yellow, grey streaks • 12 flattering shades
- Removes shampoo film • Gives sparkling highlights



All of them. Any Friday. "Well, you meet us there and we'll have a look at those oysters."

The blue and white Hymac, with its dark red and light beige upholstery, is soon rocking back and forth under the weight of callers. Squeezed out by the grownups, Fred and Ken happily scramble into the Hymac's dinghy and row around the harbor. Wisps of boat talk and laughter reach them from ships anchored on all sides, and as dusk darkens another evening of general ship's husbandry in Coal Harbor is nearly over.

Even when the Coal Harbor community club closes down for the winter, the Davies don't have to abandon their favorite sport entirely. That's when they build their boats. Nine of the eleven they have owned have been of their own workmanship. Two of these — twenty-two-foot Star class craft — they built in their own basement, and just like the people in the cartoons they had to cut a hole in the wall to get them out.

"Knew we'd have to," Stan explains, "but it was worth it. It meant we could work all winter, in the warm."

Another boat, a twenty-seven-foot cruising auxiliary sloop called the Maracaibo, they built in the back yard. They launched her a year later, with a champagne bottle filled with ginger ale. "Who can afford champagne and boats too?"

Boatbuilding occupies their every winter evening and week end, with Stan supplying the craftsmanship while Muriel holds planks, mixes glue, paints and runs back and forth with tools. And they aren't putting away their hammers and brushes just because they own the Hymac. She's fine, but it is very doubtful if she'll be permanent.

Stan would probably laugh at the motorist who feels that he must have the latest-model car. ("A car's just a car. One's as good as the next.") But a boat now, that's different. It's not that the Hymac isn't a nice craft, you understand. "It's just that sailing people always aim to get a bigger boat each year — by two or three feet, anyway."

Occasionally during the winter the shipbuilders do take a night off. Some of their sailing buddies drop in, they all get out their charts and the summer's pictures and spend hours and hours comparing notes and reminiscing.

"That's the beauty of sailing as a family pastime," says Muriel. "You can do it all winter too — right on the living-room carpet." ♦

MY HUSBAND HELPED ME TO REDUCE

In May Chatelaine — a Canadian housewife — tells how she lost thirty pounds in three months when her husband helped her plan a "reducing blitz."

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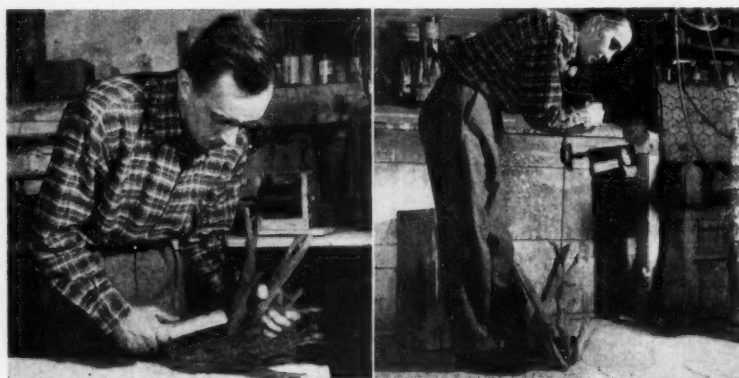
FIND YOUR LAMP IN THE FOREST

*Bring nature indoors with a driftwood lamp
or one of these other ornamental pieces.*

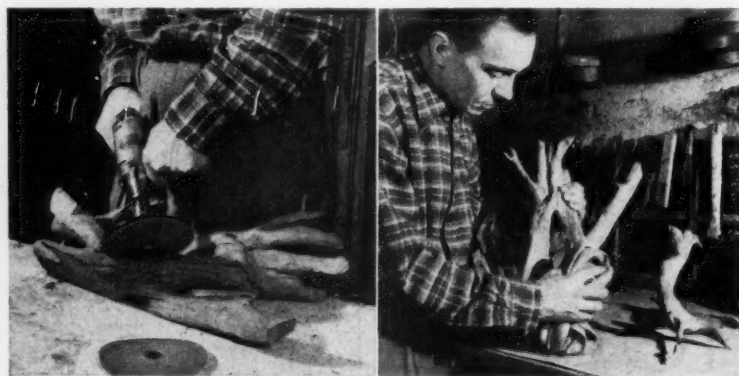
You can make any of them yourself

BY ELIZABETH PETERAN

Photos by Ken Bell



- 1** When you have found a suitable piece of driftwood for lamp base, trim down the branches, making sure the wood is solid enough to hold lamp rod. Brush off loose dirt, sand, and bits of grass with a stiff wire brush.
- 2** Decide how you want the piece to stand and saw it flat across bottom. Then, using a quarter-inch drill, eighteen inches long, drill the hole for the rod through the centre. Use your feet to hold the piece steady.



- 3** Next comes the sanding which can be done with an electric drill, such as Alan Dawson uses here, or by hand. Sanding brings out the natural colors in the wood. Start with coarse sandpaper and work down to fine.
- 4** The big secret of driftwood is the rubbing. Use a soft flannel cloth. The warmth of the hand brings out natural oils in the wood. To finish off use a little paste wax, but sparingly as too much will darken wood.

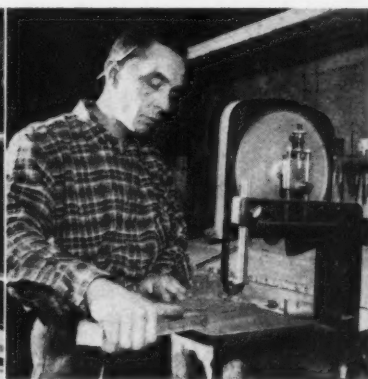


ALAN DAWSON makes his living from what he picks up in his backyard, a twenty-five-acre woodlot just outside Georgetown, Ont. A thirty-nine-year-old retired stockbroker, he transforms pine cones, weeds, moss, baby fir trees and old stumps into artistic window displays for some of Toronto's most sophisticated shops and department stores.

But a fast-growing side line is driftwood which he turns into lamps, coffee tables, fruit bowls, and mantel and table ornaments. He says, "Anyone can work with driftwood. The big secret is the rubbing. As in French polishing, the warmth of the hand brings out the natural oils and color in the wood."

You don't have to live beside the sea to pick up the gnarled, bone-colored pieces that have been weathered by wind, sand and tide. Scout the edge of any river or lake and you'll discover twisted roots you can use. Always go equipped with a saw if you want to save yourself the frustration of finding just the piece you want attached to a thirty-foot tree.

Your driftwood costs you nothing but the time it takes to find it. To make a lamp, you will need: $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch black or brass tubing, threaded at the ends, electric cord, plug, socket, four rubber feet for the base, harp, finial (the screwnut on top) and shade. The tools are a hand drill, a quarter-inch drill eighteen inches long, coarse and fine sandpaper, saw, hammer, screwdriver, wire brush, and flannel cloth.



5 For a solid, heavy base use one-and-a-quarter-inch oak. Place the driftwood on it, draw a freeform pattern. Your base should measure at least as wide as the widest part of driftwood, but not overpower your table.

6 Alan Dawson uses an electric fretsaw to cut out the base but a handsaw will do the job just as well. Mark where the rod will meet the base and drill a hole. Sand the edges and give the base two coats of shellac.



7 Twist the rod into the driftwood with a pipe wrench. Drill holes in the base for the two-and-a-half-inch screws which will hold it in place. Countersink them so that they will not scratch the surface of the table.

8 Thread the wire through the rod, and screw the socket and "harp" in place. Glue flannel on bottom of the base and attach four rubber feet. As a finishing touch cover the finial with a small piece of driftwood too.

Continued on next page

① ONE, TWO ②

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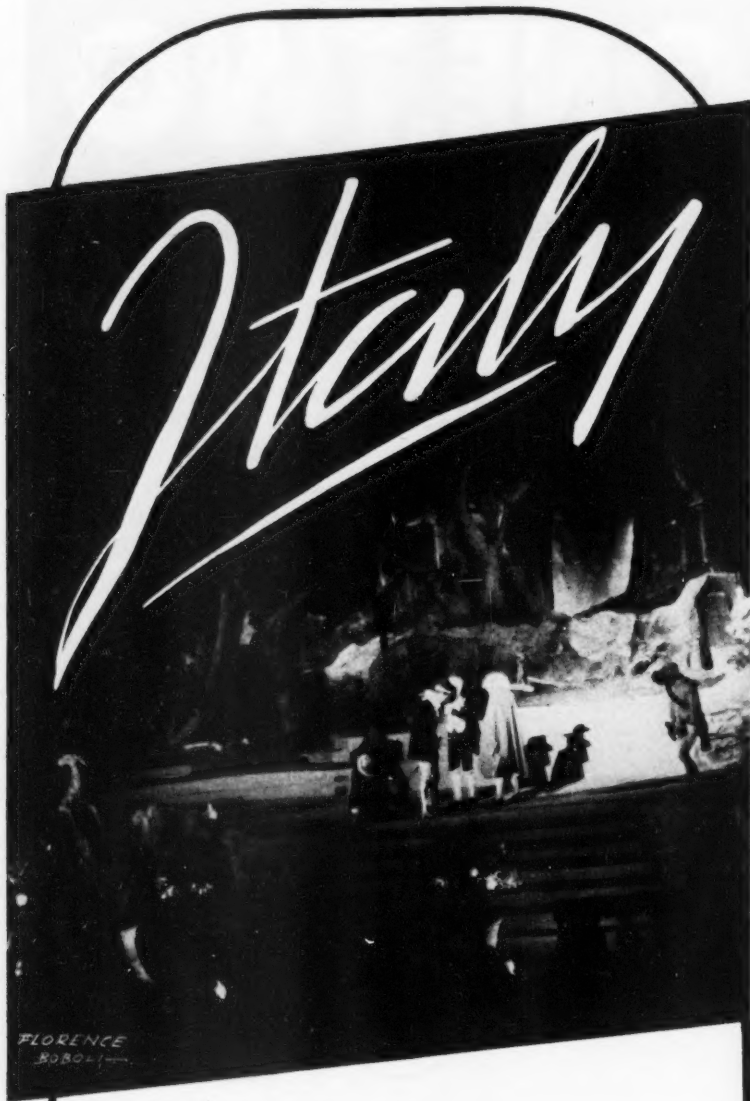
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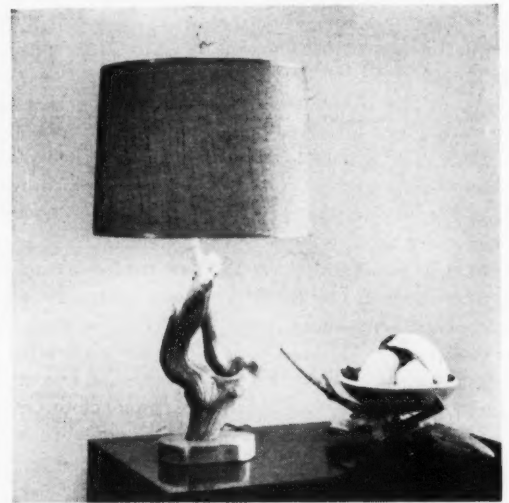
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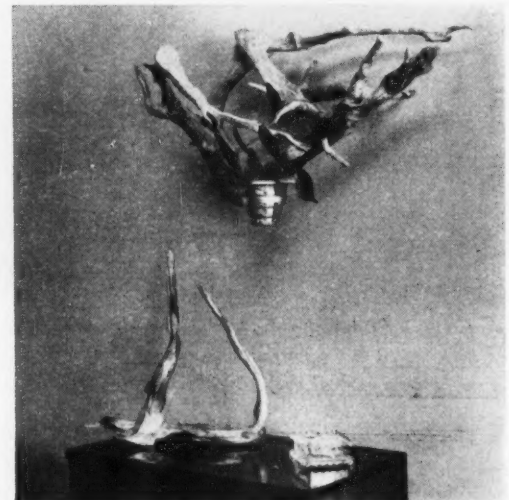


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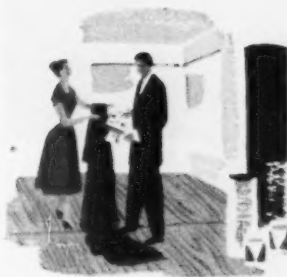
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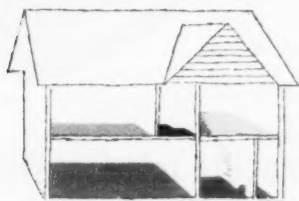


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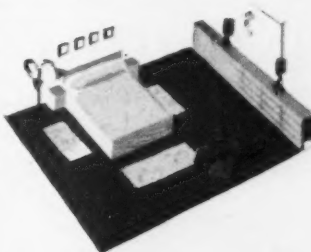
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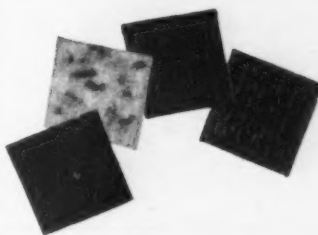
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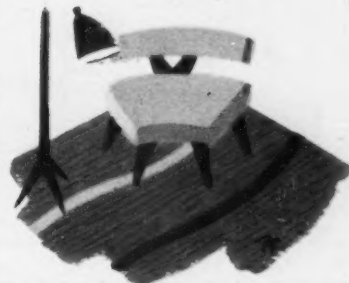
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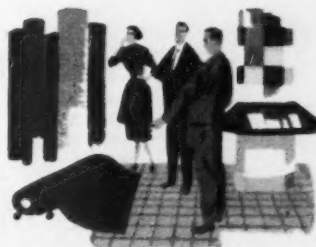
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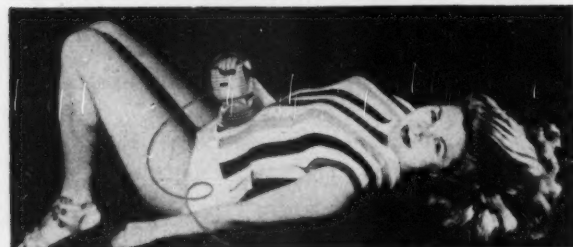
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NAME..... ADDRESS..... CITY..... PROVINCE.....

ABBIE ANN

Continued from page 15

Last night Abbie Ann had heard her mother laughing about it with Carl. Her mother thought it was funny that Abbie Ann was so thrilled about the Bishop coming.

Carl thought it was funny, too.

Abbie Ann didn't like Carl. She was afraid of his loud rough voice and his white teeth looked as if they might chew up a small girl like Abbie Ann without a speck of trouble. She didn't like the way he put his arm around her mother, either... or the way he said, "Okay, Toots, get going—we're going to be late." She didn't like anything about Carl. When he brought her presents she always thanked him very politely. They were nice presents; dolls with real hair and big picture books and even a little suitcase just big enough for Abbie Ann to pack her things in when they went to the beach.

But she didn't like him. Even if Sister Teresa said that she should love everyone, she didn't like Carl.

She didn't like the way her mother smiled at him, with her eyes half shut, and said, "Listen, you big lug, cut it out, you hear?" as if she didn't mean it very much.

Abbie Ann clutched her flower basket more tightly and tried to shut out the thought of Carl. She could feel her toes curled in her shoes. She uncurled them slowly but still...

Carl had been the one who made the arrangements so that she could go to the convent. Carl was even the one who had made it possible for her to be in the procession.

Carl had a way of tossing aside all her mother's objections as though they weren't important.

"She can't be in the procession, she's too young to know what it's all about and anyway she doesn't have a white dress."

"Well, get her one." Carl's voice was lazy and amused. They thought that Abbie Ann was fast asleep.

"No. I told Sister to forget about it. I think they're trying to convert us. Why else would they have Abbie Ann in a procession when she isn't even a Catholic?"

"Oh, shut up," Carl advised her cheerfully. "You get that kid a white dress and let her march with the other kids."

"I don't know why I let you talk me into sending her to that school anyway. The other day she came home with a little string of beads and a holy card. She's got the picture hung up over her bed."

Carl laughed again and there was the sound of his chair sliding back. Abbie Ann shut her eyes very tight and tried not to breathe as Carl came softly across her bedroom floor and leaned over to squint at the picture of her Archangel.

It was a beautiful picture. Two little children leaning over a high cliff to pick flowers and an angel standing guard. A beautiful angel with flowing robes and a halo about his head. Janet Parker had told Abbie Ann all about the picture. Janet was in third grade and had made her First Communion. Janet knew everything.

"He's a special angel, Abbie Ann, not like the angels that just work around



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heaven playing harps and things like that. This angel is the one who takes care of you." Janet was encouraged by the warm trust in Abbie Ann's dark eyes. She couldn't remember the term guardian angel so she substituted, "This is your—your Archangel, Abbie Ann."

"Archangel." Abbie Ann repeated it under her breath. "Can he make miracles happen, Janet?"

Janet nodded sagely. "Oh, sure, archangels can do just about anything, but only if God lets them. They have to get permission, I expect." Janet was becoming a little confused. She changed the subject hurriedly.

Carl stood beside the bed for a minute looking down at Abbie Ann. Then he went back into the living room.

"I'll have to get going," she heard him tell her mother. "G'by, honey. You get that kid a white dress. Understand?"

Abbie's mother sounded as though she was smiling. "You big softie," she said.

Carl banged out of the house and ran whistling down the walk. Carl always made a lot of noise ever since the time the neighbor lady next door asked Abbie Ann whether Mr. Givins lived with them.

At first Carl laughed when Abbie's mother told him about that. They thought Abbie Ann was asleep that time, too.

"Old busybody. Let her speculate. It'll give her something to do on long winter nights."

"I don't care about myself," Abbie's mother declared fiercely. "But why can't they leave the kid alone?"

Her mother took her into town the next day and bought her a white dress. Sometimes her mother got mad when people talked about going to church and saying prayers and things like that. Abbie Ann still remembered how white her mother had looked when she brought home the questionnaire to be filled out.

"All the children had to bring them home," Abbie Ann assured her earnestly. "They just want to know my father's name and what he does and how many brothers and sisters I have and things like that."

"Okay. If they want to be so nosy." She filled in all the little blank spaces: Mother's occupation—hat-check girl in night club. Employer's name—Carl Givins, Forty-Niner Club. The spaces about the father she left vacant. "What the heck difference does it make? I pay your tuition and I take as good care of you as some of those sanctimonious old biddies who spend half the day on their knees." Her mouth was drawn into a tight furious line as she slammed down the pen. Then she saw the tears in Abbie Ann's brown eyes and her face softened. "I'm sorry, Kitten, I shouldn't take it out on you." She called Abbie Ann "Kitten" only when she was in an especially tender mood. She reached out her arm and pulled the little girl close, brushed back her bangs and studied the small face for a long moment. "It isn't much of a life for you, is it, Abbie Ann? You'd have been a lot better off if I'd let someone adopt you."

Abbie Ann didn't understand all the words, but she knew the tone. It was the tone that went with pacing the floor, smoking cigarettes in an endless chain and being rude to Carl when he brought her home from the club.

"What the devil's the matter with

you?" Carl was likely to demand on such occasions. "You've been like a bear with the sore head all night. I don't mind a little temperament, but you can indulge in it on your own time. It's bad for business. The people who come to my place expect to be entertained."

"I don't happen to feel in an entertaining mood," Abbie's mother snapped back at him. "And the next bright-eyed farmer boy who thinks it's cosmopolitan to pinch the little hat-check girl is going to have his big fat head bashed in."

There was a moment of silence and then Carl spoke softly. "Do you want to quit, hon?"

"No." Her mother's tone was still sharp. "I've got into the habit of eating and having a roof over my head—expensive habits in this day and age. And . . . there's Abbie Ann. What other kind of job could I have that I'd be with her until after she's in bed at night? No, I don't want to quit. So unless you fire me . . . ?"

Carl laughed then and said something

that Abbie couldn't hear. And then there was silence again, a warm and waiting silence.

When her mother came to bed a little later Abbie Ann was still awake. She curled over to her own side of the bed, but her hand reached for and found Abbie Ann's hand.

"Hi, Kitten . . . did your Bishop come today?"

Abbie Ann smiled into the darkness. "No. He's coming tomorrow. That's

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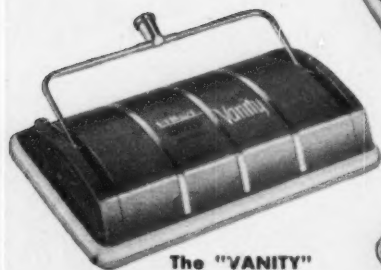
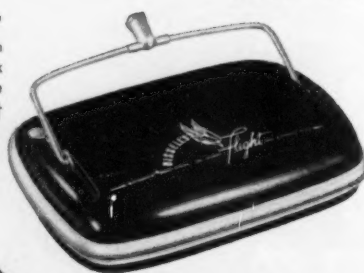


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when the procession is. And then on Sunday he's going to bless the church and give Benny Dickins."

"He's going to what?"

"Give Benny Dickins." Abbie Ann spoke doubtfully. "Anyway it sounds like give Benny Dickins—after the eight o'clock mass. All the children are s'posed to ask their mothers to bring them."

She waited hopefully, but her mother just snuggled down in the pillows. "That's nice," she murmured drowsily.

"Couldn't we go, mother?" Abbie Ann whispered. "Couldn't we go just this once?"

"Hell's bells, kid, you know I never get to bed until about five o'clock on Sunday morning."

Abbie sighed and subsided. It would have been nice to walk down the church aisle holding her mother's hand. Her mother was much prettier than the other mothers. Her mother's hair was as brightly golden as the candlesticks on the altar, except right in the part where it didn't show. Her mother's clothes were prettier, too; the colors she wore were happy colors and her shoes had high heels and sparkly buckles that twinkled when she walked.

Her mother was almost asleep when Abbie Ann spoke again. "Mother."

"Um-m-m-m-m?"

"Janet Parker's mother and father both are going to take her to church."

"That's nice." The words seemed to float off into space.

"If I had a father would he take me to church?"

Abbie Ann's mother propped herself up on her elbow and reached for a cigarette on the bedside table. The match made a tiny puddle of light that was quickly blotted up by the darkness.

"Look, kid. Your father was a nice guy. I didn't have a chance to find out much about his church-going habits, but he was a nice guy. Maybe if he'd come back from the war we'd have been a family just like this Parker family. I don't know. But he didn't come back."

Abbie Ann thought about it for a moment. "I guess maybe I'll tell Mrs. Elliot about the war. She says maybe I don't have a father. That's silly, isn't it? Everybody has a father."

"I told you to stay away from that old battle-axe next door, Abbie Ann."

"I wasn't over there," Abbie Ann protested virtuously. "I was playing

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dolls under our hedge and I heard her talking with another lady."

The cigarette glowed brightly for a moment and then Abbie Ann's mother spoke. "I kidded myself that I was just being brave, Kitten. It was going to be me and you against the world. Heck, I was just being selfish. I didn't want to give you up, not even if it meant that you'd have a family and be trotted to church on Sundays and have brothers and sisters to grow up with." She leaned over and stabbed out the cigarette in the ash tray and then she pulled Abbie down into bed beside her. "I'm sorry, Kitten."

Abbie Ann burrowed to a comfortable place against her mother's shoulder. Her eyes were very heavy.

The train jerked and rumbled to a stop and people started spilling down the steps and swarming all over the platform. Abbie Ann stood on her tip toes and looked this way and that. It would be dreadful if no one saw him and he slipped away in the crowd.

Two ordinary-looking men in dark coats and hats got off the train. Some people rushed up to them. Abbie wished they would go away so that she could see the Bishop.

The nuns were fluttering about and the choir started to sing, very wavery and out of tune at first and then getting louder and truer.

Someone whirled Abbie Ann around and started her back toward the car that was waiting to drive the Bishop to the church. Sister Teresa whispered, "Don't forget to throw the rose petals, Abbie Ann."

It seemed rather silly but Abbie Ann was an obedient child. She dipped her hand into the basket and turned to strew the rose petals. The men were following her, the ones who had just got off the train. They weren't paying any attention to the flowers. Wasn't *someone* going to tell them to be careful?

The little procession went on right up to where the cars were waiting but still the Bishop hadn't come. Abbie Ann looked again at the clear sky. There was still time for a cloud. Angels rode on clouds, and a Bishop was almost the same as an angel . . . or an archangel.

The children stepped aside. The tall man stopped for a moment and put his hand on Abbie Ann's head. "God bless you, my child," he said. Then he got into the car with the other man and the car roared away.

Abbie Ann stood there clutching her basket of flowers, the hot tears pressing behind her eyelids.

He hadn't come. The Bishop hadn't come. She couldn't ask him for a miracle.

Parents were gathering up their children and there was a lot of talk and confusion. Abbie Ann stood in the midst of the tumult, scarcely conscious of it. Someone touched her shoulder and it was Carl.

"Hi, Pip-Squeak. Your mother asked me to pick you up."

"He didn't come," Abbie Ann whispered faintly. "He didn't come and now I won't ever get the miracle."

Carl leaned down until his face was level with hers.

"Who didn't come?"

"The Bishop. He didn't come. Just some men with black coats and their collars on backward like Father Murphy. They came and stepped all over my rose petals that were for the Bishop's bare

feet." Abbie Ann was crying. Sister Teresa bustled over and seemed relieved to see Carl. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Givins. You'll see that she gets home all right. She's just overtired—such a long wait and I guess the excitement was too much for her." She hurried off again and Carl lifted Abbie Ann to his shoulder, basket and all, and started off.

She was still crying when he got to his car and put her on the front seat. Carl didn't try to make her stop.

He didn't tell her to dry her eyes and blow her nose and stop being such a big baby, the way her mother might have. He just got into the car and started it.

When Abbie Ann stopped crying, all by herself, he gave her his big white pocket handkerchief. She felt better, but the hurting place was still there, deep down in her chest, whenever she thought about the Bishop. Carl looked down at her.

"I feel hungry. How about an ice cream cone?"

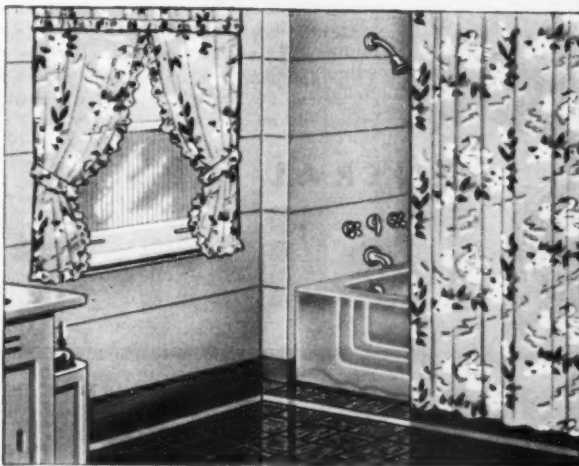
Abbie Ann's voice was still thick with tears. "Thank you very much," she croaked.

They pulled in to a drive-in café and Carl ordered two double chocolate cones. He tucked the handkerchief under her chin so that the chocolate wouldn't drip on her new dress.

They drove toward home slowly. Once Carl asked a question. "This miracle you wanted, Abbie Ann. Was it . . . was it something very important?"

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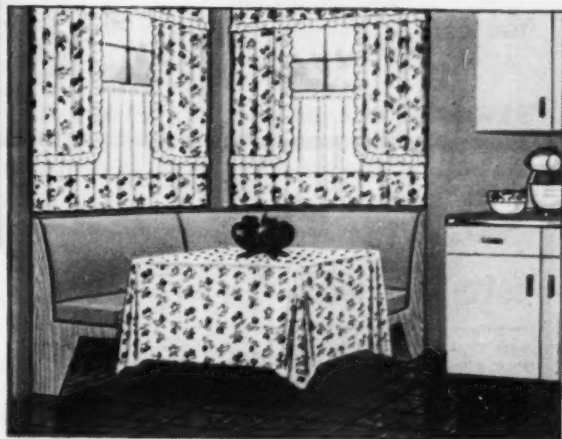
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Top—Living room windows take on new smartness with plastic drapes. Normandy pattern (illustrated) is one of many new designs by Tower. Chairs are covered with chrome yellow Koroseal upholstery.

Centre—Ready-made shower curtains and ruffled window curtains give "decorator look" to modern bath rooms. Regal Swan pattern shown. On the floor - Tower Vinyl Flooring - Black White #5007.

Below—Kitchen with curtains, tablecloth, bowl covers, mixer cover and chair seat pads of easy-to-care-for Tower plastic. Cocktail pattern is one of many new designs. Floor is covered with Tower Vinyl Flooring - Fern Green #5005.



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Abbie Ann nodded. The ice cream was cool and delicious as it slipped past her aching throat. She looked at her shoes stuck out before her on the seat. Her toes weren't curled up a bit. "I was going to ask him for a father like Mr. Parker," she whispered.

Carl stared at her. "Parker? Who's Mr. Parker?"

"He's Janet's father. He takes them to church every Sunday and passes the collection plate. I thought if we had a father like Mr. Parker that he could

take care of us. Mother could stay home and cook and go to mothers' club and baby showers like the other mothers."

Carl gave her a funny little sideways glance. "Maybe she doesn't want to be like the other mothers, kid."

"Oh, but she does. I asked her. I asked her why we couldn't get a father like the other kids had, who'd mow the lawn and take us to the movies and smoke cigars. And she said . . . she said . . ." Abbie Ann's throat tightened again.

"Well go on. She said what?"

"She said miracles don't happen to people like us." Abbie Ann's brows drew together with the effort to remember exactly what her mother had said. "She said when I'm bigger I'll understand."

Carl was looking at the road. "So you were going to ask the Bishop for a miracle?"

"Yes. Janet says that Bishops are just like archangels, so I know he'd give me a miracle if he could." Abbie Ann

took another lick of her cone, turning it slowly so that it wouldn't drip in Carl's car.

At home, her mother was getting ready to go to work. Work started earlier on Saturday nights. There wasn't time to tell her about the Bishop. Mrs. Lester came in to sit with Abbie Ann but she wasn't interested in the Bishop either. She said for Abbie Ann to eat her soup and be quiet so she could hear her radio program.

Abbie Ann's head ached and her heart ached. She avoided looking at her holy card when she went to bed.

The furious pounding on the door wakened both of them. Abbie Ann rolled over and regarded her mother who was struggling to get her arms into her bathrobe. The pounding went on until she opened the door.

"Carl Givins, what's the meaning of this?" Abbie Ann heard her mother demand furiously.

"It's after seven o'clock. I thought I'd better rout you out in plenty of time."

"Plenty of time for what?"

"I'm taking you to church. Eight o'clock mass so Abbie Ann can see His Excellency give the benediction . . ." Carl pushed past her into the hall and peered into the bedroom. "Better hurry up, Pip-Squeak, we want to get good seats."

"Carl"—mother sounded angry—"let me smell your breath."

He blew his breath on her. "There. Now get going."

"The only place I'm going is back to bed." She started into the bedroom, but Carl pulled her back and showed her his wristwatch. "If you aren't out here—fully dressed—in twenty minutes, I'm coming in after you." Then he went into the living room and clicked on the radio.

Abbie Ann's mother slammed the bedroom door, hard. But she was grinning as she tossed aside her bathrobe. "Well—get a move on, Kitten—you heard what the man said."

They walked down the church aisle slowly, Abbie Ann in the middle. She wore her white dress and her best coat and hat. Carl had shined her shoes on an old piece of dish towel while Abbie Ann's mother was getting her face on.

Abbie Ann's mother looked beautiful. She wore a hat she had borrowed from Mrs. Lester. It had a dead bird on it.

Only Carl looked strange and solemn. Abbie Ann and her mother went into the pew and sat down. Carl hesitated a moment, then genuflected swiftly and followed them. Abbie Ann felt her heart swell with pride.

Church took a long time and Abbie Ann's eyes grew heavy.

At last it was over and the priest went, from the altar, but no one moved from their places. Carl smiled down at Abbie Ann and squeezed her hand gently. "Now!" He framed the word with his lips.

All of the candles were lighted, now. The altar seemed to blaze with them, and the organ's triumphant notes swept down from the choir loft.

The Bishop wore the most beautiful robes that Abbie Ann had ever seen, even more beautiful than the archangel on her holy card. His silver-grey hair was a halo but his face . . . his face . . . Abbie Ann's heart gave a little thump of surprise . . . he was the one



It's no trick at all to have
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Polisher

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EASY TO USE

Because the two brushes rotate in opposite directions one exactly counter-balances the other. Eliminates tendency to "run away" which is common in single brush machines.

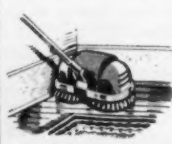


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SNAP-ON BRUSHES AND BUFFING PADS

Polishing brushes have finger pull attachments for easy removal . . . lamb's wool buffing pads that snap on to brushes—give that final high-gloss finish.



GETS INTO CORNERS

As the brushes rotate they flare out making it possible to polish deep into corners and close to baseboards, heavy furniture and rugs.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

who had put his hand on her head, the one who had said, "God bless you, my child."

Just outside the church a man stopped and looked at Carl, then thrust his hand forward quickly. "Well—Carl! Carl Givins. It's nice to see you again."

Other people spoke to him. Some of them looked enquiringly at Abbie Ann and her mother. Carl introduced them to everyone who stopped and the ladies smiled at Abbie Ann's mother and said, "My, it certainly was a nice service, wasn't it . . . and wasn't His Excellency a fine man?"

Janet Parker went by with her parents and her eyebrows were surprised exclamation marks over her round blue eyes.

"Good morning, Carl, we're glad to see you." That was Father Murphy himself; beaming at Carl, turning the beam to include Abbie Ann and her mother.

It was almost as good as having a father who passed the collection plate.

They got into the car and Abbie Ann sat in the middle. She looked at her shoes and she could feel her toes straight and happy under her white socks. Her toes weren't afraid of Carl any more. They loved him.

Abbie Ann's mother was silent. She kept looking from Abbie Ann to Carl as though she suspected them of having a secret, but there was a little smile that tipped her mouth once in a while, as though she might start to laugh any minute.

"The thing about miracles," Carl began when the car was headed across town, "is that sometimes they happen BANG like a shot . . . and sometimes they just go on and on for a long time before they happen." He looked down at Abbie Ann to see if she understood and she nodded quickly. He lifted his eyes briefly to her mother's face and seemed content with what he saw there. "Next Sunday you won't have to get up so early," he told her. "Next Sunday we'll go to ten o'clock mass."

Abbie Ann's mother drew her lips into a firm little line. "What makes you think so?" she asked dryly.

Carl made a little face. "You won't miss it, honey, not for anything. I'll be passing the collection plate." +

YOUR SHOWER

CAN BE FUN

This is the time of year when you're likely to think there are no new ways to hold a shower. Chatelaine for May is on its way to bring you an illustrated package of bright new suggestions.

THERE'S Copper IN CANADA'S FUTURE



TV takes over—

Television has come to Canada. And all of us will watch with interest the effect of this modern miracle on our way of life!

If you visit a TV station you will see complicated apparatus and instruments. What you won't see is the extent to which copper, brass and bronze is used in this equipment. For here, as in so many applications, copper (or one of its alloys) is a vital, hidden element.

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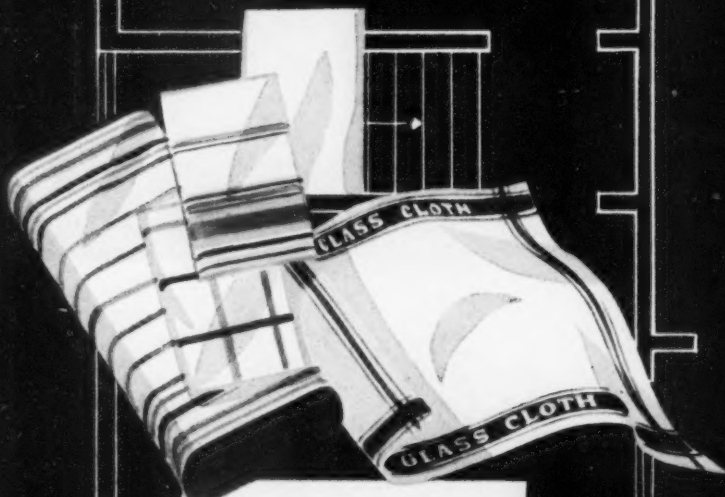
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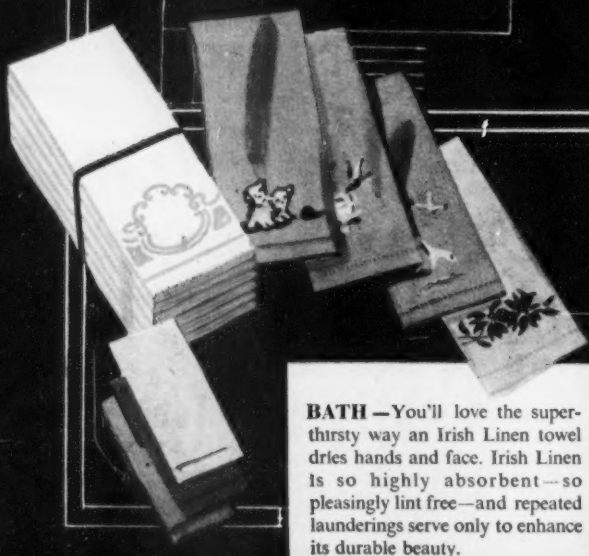
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THE IRISH LINEN GUILD



137 Wellington St. West, Toronto, Canada

JOAN LEARNS HOW TO MAKE HER OWN EASTER BONNET

"All you need for the job," marvels fourteen-year-old Joan Carnegie, "is a hat shape and an idea."

BY ROSEMARY BOXER
Fashion and Beauty Editor



Joan Carnegie, who learned to shop in January Chate-laine, models the flower hat she made for three dollars.

*taffeta
on the bias*



1 To make a flower hat Joan learns that she must first bind the hat edges with taffeta cut into bias strips two inches wide, one inch inside and out, to cover the buckram rim.

*a cluster
of blossoms*



2 Next, she cuts the stems off three bunches of imitation pink and violet flowers, spreading the petals out flat and tacking them down all over the shape and mixing the colors.

*... and fine
stitching*



3 Joan found she had to make really fine stitches so they wouldn't show. She finished by tacking in a readymade lining . . . binding the inside edges with grosgrain.



*Dutch-girl
in straw trim*

Joan's second hat, a Dutch-girl shape, required four yards of braided straw. She first bound the straw over the hat edges and then tacked it round and round to cover the shape.



*where to put
the rose?*

Trying to decide just where to put the red rose was fun. She finally settled on the side, first lining and finishing the inside with a readymade liner and grosgrain ribbon binding.



*and one
for mother*

Mother's going to get a nice surprise Easter morning. Joan trimmed this plain straw shape with brilliant red carnations. We think she did a pert job on the flower arrangement.

Chatelaine Meals of the Month

April

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER		BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
WED 1	Sliced Oranges Whole Grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Bean and Bacon Soup Banana, Orange and Cherry Salad Caramel Custard Tea	Braised Ox Tails Fluffy Rice Spinach Cottage Pudding Chocolate Marshmallow Sauce Coffee	MON 20	Grapefruit Juice Oatmeal Porridge Toast Coffee	Salad Plate (Potato Salad, Cold Lamb, Vegetable Jelly Mold) Graham Muffins Angel Cake (leftover) Tea	Sausage Rolls Tomato Sauce Diced Turnips Creamed Onions Fruit Floating Island Coffee
THU 2	Tomato Juice Whole Wheat Cereal Soft Cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Open-face Peanut Butter and Coleslaw Sandwiches Assorted Pickles Lemon Tarts Tea	Liver with Barbecue Sauce Mashed Potatoes Kernel Corn Trifle (leftover Cottage Pudding) Coffee	TUE 21	Orange Juice Whole Wheat Cereal Toasted Graham Muffins Toast Coffee	Scalloped Corn Coleslaw Pineapple Sherbet Unbaked Chocolate Bars Tea	Veal Birds Au Gratin Potatoes Green Peas Gingerbread with Lemon Sauce Coffee
FRI 3	Stewed Prunes Oatmeal Porridge Toast Coffee	Tomato Juice Creamed Eggs on Toast Carrot Sticks Hot Cross Buns Tea	Oven-poached Salmon Lemon Slices Boiled Potatoes Rhubarb Crisp Coffee	WED 22	Apple and Lemon Juice Whole Grain Cereal Grilled Bacon Toast Coffee	Cream of Tomato Soup Grilled Cheese Sandwiches Celery Curds Jellied Rhubarb Tea	Meat and Rice Layer Loaf Mashed Carrots and Parsnips Pickled Beets Orange, Onion and Green Pepper Salad Cherry Pie Tea
SAT 4	Orange Juice Buckwheat Cakes Syrup Coffee	Tomato and Corn Casserole Lettuce Wedges Prunes with Lemon Tea	Swiss Steak Parsley Potatoes Mashed Turnip Cherry Upside-Down Cake Coffee	THU 23	Stewed Prunes Whole Grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Creamed Tuna on Waffles Raw Relishes and Greens Grapefruit Halves Tea	Pork Hocks Mashed Potatoes Sauerkraut Canned Peaches Tutti Frutti Bars Coffee
SUN 5	Half Grapefruit Whole Wheat Cereal Grilled Bacon Hot Cross Buns Coffee	Easter Egg Salad Plate (Deviled Eggs, Tomato Aspic on Lettuce) Toasted Muffins Butterscotch Pudding Tea	Baked Ham with Raisin Sauce Mashed Sweet Potatoes Green Beans Pineapple Bavarian Macarons Coffee	FRI 24	Blended Fruit Juices Whole Wheat Cereal Soft Cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Vegetable Chowder Crackers Bran Muffins Cottage Cheese Tea	Salmon in Potato Crust Green Beans Tomato Salad Prune Whip Custard Sauce Tea
MON 6	Apple Juice Date Oatmeal Porridge Toast Coffee	Boston Baked Beans Spring Salad Sliced Oranges Cookies Tea	Ham Loaf de Luxe Mustard Relish Scalloped Potatoes Buttered New Cabbage Ice Cream Coffee	SAT 25	Orange Halves Oatmeal Porridge Toast Coffee	Cheese Soufflé Lettuce Wedges French Dressing Preserved Raspberries Tea	Meat Balls in Onion Gravy Pan Fried Potatoes Creamed Corn Rhubarb Shortcake Coffee
TUE 7	Blended Fruit Juices Whole Grain Cereal Toasted Muffins Toast Coffee	Cream of Asparagus Soup Lettuce and Ham Sandwich Celery Curds Spice Cake (leftover) Tea	Spaghetti with Meat Balls Carrots Tossed Salad Fruit Jelly Cookies Coffee	SUN 26	Tomato Juice Whole Wheat Cereal Scrambled Eggs on Toast Coffee	Assorted Sandwiches Cabbage and Pineapple Salad Lemon Tarts Tea	Roast Chicken Apple Jelly Mashed Potatoes Glazed Carrots Lettuce Salad Cranberry Marlow Coffee
WED 8	Orange Halves Whole Wheat Porridge Toast Coffee	Scrambled Eggs on Toast Coleslaw Sliced Tomatoes Jam Turnovers Tea	Steak and Kidney Pie Baked Potatoes Boiled Onions Spanish Cream Coffee	MON 27	Grapefruit Halves Whole Grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Asparagus Soup Chicken Salad Sandwiches Sweet Pickles Whipped Lime Jelly Tea	Lamb and Vegetable Stew Dumplings Spring Salad Bowl Banana Chiffon Cake Coffee
THU 9	Tomato Juice Whole Wheat Cereal Toasted Muffins Toast Coffee	Noodles in Cream of Chicken Soup Sauce Carrot and Raisin Salad Coffee Sherbet Tea	Broiled Sausages and Bacon Mashed Potatoes Harvard Beets Rhubarb Pie Coffee	TUE 28	Orange Juice Whole Grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Creamed Chicken on Toast Turnip and Carrot Sticks Banana Cake à la Mode (leftover cake) Tea	Grilled Ham Steak Parsley Potatoes Cauliflower with Cheese Pineapple Tapioca Oatmeal Cookies Coffee
FRI 10	Grapefruit Juice Whole Grain Cereal Toasted Scones Toast Coffee	French Toasted Cheese Sandwich Raw Relishes Canned Peas Orange Fig Bars Tea	Scalloped Finnan Haddie Baked Potatoes Parsley Carrots Lemon Snow Custard Sauce Coffee	WED 29	Blended Vegetable Juices Whole Wheat Cereal Grilled Bacon Toast Coffee	Beef Noodle Soup Deviled Egg and Tomato Salad Chocolate Blancmange Cookies Tea	Baked Stuffed Heart Scalloped Potatoes Diced Beets Raisin and Orange Pudding Coffee
SAT 11	Blended Vegetable Juices Whole Grain Cereal Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee	Wieners in Buns Dill Pickles Salad Bowl Orange Tapioca Pudding Tea	Breaded Veal Cutlets Creamed Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Peach Cobbler Coffee	THU 30	Stewed Rhubarb Whole Wheat Porridge Toasted Scones Toast Coffee	Celery Soup Minced Heart and Pickle Sandwiches Coleslaw Maple Cup Custard Tea	Barbecued Spare ribs Fluffy Rice Green Peas Tossed Salad Citrus Fruit Cup Cookies Tea
SUN 12	Orange Halves Whole Wheat Cereal Toasted Muffins Syrup Coffee	Pancakes with Jelly and Cottage Cheese Banana and Raisin Salad Chocolate Ice Cream Tea	Short Rib Roast of Beef Browned Potatoes Creamed Corn Salad Bowl Marmalade Bread Pudding Coffee				
MON 13	Grapefruit Juice Whole Grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Vegetable Soup Toasted Cheese and Bacon Sandwiches Canned Berries Tea	Cold Roast Beef Mustard Pickles Pan Fried Potatoes Buttered Spinach Banana Cream Pie Coffee				
TUE 14	Blended Vegetable Juices Raisin Oatmeal Toasted Scones Toast Coffee	Parsley Orzolet Tomato Salad Jelly Doughnuts Tea	Shepherd's Pie Creamed Celery Salad Greens Fruit Roly Poly Coffee				
WED 15	Orange Juice Whole Wheat Cereal Toast Coffee	Cream of Mushroom Soup Tossed Salad Fruit Bread Layer Cake à la Mode Tea	Grilled Pork Chops Boiled Potatoes Shredded Green Cabbage Stewed Rhubarb Cake Coffee				
THU 16	Apple Juice Whole Grain Cereal Soft Cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Hamburger De Luxe Lettuce Wedge Carrot Sticks Citrus Fruit Cup Tea	Liver Stuffed Onions Scalloped Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Grape Bavarian Coffee				
FRI 17	Sliced Oranges Whole Wheat Porridge Toast Coffee	Macaroni and Cheese Cabbage and Carrot Salad Canned Berries Cookies Tea	Broiled Fish Fillets Tartar Sauce Parsley Potatoes Yellow Beans Baked Lemon Sponge Pudding Coffee				
SAT 18	Tomato Juice Waffles Syrup Coffee	Pepper Pot Soup Chopped Egg Sandwich Celery and Radishes Butter Tarts Tea	Meat Patties Creamed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Johnny Cake Coffee				
SUN 19	Blended Fruit Juices Whole Grain Cereal French Toast Toast Coffee	Fruit Salad Plate (Oranges, Bananas, Peaches, Cottage Cheese, Red Jelly) Date and Nut Bread Butterscotch Rennet Dessert Tea	Stuffed Breast of Lamb Mint Jelly Browned Potatoes Green Peas Frosted Angel Cake Coffee				

Chatelaine Recipe of the Month

HOT CROSS BUNS

- 1 cup milk
- 6 cups sifted enriched flour
- 3 teaspoons cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon allspice
- 1/2 teaspoon cloves
- 1 1/3 cups washed and dried raisins
- 6 tablespoons shortening
- 6 tablespoons sugar
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 2 packages fast-rising dry yeast
- 1 cup lukewarm water
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten

Scald milk. Measure flour into a large mixing bowl. Add spices and raisins. Mix and make a well in centre of dry ingredients.

To scalded milk, add shortening, sugar and salt. Cool to lukewarm. Dissolve the 2 teaspoons sugar in 1 cup lukewarm water. Sprinkle dry yeast over top and let stand 10 minutes. Then stir well, and add to lukewarm milk mixture. Add eggs and pour liquids into well in the flour mixture. Stir liquid and dry ingredients to combine. Then blend dough thoroughly by hand for several minutes (dough will be soft). Turn out on well-floured bake board and divide in half.

Form each half into a cylinder. Cut each cylinder into 12 pieces to make 24 large buns. Form each piece into a smooth ball. Flatten slightly and place on greased cookie sheet. Cover and let rise in a warm place (80 to 85 deg. F.), until double in bulk (1 to 1 1/4 hours). Then cut cross on surface of buns, using a sharp greased knife and bake in a 375 deg. F. oven for 20 to 25 minutes.

When buns have baked for 15 minutes, brush with glaze (2 tablespoons sugar mixed with 2 tablespoons milk or water). Return quickly to oven and finish baking. Glaze again and place on rack to cool. If desired, decorate top of cooled buns with a cross of white icing. Yield: 24 large buns.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Recipe appears elsewhere in this issue



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13° for frozen desserts and quick chilling

31° for keeping fresh meats fresh

37° for milk and general food storage

40° humid cold for fresh fruits and vegetables

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55° for keeping butter easy to spread

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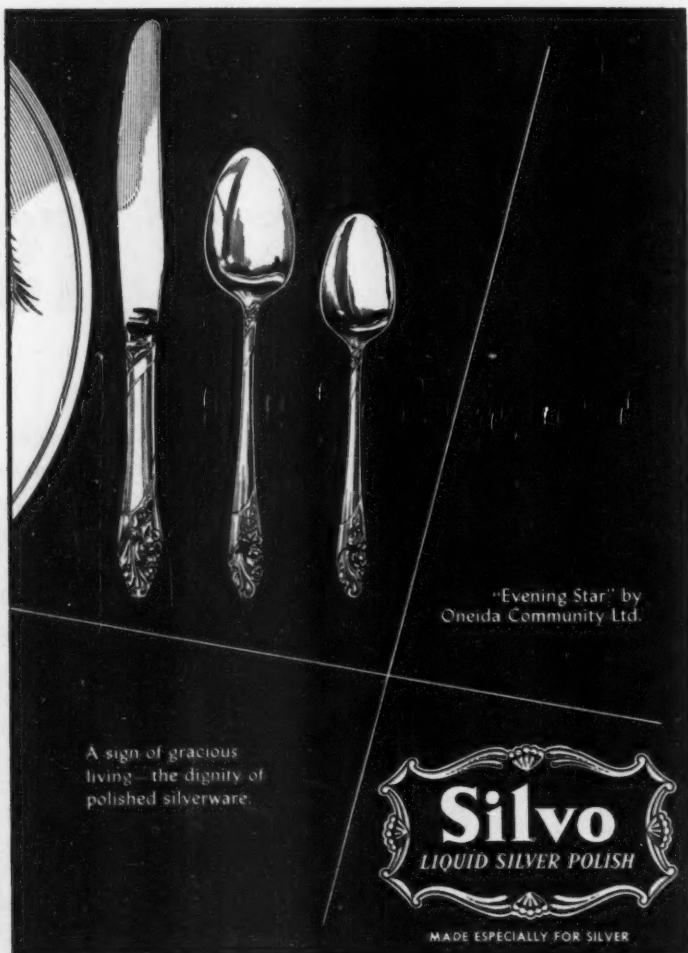
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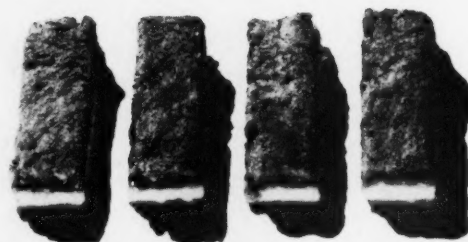
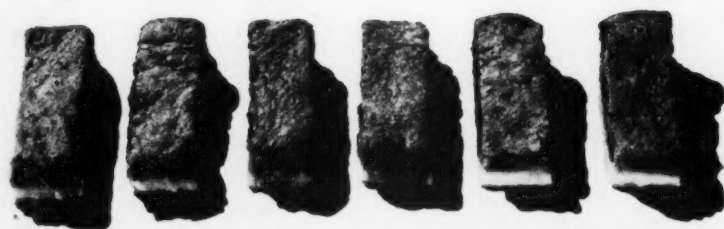


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BY
PEGGY STROUD,
CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

No shaping, chilling or rolling — just pour

CHERRY SMACK BARS

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening,
butter or margarine
1 cup granulated
sugar
2 eggs, separated
1 teaspoon almond
flavoring
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted
pastry flour
1 teaspoon baking
powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced well-
drained maraschino
cherries
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped
pecans
1 cup brown sugar,
packed

Cream together the fat and granulated sugar. Beat in egg yolks and flavoring. Add flour and baking powder sifted together and mix well. Spread over bottom of greased 8-inch square pan. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 15 minutes. Spread cherries and nuts evenly over baked layer. Beat egg whites until stiff and add brown sugar. Spread on top of cherries and nuts. Bake in a slow oven (300 deg. F.) for 50 to 60 minutes. When cool cut in bars. Makes 2 dozen bars.

TUTTI FRUTTI BARS

2 eggs, beaten
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar,
packed
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted pastry
flour
1 teaspoon baking
powder
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chopped nuts
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups mixed
fruit (raisins, mixed
peel, cut-up candied
cherries)
1 tablespoon grated
orange rind
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
Powdered sugar

Add brown sugar gradually to beaten eggs, beating well together. Sift together flour and baking powder and mix thoroughly into egg mixture. Fold in remaining ingredients and pour batter into greased 8-inch square pan. Bake in a moderately slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 40 to 45 minutes. While warm, cut in bars and roll in powdered sugar. Makes 32 bars.

SPICY MOLASSES BARS

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or
margarine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated
sugar
2 eggs, beaten
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup light
molasses
1 cup chopped dates
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted
bread flour
2 teaspoons baking
powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon allspice
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cloves
6 tablespoons milk

Cream together shortening and butter or margarine; gradually add sugar and cream well. Add eggs and beat thoroughly. Blend in molasses and chopped dates. Sift together dry ingredients and add with milk to creamed mixture. Combine well and spread in a greased and lightly floured 9 x 12-inch pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. When cool, cut in bars. Makes 32 bars.

ORANGE FIG BARS

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening,
butter or margarine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon
extract
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted
pastry flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated
sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking
powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon
cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cloves
1 egg, beaten
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk

Cream together the fat and lemon extract. Sift all dry ingredients together, and rub into creamed mixture. Add combined egg and milk to flour mixture and mix until well blended. Spread half the mixture into a greased 7 x 11-inch pan. Cover evenly with Orange Fig filling and spread remaining flour mixture over it. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 30 minutes or until done. When cool, cut in bars. Makes 28 bars.



ORANGE FIG BARS BETWEEN WAX PAPER LAYERS IN AIRTIGHT CONTAINER

our into the pan, bake and cut up into bars

Orange Fig Filling

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound moist packaged figs	1 tablespoon lemon juice
$\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup thick orange marmalade
$\frac{1}{3}$ cup boiling water	

Chop figs. Mix with sugar and boiling water and simmer until thick and like jam (about 20 minutes). Stir in lemon juice and orange marmalade and cool.

NO-BAKE CHOCOLATE BARS

2 squares unsweetened chocolate	2 cups vanilla wafer crumbs
1 (15-ounce) can sweetened condensed milk	1 cup finely chopped walnuts

Melt chocolate over hot water in top of double boiler. Add sweetened condensed milk and cook 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and blend in wafer crumbs and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts. Sprinkle $\frac{1}{4}$ cup nuts over bottom of greased 8-inch square pan. Spread with chocolate mixture and sprinkle top with remaining nuts. Chill several hours and cut into 24 bars.

PINEAPPLE COCONUT BARS

1 tablespoon butter or margarine	3 eggs, well beaten
1 tablespoon granulated sugar	1 (20-ounce) can crushed pineapple, well drained
1 cup sifted pastry flour	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup granulated sugar
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine
3 teaspoons baking powder	2 cups shredded coconut

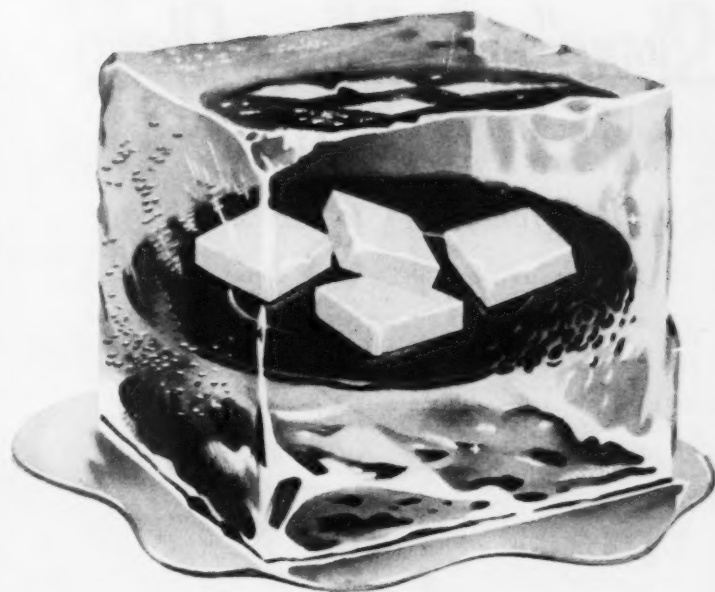
Cream 1 tablespoon sugar and butter or margarine. Blend in sifted dry ingredients. Add half the eggs and mix in thoroughly. (The mixture will be quite thick.) Spread evenly into a greased 8-inch square pan. Cover batter evenly with well-drained pineapple. Mix $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, melted butter or margarine and the coconut. Mix in remaining eggs and spread mixture over pineapple. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 30 to 35 minutes. Cut in squares or bars when cool.

APRICOT DREAM BARS

$\frac{2}{3}$ cup dried apricots	1 cup brown sugar, packed
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft shortening, butter or margarine	$\frac{1}{3}$ cup sifted pastry flour
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup granulated sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder
1 cup sifted pastry flour	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
2 eggs, well beaten	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon almond flavoring
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped almonds	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla

Rinse the dried apricots, then cover with water and boil for 10 minutes. Drain, cool and chop. Blend the fat, the sugar, and 1 cup flour until smooth. Spread into a greased 8-inch square pan. Bake in a moderately slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 20 minutes or until lightly browned. Meanwhile beat the eggs, and gradually add the brown sugar. Sift together $\frac{1}{3}$ cup flour, the baking powder and salt. Add to eggs and mix well. Mix in almond flavoring, vanilla, chopped almonds and apricots. Spread batter over the baked layer and bake in a moderately slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 40 minutes, or till done. Cool in pan, cut into 24 bars.

All these recipes approved by Chatelaine Institute



Kraft's delicious NEW PARKAY spreads smoothly even when ice cold!



Won't tear fresh bread like this!



Always spreads smoothly like this!

Kraft's great discovery means this to you... New Parkay Margarine never needs a warm-up. You can serve it ice cold from your refrigerator. Parkay slices neatly, spreads smoothly. Yet when you leave it standing out in a warm room, it doesn't go soft and gooey. See for yourself... get a pound of Kraft's delicious New Parkay from your grocers' today!

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New Parkay comes in handy Color-Kwik bag and in regular pack. Also available in quarters in B.C. and Alta. Yellow Parkay is sold where Provincial laws permit.

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Their Comfort-Grip, solid

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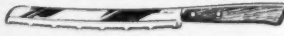
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in housewares



Cutlery sets in polished
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ROAST SLICER



SERRATED EDGE "ALL-PURPOSE" SLICER



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FRENCH COOK'S KNIFE

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RECIPES FOR MEAT LOAF DINNERS

Here are three more meat loaf recipes to substitute, if you wish, for those given in the dinner menus on pages 20 and 21.

serve scalloped potatoes, a hot green vegetable, a mustard relish pickle, and for dessert ice cream and cake.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

POTATO FROSTED MEAT LOAF

Approximate cost 19¢ per serving

MEAT MIXTURE

1 pound ground beef	¼ teaspoon dry mustard
½ cup cracker crumbs	¾ teaspoon pepper
1 cup soft bread crumbs	1 can condensed beef and vegetable soup
¼ teaspoon celery salt	1 egg, slightly beaten
¼ teaspoon salt	

POTATO FROSTING

4 cups mashed potatoes	Salt and pepper
	1 egg, beaten

Combine meat mixture thoroughly. To shape, pack in greased loaf pan. Turn out on shallow baking pan. Bake in moderately slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 1¼ hours.

Combine mashed potatoes, seasonings and beaten egg. Spread this potato frosting over cooked meat loaf (top and sides). Return to oven preheated to 425 deg. F. and bake until lightly browned (about 20 minutes).

To serve: Lift frosted meat loaf onto hot platter, surround with cooked or canned green peas or beans. Garnish with small cooked whole carrots. To complete menu serve a light salad and a hearty dessert. Serves 6 to 8.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

CRUSTY MEAT LOAF RING

Pack any of the meat loaf mixtures into a ring mold. Turn out on bake sheet. Sprinkle lightly with dry bread crumbs, rolled crispy cereal or quick-cooking oats. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 1 hour. Remove from oven and drizzle a little tomato sauce over top of ring. Make tomato sauce by combining ¾ cup condensed tomato soup with ¼ cup chili sauce. Return to hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 20 minutes. To serve lift onto hot chop plate. Fill centre with fluffy mashed potatoes, hot whole kernel corn or cooked rice. Complete the meal with lemon meringue or lemon chiffon pie. Serves 6 to 8.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

HAM LOAF DE LUXE

Approximate cost 24¢ per serving

1 pound ground smoked ham	2 tablespoons minced onion
½ pound ground lean pork	1 tablespoon minced green pepper (optional)
½ pound ground veal	2 eggs, beaten
1 cup crushed cereal flakes or dried bread crumbs	½ cup milk
½ teaspoon salt	½ cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon prepared mustard	¼ teaspoon cloves
	½ teaspoon dry mustard
	3 slices pineapple

Combine meats thoroughly with crumbs, seasonings, eggs and milk. Grease well a loaf pan 5 x 9 x 3 inches. Combine brown sugar, cloves and mustard and sprinkle evenly in bottom of pan. Arrange pineapple on top of mixture. Pack in the meat mixture. Bake at 325 deg. F. for 2 hours. Turn out to serve and garnish with pineapple and parsley. Serves 8. To complete menu,

MEAT LOAF TIPS

1. For extra food value in meat loaves: a) add ¼ cup wheat germ with bread crumbs or cereals; b) add ¼ to ½ cup dried milk powder combined separately with the other dry ingredients; c) add ½ to 1 cup ground cooked liver.
2. Vary flavor by using Worcestershire sauce, chopped parsley, finely chopped green pepper, finely chopped celery, a little sage, thyme or chili powder (¼ to ½ teaspoon), prepared mustard.
3. Vary liquid by using tomato juice, condensed tomato soup, catsup, canned gravy, or vegetable condensed soup.
4. When condensed soup is used as liquid, reduce amount of salt in recipe.

Here are the recipes for the desserts for the Meat Loaf dinners given on pages 20 and 21.

RAISIN ORANGE PUDDING

1 cup sifted pastry flour	½ cup raisins
2 teaspoons baking powder	1 cup orange segments and juice
2 teaspoons sugar	1 cup brown sugar
Few grains salt	1½ cups boiling water
1 teaspoon grated orange rind	2 tablespoons butter or margarine

Mix and sift pastry flour, baking powder, sugar and salt into mixing bowl. Add orange rind, raisins and orange juice and segments. Mix lightly and turn into deep well greased baking dish. Combine brown sugar, boiling water and butter. Pour over the pudding batter. Bake in moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. Serve warm. Serves 4 to 6.

Note: For orange segments, use 2 medium size oranges. With sharp knife remove all peel. Cut segments into bowl, reserving the juice as well. Cut segments in pieces. (There should be about ½ cup segments and ½ cup juice.)

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

COTTAGE PUDDING

With Chocolate Marshmallow Sauce

Using a white cake mix or your own one-egg cake recipe, bake a plain cake in an 8 x 8 x 2 inch pan. Cool slightly and cut in serving pieces. Top with Chocolate Marshmallow Sauce.

Chocolate Marshmallow Sauce

¼ pound (16) marshmallows	½ cup semisweet chocolate pieces
½ cup cream	¼ teaspoon vanilla

Cut marshmallows in small pieces with scissors. Combine with chocolate and cream in top of double boiler. Cook over hot water until melted. Stir until blended. Remove from heat and add vanilla. Serve warm.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

LEMON CREAM CAKE

Cut through a small homemade or bakery sponge cake to form 2 layers. Put lemon filling between (and in centre if it is a tube pan shape). Frost with lightly sweetened whipped cream. ♦

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Easy Easter Fun Fare...

Quick-chick cutouts to garnish your

SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM

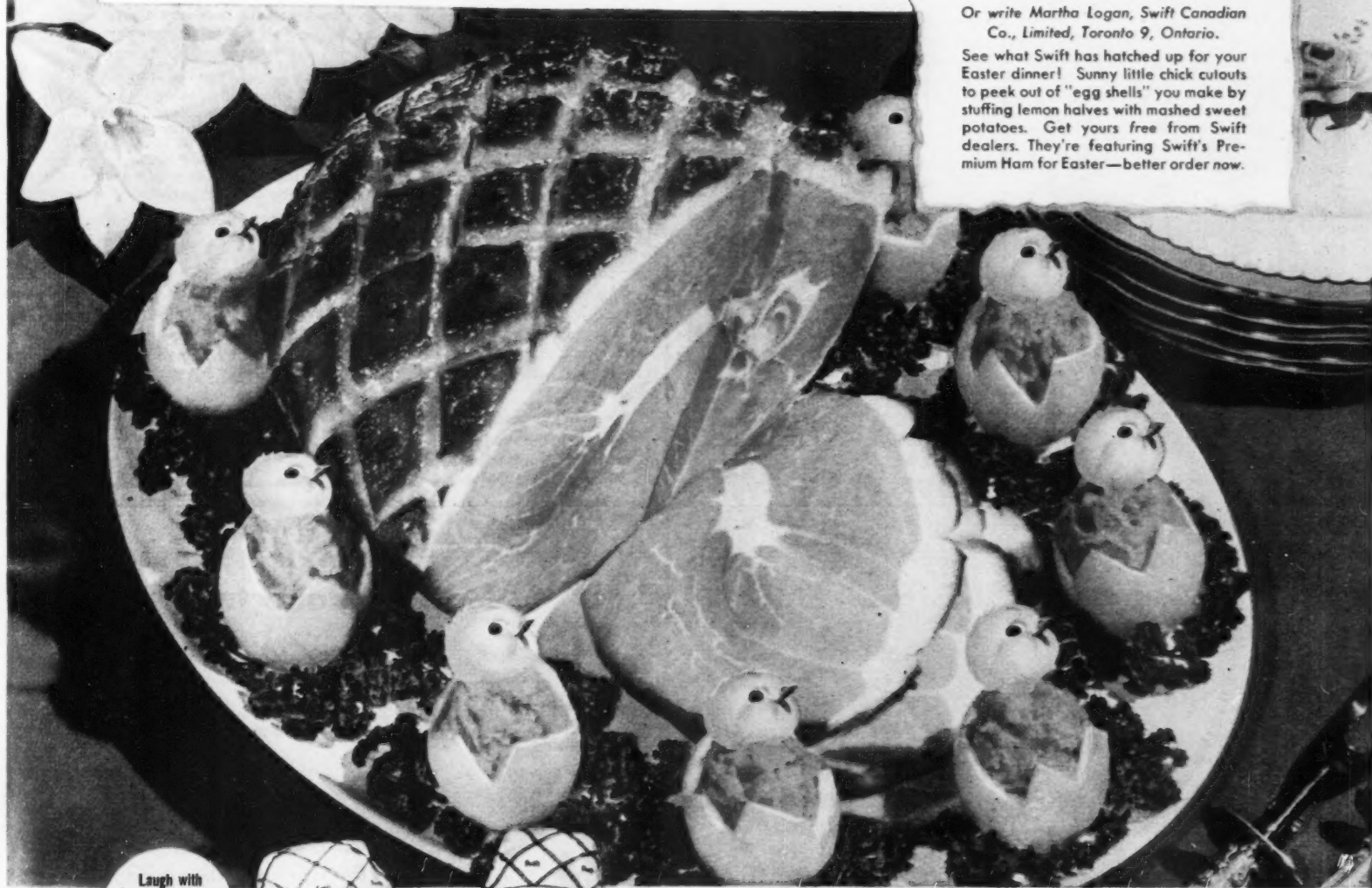


Free!

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Or write Martha Logan, Swift Canadian Co., Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario.

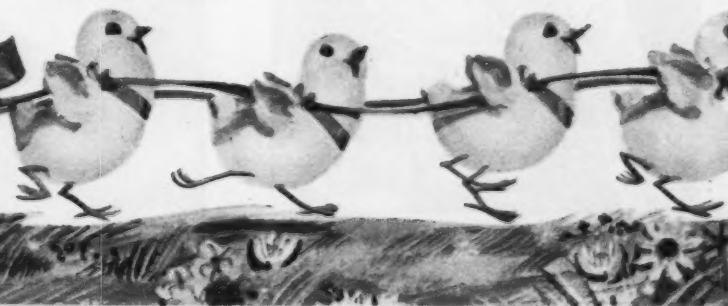
See what Swift has hatched up for your Easter dinner! Sunny little chick cutouts to peek out of "egg shells" you make by stuffing lemon halves with mashed sweet potatoes. Get yours free from Swift dealers. They're featuring Swift's Premium Ham for Easter—better order now.



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BREAKFAST CLUB
Mon.-Fri.
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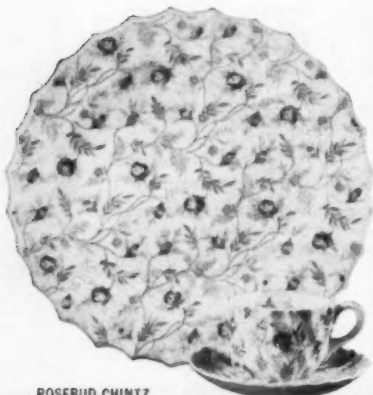


Smoked the old-time, slow-time way — The flavour is richer, the texture is better because each Swift's Premium Ham is treated as if it were the only ham that would ever carry this famous label of quality. Slowly smoked over spicy hardwood fires after long mellowing in Swift's special Brown-Sugar-Cure—the rosy meat is always juicy, tender, thoroughly delicious! Swift Canadian Co., Limited.



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THE MAN I MARRIED

Continued from page 17

nose in a stuffy office. One of us, she thought, is abused.

Worse still, there were two cryptic notes from Al Teeterby, account executive, her immediate boss. "Hettie hates it," he had written, and, "Save Saturday."

All of Saturday? She called Teeterby on the interoffice phone, meantime snatching a hurried glance at the Hettie folder: Let Hettie Hand-Block Your Dreams, with swatches of Hettie's hand-woven, hand-painted, hand-blocked linens, silks, impish crashes and even—at a scandalous figure—good old unbleached muslin. There were pages of suggestions for display ads, all plugging the central theme Keener and Smith had offered for the Hettie campaign: You, TOO, Can Afford a Home Done by Hand. But Hettie hated it. First she had loved it. Now she hated it.

"Hettie says she wants dignity," Teeterby said in his high, sly voice. "Drop everything and rush in here."

"Last week she wanted splash, and we gave it to her. Look, Teeter, I'm doing the first layouts for Nick's Plastics. Anson wants to see them by eleven this morning." Anson was Keener of Keener and Smith.

"You've caught cold, Sukie. You sound like Arthur Godfrey. Anson wants several things he can't have, everybody knows that." This was a sly impertinence Susan couldn't rebuke without revealing her quick grasp of his meaning. "The consensus is," he said, purring,

"that moving you off Nick and back to Hettie will get us all off the hook quicker with Anson."

What a horrid little slug you are, Teeter. But also, she admitted, a hard-working little slug, lightly coated with genius, a fussy little man who wore bow ties, suede shoes and a perpetual look of sardonic disbelief, and whose ideas were in constant spate. Agency clients queued up to tap his overflow.

"I want to get away by twelve-thirty, Teeter."

"How you dream, sweetheart."

Sue hung up. By this time three thousand viruses were doing a fire-dance in her throat, running upstairs occasionally to pound her brain with tongs.

The interoffice phone rang. Sue, restoring Nick's Plastics to a safe place to preserve the folder full of her own genius, snatched at the instrument and shook it good. But it rang again. Judy, the pert switchboard operator, said there was a gentleman to see her.

"I don't want any," Sue said hoarsely, but the gentleman was Mike.

She had been married to him for six years, and the unexpected sight of him usually made it kissing time by her clock, but now she recalled with what frantic dispatch she had manoeuvred his departure for the golf course earlier this morning to give him ample time to try his new putter before his match this afternoon. Yet here he was, twinkly-eyed and handsome, cluttering her desk.

"You smell like violets," he said.

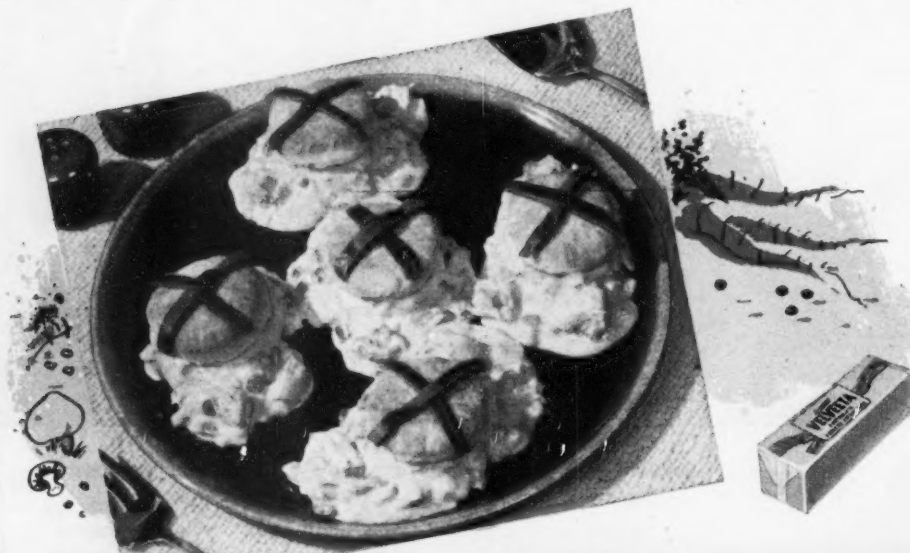
"You're sitting on Hettie," she said briskly, "and I'm due in Teeter's office five minutes ago. What's on your mind,



No need to kneel and scrub! Just dissolve a couple of teaspoons of Gillett's Lye in a pail of cold or lukewarm water, and waft a wet mop over your floors. It's magic! Gillett's digs out grimed-in dirt, cuts through grease, leaves wood and linoleum spotless! Use Gillett's at full strength for cleaning toilets, clearing blocked drains. There's nothing like it to help you with your housework. Get some today!



GL-219



How to make Leftover-Chicken Shortcake

Serve leftover chicken in a dish that's new and enticing... with not a hint of "here-it-is-again"! Entrust your leftovers to versatile Velveeta, Kraft's famous cheese food with the rich yet mild cheddar flavor. What Velveeta does for leftover chicken, it does for *any* leftovers! Velveeta is your handy helper, your "quick-trick" stand-by!



1. Melt ½-lb. of Velveeta in the top of the double boiler. (Use one ½-lb. package of Velveeta, or cut this portion from the economical 1-lb. or 2-lb. size.) You can always count on Velveeta to melt smoothly.



2. Add ¼ c. of chicken broth, stirring constantly until sauce is smooth. Velveeta is not only delicious, it's nourishing, too... rich in important protein and a good source of other nutrients from milk.



3. Add 1 c. cubed cooked chicken and 1 c. cooked mixed drained vegetables to sauce. Heat thoroughly. Serve between split hot biscuits which have been spread with butter or Parlay Margarine. Garnish with pimento.



Mike? I'm really very busy now."

Someone had loved Mike persuasively as a baby. It could be said of him that he was indestructibly good-natured. He awoke cheering the day, and retired at the end of it humming, and he had no enemies because who could hate him? Obviously, however, he could be maddening to a person looking for a good fight.

"I know you're busy, honey. You work too hard." He stood up at once. "I have to give the final word on that two-place job this afternoon, and I forgot to ask you this morning how we'd decided to swing the deal."

"We can't afford an airplane, Mike," Sue said. "Even a second-hand, practically new, wholly lovable little steal such as Hod is offering. I admit it's a buy, you're an expert pilot, you could cover a lot more territory moving from golf course to golf course, and this would please Ed Turrey who thinks it would be good business to have a potential national amateur champion selling insurance for him. But we'll be paying on our mortgage for another eighteen years, we've just bought a deep-freeze on time, the new car won't be paid for for another six months—"

"Everybody's got a mortgage," Mike said reasonably. "You wanted a big house so we're paying a little more than most, that's all, but I'm not going in with Joe Scheer on that partnership offer so the way things are, with both of us working, what have we got to worry about? You wanted to sit tight and make money, and probably you're right. Anyway, we're making it. Let's spend it."

"We can't afford a plane."

Mike said Ed Turrey would help them swing it. Ed liked the idea.

"Who's living our lives, Mike? You and I? Or Ed?"

Mike said he didn't blame her for screaming.

"I came in here and crumbed up your whole morning, didn't I? Forget the whole thing. It's my problem, anyway." He reminded her that he was playing a match that afternoon. Would she be out to see it?

"I'll be working, Mike."

"That's tough." He said golf was work, too, believe it or not, but that was life. "We're having buffet supper at the Mackeys' tonight, right?"

"I don't know." It hurt her to talk by this time.

"You suit yourself, Sue," Mike said earnestly. "It's business with me. If you don't show up I'll tell them you had to work. There'll be a mob."

"You live in a mob," Sue said, but Mike wouldn't fight. He put his big hand under her chin and left a warm little kiss on her pretty nose.

"I think you're wonderful," he said, and left.

The phone rang, and it was Teeterby again.

"Shall we pretend I'm a busy man?" he said.

Sue scrambled here and there, collecting the parts of the Hettie campaign Teeter had assigned to her, but when she was ten steps from the door it opened and Anson Keener walked in.

He was forty. He could afford impeccable tailoring, but even without it his casual dignity would have marked him with distinction. Mike

How to serve Velveeta for Variety Unlimited

WITH SEAFOOD

Easy recipe for Sunday night supper: make Velveeta sauce in a chafing dish, and add one medium-sized can of tuna fish, boned and flaked. Serve on crisp triangles of toast. Crabmeat or shrimps are good this way, too!

WITH LEFTOVERS

Even the children will eat leftover spinach with Velveeta sauce. In fact, Velveeta turns many kinds of leftover vegetables and meats into wonderful main dishes—and at so little cost!



WITH POTATO

In the top of a baked potato, cut a slit and press in a slice of Velveeta. Three minutes in a hot oven, 400°, will melt Velveeta to the melting point. Then serve it—but hot!

WITH ROLLS

In frankfurter rolls, cut several slits, diagonally. Slip a slice of Velveeta in each, and place in moderate oven, 325°, till Velveeta melts. Takes about 7 minutes. Some snack!

WITH DESSERTS

Try apple-pie-and-cheese this new way: pour Velveeta sauce over each serving of pie.

On toothpicks, put a cube of chilled Velveeta and a pitted date. Tasty for dessert, delightful with a salad!

WITH EGGS

Arrange devilled eggs on toast points. Pour hot Velveeta sauce over the eggs. Garnish with parsley and serve pronto! (Serve this sauce with poached eggs or omelets for hurry-up meals.)

WITH SALAD

When appetites lag, serve a salad main dish, with Velveeta for added protein. Add strips of chilled Velveeta to a tossed salad of lettuce, radishes, cucumber slices, quartered tomatoes, watercress. Serve with Miracle Whip Salad Dressing.



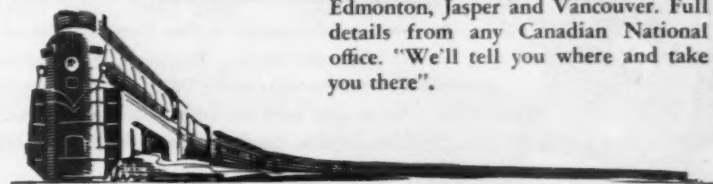
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If your travel plans include Eastern Canada visit lovely Pictou Lodge at Pictou, Nova Scotia... enjoy salt water swimming, lazy hours on sandy beaches, summer sports.



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Bouquet and
Bath Powder
Set \$3.00



called him a prince of a guy, and until lately Sue had been glad she had left Dunbar and Dolly to come to Keener and Smith eight months ago. Lately, with Teeterby's insidious help, she had begun to see that Anson, divorced and candidly lonely, was candidly seeking companionship from her. Lately he had been in her mind more than she liked. This morning, feeling abused, she found herself observing him with new and speculative perception. Even comparing him with Mike.

"It's a sunny day," Anson said, "spring at last. Get your coat, Susan, and play hooky with me. We'll drive out into the hills, and I'll get you back in time for Mike's match. He is playing, I suppose?"

"You tempt me." She looked with longing through her window toward the sunny sky. "But Teeter put in an earlier bid. We have to do a new campaign for Hettie."

Anson came closer and taking her lightly by the shoulders, looked at her thoughtfully.

"You've caught cold," he said.

Mike hadn't noticed she'd caught cold, but germs never invaded Mike. He was tediously healthy. Anson's concern brought quick and foolish tears to Sue's eyes.

"You're really ill, Susan. Get your things and I'll take you home."

She tried to be strong-willed, but it was so pleasant to be cared for she convinced herself that no one but Anson had ever showed consideration for her, that she was overworked, and that Mike's passion was waning. He wouldn't care if she went up into the hills and crouched in a cave for three days with

Anson. He probably wouldn't even know. He was playing golf again tomorrow, somewhere.

"Teeter will hate me."

Teeter himself walked in at that moment, and he didn't hate her at all. He was pleased by what he saw. His smug little face said so.

"Am I interrupting?"

"I'm taking Susan home," Anson, firm and pleasant, helped her with her coat. "Get Herb or Dorothy to spell you on the Hettie business."

"You don't look sick," Teeter came close to Sue, too, and peered at her with increasing glee, "but you do look flushed."

In Anson's car, later, Sue was still simmering, but Anson didn't notice. At the first stop light he reached over and buttoned her coat warmly under her chin. It was such a pretty day, he said, perhaps Susan would enjoy driving the long way home? Sue, recalling how big the house was when Mike wasn't in it, and that she had some stockings to wash when she got home, letters to write, a broken strap to mend on one of her slips, laundry to collect and list, a whole, long, lonely afternoon and evening ahead of her, said she thought the air might do her good.

"I worry about you sometimes, Susan," Anson said lightly, moving forward with the traffic. "Are you getting what you want out of this life?"

It was an unexpected question and Sue stammered, answering it.

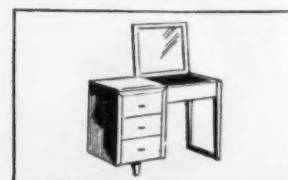
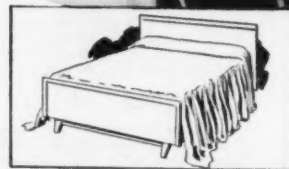
"Of course. I don't know. I mean, does anybody?"

Anson thought some people did. The trick was to find out exactly what one wanted.



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A crowning achievement in Fine Furniture with all the distinction its name implies. Peppler's sleek modern styling plus custom craftsmanship make Tiara a sparkling contribution to regal living. Choose your suite from five glorious colours: Mink, Sahara, Seafoam, Silver-Mink and Cordovan.



Peppler Bros. Co. Limited, Hanover, Ontario

"Most people don't know. That's what has made advertising the tremendous industry it's become. People want to be coaxed or beglamed or bludgeoned into deciding what they really do want. But you're smarter than most people, Susan."

"I wish I were." The foolish tears were there, trembling under her lids again.

"You have a clever touch with advertising copy, and you'll move right up. Is that what you want?"

"I'm helping Mike get started, that's all. I'm not a career woman, if that's what you're asking. Heaven forbid."

"By 'getting started' what do you mean exactly, Susan?"

She thought about that.

"We certainly couldn't afford the house we have on what Mike makes, nor our sterling, nor our furniture, nor the deep-freeze we're buying. And since we bought waterfront, Mike wants a boat." Mike also wanted an airplane. And she had been saving when she could from her salary to buy herself a good fur coat, something that would last so Mike wouldn't have it to buy after he had taken over full support of the family. After they had begun, at last, to live. She relayed the thought to Anson. "I mean getting a few things bought and paid for so that we can start living, one of these days."

Anson looked down at her.

"Mike's a wonderful fellow, but he's never going to make a lot of money. You know that, don't you, Susan? Look at those dogwood." They were out of town by this time. "Aren't they beautiful? Almost as beautiful as you are, Susan." But he went on to tell her he was going to have to replace some of the dogwoods on his summer place across the bay. A root fungus was destroying the big ones. "I want to take you out there one of these days when you feel up to hiking. I want you to see it, Susan."

Susan was silent. She was thinking perhaps she and Mike should start looking around for a summer place, make a few payments on it before she gave up her job. But what use would they make of a summer home, with Mike golfing all the time? She stirred, made restive by her thoughts.

"There's a pretty little inn a few miles back," Anson said at once. "We'll go back there and have lunch. I've tired you."

She was tired, and even returning presently to her very pretty house didn't bring its usual delight. It was so big, and the lawn was so big and the mortgage was the biggest of all.

Anson put her key in the door and opened it for her. He touched her chin with a gentle finger.

"Get right to bed, and stay there. I'll call you tomorrow. And, Susan, one of these days, write down in ten words exactly what you want, will you?"

"Ten words? No one could do that," she said, startled.

"I could do it in three," he said, "but try it."

She was asleep when Mike got home, and still asleep when he awoke the next morning, but he never could resist a sunny day and when he began to hum he woke her. The minute she stirred he was bending over her.

"Go away, Mike, I've got a cold." She felt much better, practically well,

but it wasn't yet six o'clock, and Sunday was the one day she could sleep late.

"Ed Turrey's picking me up in a few minutes. We have a game on, remember?" he said. He hovered above her. "If you're sick maybe I'd better not go."

"And get fired?"

Mike sat down on the edge of her bed, his face puzzled.

"What are you so sore at Ed about, Sue? Lately, I mean. What's he done?"

"It's one thing to work for a man, and

another thing to be hung from him like a watch-fob."

"Look, honey, when you work for a man you do what he says if it isn't against your principles. If it is, you quit. Ed's honest enough. He's in a hurry to make money, that's all, but we are, too, aren't we?"

She rolled over and looked straight up at him.

"What do you want, Mike? Can you tell me in ten words exactly what you want?"

"Sure," he said. "I want you to have what you want."

"That's beautiful," she said drily. "I don't want an airplane. And I don't want to spend my life playing second fiddle to a golfball."

"If I'd gone in with Joe Scheer—"

But the doorbell rang. Ed Turrey was here.

When they had gone, Sue tried to go back to sleep, but this was Sunday, washday, and if she got Mike's T-shirts and underpants on the line early, today's

Good Luck's flavour
is sweeter, fresher!



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Good Luck is good for you and your youngsters. No other spread contains more Vitamin A and wholesome nourishment!

Get wholesome, sweet-tasting Good Luck today. It comes in two popular packages... the foil-wrapped, twin-bar package with handy color wafers... and the new color-mix bag.



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THE SWEETER,
FRESHER MARGARINE!



*"My feet
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**Aching feet can put lines
in your face!**

● When sore, tired feet make every step stab you with pain, your nerves grow tense . . . *your face looks tense!* And worse, those tiny pain-lines may deepen into old-looking wrinkles.

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sunshine might begin to bleach some of the winter's dinginess out of them. There were bathroom floors to clean, too, and the kitchen. How silly, she thought, that she could afford a house this size, but she couldn't afford a cleaning woman to help her polish it. But she was saving for a fur coat, of course. What a funny way to live a life, she thought, scurrying about, Mike should be here to help. It was his house, too, but Mike had had to spend a lovely day playing golf.

In the midst of the fourth rinse of her own underthings she had a fleet but paralyzing thought. This was the way marriages fell apart, one member of the partnership beginning to take advantage of the other member, and both of them so busy earning their living they didn't realize what was happening until someone else came along. Oh, no, Sue thought, and she put that sleeper away in the file marked Shame On You, but when Anson telephoned toward noon, it crept into her consciousness again. and nestled there.

Anson was glad she was feeling better. He was driving out south of town to call on friends who had a pretty place he thought Susan might like to see.

"They're attractive people. We could stay for cocktails and have early supper since Mike will be late getting home. I worry about you spending so much of your time alone."

Sue worried too, but not quite enough to go with him, not today. She knew intuitively this was no day to go jaunting with Anson, not with her id in its present twit. But the day was lonely, and tiring herself with accomplishment left her sulky at the end of it when Mike came home.

Mike was tired, too. It had been a long day and a little tougher than he'd expected.

"One of the guys in our foursome has his attic filled with amateur trophies, and I'll be playing against him in the Interlaken Club Invitational down east next week end." They were in the bedroom, and Mike was already undressing. He wanted sleep, he said, a lot of sleep. Tomorrow was another work day.

"For both of us," Sue said crisply. Mike nodded. He was thinking of something else.

"About that plane, honey," he began, but Sue cut him off.

"You said it was your worry, and it is your worry, Mike, because I don't want any part of it. We're overextended as it is, and we both know it. Tell Hod we can't afford it. That's plain enough. Some other idiot will buy it."

THE QUEEN'S CONSORT

Hector Bolitho writes an exclusive Chatelaine word-portrait of "the first man in the realm"—a simple, forthright sailor who shares his late father-in-law's love of the sea and dislike of "that damned red carpet."

Chatelaine for May

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Mike sat gazing at her, saying nothing. He'd picked up a sunburn and his eyes looked tired.

"I brought you some horehound drops," he said, at last. "They're in my pocket, I guess. How's your cold, honey?"

The horehound drops were stuck together, and Sue hated the stuff, always had. But Mike had firm faith in old-fashioned remedies, and how could you rebuff a man who had wasted time doing a useless thing with good intentions? Sue had wanted to talk to him tonight, seriously, exploringly.

"Thank you, Mike," she said, and kissed his ear, but she had less than a moment to feel tender toward him. He put his head on his pillow and snored, worn out by his lovely day of golf.

In the morning they were flung apart again by the hasty rituals of rising and departure, Mike away early in the car because he had farther to go and bus connections were bad for him, Sue presently flying up the hill and down the other side to the bus stop, a little late, as usual. At the office she was swept back into Teeterby's clutch again by Anson's unexpected departure for New York.

He came into her office before he left, and found her once more collecting her Hand-Blocking Hettie displays.

"If Mike's going down to the Interlaken Invitational next week end, why don't you join some of us at my summer place, Susan? The Altonbys will be there, and that young American writer and his wife. Will you?"

She wanted to say yes. A lazy week end in the country in the springtime, who could refuse? And what harm could it do? Mike would say again that Anson Keener was a prince of a guy, and the outing would be good for Sue.

"I'll let you know when you get back Friday," she said, at last. But she knew, even then, she wasn't going. She might divorce Mike some day, but she wouldn't two-time him before she did.

It made her a little proud, and a little sad, to contemplate her own nobility, and the sustenance her spirit drew from her sacrifice carried her through several days. To Friday noon, as a matter of fact. On Friday, at noon, Judy, the pert switchboard operator, put through a call from Mawson's Flying Service. Sue had never heard of it. Mawson himself was on the line.

"I been trying to reach Mr. Reade, but he ain't around, and Ed Turrey, they can't locate him, either. What I want to tell Mr. Reade, I been looking into that feed line on his plane, and they ain't a thing wrong with it. He's planning to fly the thing tomorrow, but if I can't get hold of him to find out just exactly what trouble he had with it last week—see, what happened was, the mechanic your husband talked to about the plane, he was working on it, see, but he didn't show up this morning. I can't locate him, either. Maybe you know something about the plane?"

"I know a great deal less than you do about it."

"Well, it was worth a try. Thanks, anyway." Mawson hung up.

Mike had had dinner at home three nights that week. He could have told her. He had had the chance, but she had worked late a few nights with Teeterby, redoing the Hettie series, and now that she looked back she realized neither one

of them had said much to the other during that past week. She hadn't told him about Anson's invitation, either. But that was strictly her business, wasn't it? And the plane—now that she recalled—was strictly Mike's business. They were both agreed on that. So what?

So the truth was their marriage wasn't merely falling apart. It had fallen. Mike going one way, she another. Nothing but habit and haste held them together.

A frightened, angry loneliness assailed Sue. She had done her best. What had happened? And all of the beautiful things they had bought with their lives—the very pretty house, the sterling, the deep-freeze—what would become of them? And the us that had been Mike and Sue, what would become of that?

Anson, returned from New York that morning, came in, interrupting her. She looked up at him and tried to smile.

"Your cold's worse," he said at once. "You've been working too hard."

He'd always be like that, perceptive and kind, concerned for her well-being and her happiness. He came around the desk and put his hands lightly on her shoulders.

"You're very much in my mind, Susan," he said. "Constantly in my mind."

She nodded. "I know." She moved away from his touch and stood up. "I'm going to fly down to Interlaken with Mike tomorrow, Anson. I have to talk to him. I've been putting it off." That was true, she said abruptly; she had been putting off

hurting Mike. "I think I'll go home for the rest of the afternoon. Mike has a banquet tonight. He'll be late, but I have some packing to do. And some thinking to do, too, Anson." She wouldn't let him drive her home.

She took the bus. When Mike walked in to change before going on to the banquet she asked if Mawson had contacted him.

"Yes," he said, and started for the bedroom, unbuttoning his shirt. He didn't have much time.

"I didn't know you'd bought that plane," she said.

"I started to tell you last week end, remember? You were feeling lousy and you didn't want to be bothered. What's the matter, honey?" He came back to peer down at her anxiously. "I can swing it. You'd be surprised how much insurance I'm selling these days on my mashie shots."

"May I fly down to Interlaken with you tomorrow, Mike?"

"May you?"

How could she, while he was kissing her, tell him their marriage was over? It was even harder, the next day, to begin. First, at the airfield, Sue had to look at the plane from a distance, from a middle-distance, and presently face to fuselage. It was a pretty little thing, bright red, all covered with gleam. When it was in the air Mike soothed Sue's worries about the fog, sifting in shreds past them. He'd checked with weather, and they'd told him it was clearing in the east.

"We'll be out of it," he said, "in no time." He began to tell her about the plane, what it could do, what it couldn't do, what it had and what it didn't have,

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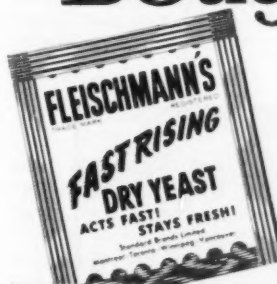
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NEEDS NO REFRIGERATION!

BASIC FRUIT DOUGH

Prepare

- 1½ cups bleached or sulfura raisins, washed and dried
- ½ cup finely-cut candied citron
- ½ cup broken walnuts or pecans

Scald

- 2 cups milk
- Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. In the meantime, measure into a small bowl
- ½ cup lukewarm water
- 2 teaspoons granulated sugar and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of

- 2 envelopes Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.

Sift together three times

- 4 cups once-sifted bread flour
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 4 teaspoons ground cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg

- ¼ teaspoon ground cloves
- ¼ teaspoon ground mace

Cream in a large bowl

- ½ cup butter or margarine
- ½ cup lightly-packed brown sugar

Gradually beat in

- 1 well-beaten egg

Stir in lukewarm milk, dissolved yeast and sifted dry ingredients; beat until smooth and elastic. Mix in prepared fruits and nuts.

Work in

- 3½ cups (about) once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in a warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into 3 equal portions and finish as follows:



1. Chop Suey Loaf

Knead ¼ cup well-drained cut-up maraschino cherries into one portion of the dough. Shape into a loaf and fit into a greased bread pan about 4½ by 8½ inches. Grease top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, about 40 minutes. Brush top of hot loaf with soft butter or margarine.

2. Butterscotch Fruit Buns

Cream together ½ cup butter or margarine, ½ teaspoon grated orange rind, ¼ cup corn syrup and

1 cup lightly-packed brown sugar.

Spread about a quarter of this mixture in a greased 9-inch square cake pan; sprinkle with ½ cup pecan halves. Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board into a 9-inch square. Spread almost to the edges with remaining brown sugar mixture; roll up loosely, jelly-roll fashion, and cut into 9 slices. Place each piece, a cut side up, in prepared pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, about 30 minutes. Stand

pan of buns on a cake cooler for 5 minutes before turning out.

3. Frosted Fruit Buns

Cut one portion of dough into 18 equal-sized pieces. Shape each piece into a smooth round ball. Place, well apart, on a greased cookie sheet. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, about 15 minutes. Immediately after baking, spread buns with a frosting made by combining 1 cup once-sifted icing sugar, 4 teaspoons milk and a few drops almond extract.

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Keeps all your stored foods fresh... longer!

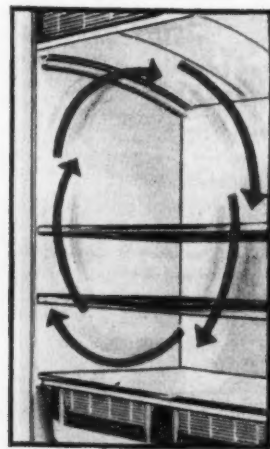
Climaxing 25 years of leadership—this newest, most wonderful of all General Electric Refrigerators brings you the magic of ROTO-COLD refrigeration!

G-E Roto-Cold provides a constant, positive flow of chilled air that flows from the new "cold-slope" baffle throughout the cabinet. This improved design assures that all your stored foods—no matter where they are placed—are kept *fully refrigerated, fully protected . . . fresh, nutritious and appetizing* at all times!

Automatic Defrosting, of course

No need to defrost, *ever!* New Frost-Limiter never allows frost to build up—gives completely automatic defrosting—plus lowest average temperatures ever provided in a G-E Refrigerator.

All this—plus more space, new beauty, full-width freezer, roomy Rolla-Drawers—all the most desired features. You owe it to yourself to visit your G-E dealer—to see with your own eyes the last word in refrigerators: G-E ROTO-COLD. Other new G-E models priced as low as \$319.00.



Here's How G-E Roto-Cold Works:
In ordinary refrigerators, temperatures vary as much as 16 degrees from top shelf to bottom. But with G-E Roto-Cold—moist-cold air is circulated inside the refrigerator section—all parts are uniformly cold.



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RoTo·Cold
REFRIGERATOR

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

what kept it aloft and what could bring it down. After that he told her what improvements the latest model had. "Some day," he said, "we'll have one of those."

"Mike," Sue said, but Mike was looking at his watch. They were still in fog and he didn't like it.

"This is lasting too long, and we aren't climbing out of it. I'll check with airline frequency. They'll have the weather." He put on his headphones and flipped the switch. Sue could only wait to regain his attention. Presently, when he pulled off the headphones and hung them up again he said, quietly, "There's a freak front moving in. It's socked in solid all the way."

By this time the fog looked more like clouds, and there were no breaks in it.

Mike looked at his watch again. He said abruptly, "I'm going down, Sue, while we're still in country I know. There are flat fields around here."

She looked at him in surprise and saw a little white line around his lips. It

☆ ☆ ☆

THE DIFFERENT ONE

By Martha Banning Thomas

Her heart can taste the flavoring
Of green in every growing thing,
And thin leaves threaded to a tree
Yield her a wordless ecstasy;
And when a slow wind lifts and
moves
Among the twisted, blending
grooves
Of querulous and crooked streams,
She winces at the crystal screams
Of water broken by a rock;
She also knows that ferns can lock
Themselves together in a grip
Unyielding as a braided whip,
To hold a scarlet trillium
Within their bondage, safely from
The greedy eye and thrusting hand;
And such a witch can understand
A snowflake's white impermanence
Better than shillings, pounds and
pence!

☆ ☆ ☆

hadn't occurred to her they might be in real trouble. Her own thoughts had been worrying, too, but now she saw that Mike was scared. She'd never seen him scared before, and she was slow to accept the idea. She watched him, fascinated, and while she was watching the fog seemed to thin out a little around her. They had landed, and were bounding along in a stubble field. The plane slewed around, tipped on one wing and stopped. It happened fast and when Mike jerked open the door on Sue's side and reached up to lift her down she was still trying to unfasten her safety belt. He jerked it loose and lifting her in his arms ran stumbling away from the plane.

When he stopped and put her down he held her against him, and she heard his teeth chattering.

"There's a log over here," he said. "Let's sit down a minute, honey." That was all he said until they were seated. "That was close."

The fog was hanging fifty feet above the ground, as though the whole

grey sky had fallen and were hovering above them. Under it the wrecked plane looked forlorn and abandoned. And we do, too, probably, Sue thought. Suddenly the plane looked silly to her. She felt silly, sitting on a log, heaven knew where, looking at a plane that didn't really belong to them because it wasn't paid for. Mike and Sue, really alone, with time on their hands, at last. Only they didn't have time on their hands.

"Mike," she stood up, "you'll be late for your match."

He looked up at her.

"You might as well sit down, honey," he said. "It'll be another twenty minutes before my legs will carry me. You could have been killed. My God," he said. He reached for her hand and looked up at her, his face drawn.

"Mike, it's all right." She knelt on the log beside him.

"Taking a chance like that for golf," he said. "Lord, I'm so tired of that game—" But he broke off, looking at her as though he'd said something he shouldn't have said, as though he felt guilty about something.

"Go on," she said. "Go on, Mike. What were you saying?"

"You'll get cold, sitting here. We'd better start walking." He drew her hand into his pocket. "Everybody gets tired of working so hard all the time, I guess. And, believe me, when you're fighting your way up to a try for a championship in golf, you sweat. You start sweating a couple of days before the match. Every time you lift a club you sweat some more. It's hell. I'm not kidding you, it's hell. I'm not kidding," he said again. "You tie that kind of hell to holding a job because you can play golf—"

She hadn't known. She corrected herself. She hadn't listened when he'd tried to tell her.

"But it's all right, honey," he said. "You wanted a big house and furniture to go with it, and that's all right. I want you to have what you want. But me, I'm a peasant. All I want is a little house with a lot of yard, and some tools for gardening and some other tools for building maybe a dog-house, or even a bird-house. The kind of setup Joe Scheer's got. We're different, honey, that's all," he said, "but I'm learning." He gave her his cheerful grin. "Give me time."

"Mike," she stopped, facing him. He hadn't told her. No—it was painful to be honest—he had told her, in a hundred ways, that she could run his life. He loved her that much. He was telling her now that she could go on running it, but what he really wanted, in several words, was a little house, a little space for a garden where little kids could pull up the little things papa had planted, and the only big things they'd have would be time for each other. Time to be together, because she'd be at home when he got there.

He must talk to Joe Scheer.

"I want to live a little, too," she said slowly. "Life is so short."

But what about the plane.

"It's insured," he said.

That was funny. They began to laugh, and when they stopped they had to wipe their eyes. Mike sobered first.

"That was close, baby, really close."

"Yes." Mike was looking at the plane but Sue was looking at Mike. "It really was." +

Another Canadian youngster
who believes in

"THE BANK AS A PARTNER IN MY COMMUNITY"

"There are also the individual persons who work in these stores and factories. They all have their separate problems to solve which can usually be solved by going to visit their partner 'the Bank'" *



William Keeler,
West Hill, Ontario

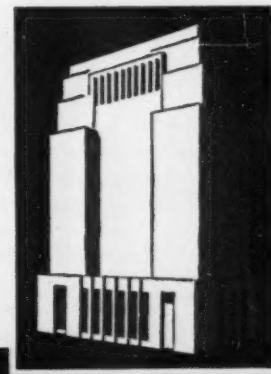
THE business of The Bank of Nova Scotia is to serve individual Canadians. A policy of sympathetic, friendly help to all who bring their problems to the Bank has proved, through the years, a potent factor in helping Canada to grow to its present proud stature.

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*Extract from William Keeler's prize-winning essay in nation-wide competition for High School students, sponsored by The Bank of Nova Scotia.



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• YOUR PARTNER IN HELPING CANADA GROW.



From the original oil painting
by the well-known Canadian Artist
J. S. Hallam, R.C.A., O.S.A.

"Where's your glass of milk grandpa?"

"Well, Cathy, it's out in the kitchen and I'll get it as soon as we have our story . . . Cathy, you remember I was telling you about the old doctor who looked after me when I was a little boy? . . .

"You know, the one who drove the horse and buggy like you saw at the fair. Well, the Doctor and the horse were great friends and folks used to say the horse looked after Doc as much as he looked after the horse. It was true too, because when Old Doc was coming home at night, miles and miles through the dark, he always went to sleep and the horse always brought him safely to his own home . . .

"Yes, sir, Old Doc and his horse Nellie were wise as owls! It was Doc who told me older folks need milk . . . need it to keep our bones strong and straight—same as you need it to grow bones and make you a big healthy girl."



DAIRY FOODS SERVICE BUREAU
409 Huron St., Toronto, Ontario

*When a veil
of grey chiffon
seemed to lie
between me
and the world,
the doctor
told me that*



I HAD CATARACTS

BY MARY BICKEL

FROM MY reluctant oculist I dragged out the terrifying word. It was "Cataracts."

"But I'm too young!" I protested.

I'm not young, but I'm not old either. Being a writer and an active person, I felt that this was the end of the world. "But can't they be cured? Can't you at least arrest them?"

"No. There is nothing to be done—unless you elect an operation."

"But don't I have to wait until they're 'ripe' before that can happen?"

"People used to think so. Not any more."

That was four years ago. Today I have had operations on both eyes and I see far better than I could at the time I made that visit to the oculist. I am writing this now because I have found that cataract is more than a disease, it is an experience to be met. Having come through the experience happily, I hope that my experience may be useful to other people.

It is a popular misconception that cataracts attack only the eyes of the aged. Cataracts may strike anyone, at any age, and usually with cause unknown. Although sometimes one may come as the result of some injury, generally it's nothing you can guard against. It just comes.

About one person in every three hundred people in Canada develop cataract every year and three times that many will have them before they die. Though doctors usually consider the condition part of the "ageing process," it's quite possible that your eyes have aged more rapidly than the rest of you. My eyes were about twenty years older than my real age, and in my middle years I was struck with a disease I would have called "senile." Even children occasionally have cataracts.

It took several months before I could

face my trouble. Then I began to ask questions, and was able to discard one bugaboo after another. I learned that the operation, while delicate, is simple, and is successful in about 90% of the cases. My doctor estimates that the cataract operation is the second most frequent eye operation, the most frequent being to straighten crossed eyes.

If your vision is blurred, if a veil of grey chiffon seems to lie between you and the world—especially in bright sunlight; if you see spots or part of an object missing, or if lights seem to have "haloes" around them, go to an oculist without delay. If you hear the word "cataract," do not be unduly alarmed. The worst that will happen to you, in all probability, is the loss of time and money in getting fixed up. But wouldn't you rather take a few months out of your life now, and then see, than to go on with dimmer and dimmer vision, unable to read, and in the end lose your eyesight entirely?

With me, it started with that grey veil. Bright sunlight made me want to scream, though in a dusky room I could still see quite well. I thought uneasily, "It's just that I need new glasses."

Then I went to the oculist, and learned the truth.

"However," he added after he had told it to me, "your cataracts are still in the early stages. If you don't choose the operation you can probably go along for several years as you're doing now."

"But I don't want to just 'go along.' I want to see!" I exclaimed unhappily.

I went out of his office and stubbornly refused to think about it. The veil thickened.

My low point came, I think, one day when I was visiting a friend. Driving around to show me her neighborhood, she said, pointing, "Isn't that a darling old place?"

Continued on page 86

NEW "ENRICHED" BREAD is BOON for CANADIANS

Serve it for more enjoyment
— more food value —
at no more cost!

Now that you have eaten the new "enriched" bread—how do you like it? Delicious, isn't it? Just the sort of light, delicate, white bread most Canadians have insisted upon having—but with such an important difference!

Today you can put white bread on the table with the comfortable knowledge that it will take on increased responsibility for the proper nourishing of your family. That is very satisfying knowledge to have, since bread goes on many family tables for every meal of the day.

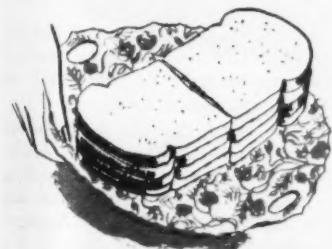
It was for this reason that, in their all-out search to improve nutrition standards, scientists turned their attention to bread. They learned, beyond question, that public preference was strongly for the white loaf with a delicate inner crumb and a crisp and golden crust. Breads of other color, texture and ingredients hold a share of Canada's affection, but the leader has long been the light white loaf.

They also knew, however, that in the process of milling the fine white flour for such bread, certain vitamins and minerals natural to the wheat were inevitably reduced.

So they tackled the problem of giving back to the flour—without changing its popular character—nutritionally-important elements that had been removed, with other parts of the wheat, during the milling process. They found a way to supplement the fine white flour with three of the B vitamins (Niacin, Thiamine and Riboflavin) and one mineral, iron. This gave us today's "enriched flour", from which all "enriched bread" is made.

"Enriched" bread, the result of long years of study, experiment and observation, is the delicious new white bread which is now available from your own baker or favorite shop.

"Enriched" bread is the same in appearance, the same in flavor, the same in cost, as the white loaf that has been given so many other improvements throughout the years.



But now, along with everything bread has meant as an energy food of great importance, there are these additional vitamin and iron factors available to you in every "enriched" loaf.

Thiamine to promote growth, maintain appetite, assist normal digestion and aid metabolism.

Niacin to help keep tissues healthy.

Riboflavin to promote growth and help keep the skin, eyes and other body tissues healthy.

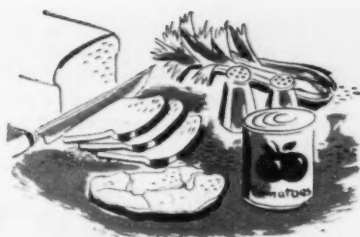
Iron to help build the red blood cells.

These supplements in the "enriched" bread can assist you in your constant effort to feed your family wisely and well.

Budget Help Here

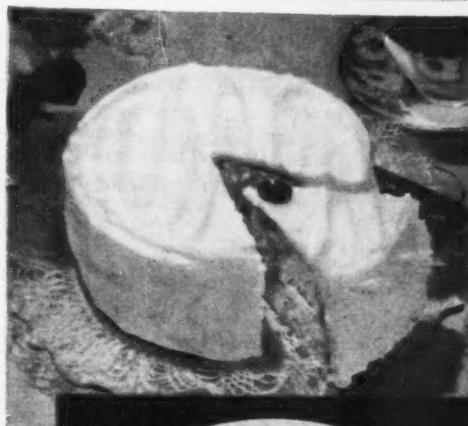
"Enriched" bread protects your budget, too! At no additional cost, you give your family the important supplements now contained in the new loaf—and you can do so in a hundred ways!

For bread is not only the most widely-used food when served just in its natural form as bread or toast. It is a low-cost stretcher for higher-cost foods—making them go further and often giving them added attraction or even establishing much of their character. Serve your poached or scrambled eggs on golden toast... make



toast cases in your muffin pans, to be filled with creamed leftovers of meat or fish, and

vegetables... use big fluffy crumbs or small dice of bread as the base of flavorful stuffings to go between fish fillets or into a steak roll or between thinly-sliced chops or to stuff a bird... cover your casseroles with a thick layer of bread crumbs tossed in melted butter or margarine... scallop fish, fowl, meat or vegetables with layers of finely-diced bread... improve the texture and enlarge the volume of your meat or fish loaves and patties, with a generous proportion of bread... make exquisite bread custards for dessert, and enhance your tea-tray with cinnamon toast, honey toast or maple toast... in every case, you can use the new "enriched" bread.



3 Cheers for dessert...

FROM YOUR BAKER!

Don't you often find yourself stumped for ideas on dessert—tired of the usual things from the jar or the ice-box? Here's 3 Cheers fresh from your baker's daily supply—tempting goodie-goodies that'll turn plain Jane desserts into gala affairs! Feather-light frosted

Layer Cake... luscious pineapple-filled

Coffee Ring... and delectable *Danish Pastries!*

Yes, it's *variety* that makes a menu—let your Baker help make your menu every day!



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I looked. I was sure the house must be there, but I simply couldn't see it. I felt tears of self-pity stinging my eyes.

I went back to town. I called on a man who had had the operation. He was leading a perfectly normal life. I next selected the doctor I wanted to perform the operation, and went to see him.

Ophthalmologists are reluctant to advise you. They want you to make your own decision. "What it boils down to, I guess," my doctor said, "is what you consider fun."

"Fun!" I snapped—for if life isn't fun, what is it? "I consider it fun to read and write, and sew, and—and paint pictures, and fool with nails and a saw and—and identify birds, and look across the lake from our cabin"—I paused for breath—"and go to the theatre," I ended. "Suppose it were you," I appealed. "What would you do?"

"I'd have them out," he admitted at once.

So that was settled, and I already felt better.

Now I learned for the first time just what a cataract is. "It's not something tangible, but a cloudiness that attacks the lens of the eye. To get rid of it the whole lens must be removed. Remember your schoolbook physiology—that the eye's lens is like that of a camera? Through it the light rays must pass to make an image on the retina, which sends the message via the optic nerve to the brain.

This sounds serious losing your natural lens. But thanks to science, you can be provided with an artificial glass one (in spectacles) far clearer than your own cloudy one. True, you are forever after dependent on those glasses, but it might cheer you to know, that while they cost a little more than the ordinary kind, they won't have to be "changed" from time to time, as the ordinary ones do, but remain the same throughout your life.

If you shy away from the operation because of the unbecomingness of the thick cataract lenses, you might try "contact lenses."

The Operation

There is another practical argument for contact lenses. After your own lens is removed and you are dependent on the glass one, your "forward" vision is good, but your "side" vision is curtailed because of the distance from your eye to the glass lens. With contact lenses, this distance is reduced to almost nothing, with the result that the radius of your sight is practically as good as it was with a natural lens. For this reason I intend to have contact lenses as soon as my second eye is fully recovered. These lenses can be worn only four or five hours at a time, I understand; for the rest of the time, for relief, you fall back on your cataract spectacles.

If you decide on the operation, you will be in the hospital ten days to two weeks. During the operation this is what happens: Suppose your eye is like the face of a clock. The surgeon's knife cuts very delicately through the tough, transparent outer coating of the eye (the cornea) in an arc which follows the line of your iris "from nine o'clock to three," as my doctor described it. This exposes the lens which is attached to the side and back by hundreds of tiny filaments. "It's as if the lens were Gulliver," my doctor said, "and the filaments were

the ropes the little people used to stake him to the ground." These ropes must be knocked away gently, and the lens lifted out. Then the cornea is sewed back into place with two fine stitches, and the thing is done.

For this you have a local, not complete, anaesthetic, because the surgeon must be able to direct where you are to look.

"If you were unconscious your eye would roll back into your head as it does when you are asleep. And where would I be then?" he explained.

But you don't mind being conscious. You feel very drowsy and comfortable from the sedatives—very confident, as well you may be. Just before he started the operation, I asked my doctor to save my lens. "I want to see it." I had it later, in a test tube, to show to my family and friends, until it dried up like a pea and I threw it away.

At the hospital I learned I could discard another old wives' tale: the belief that you have to lie motionless for many hours afterward. "That was the hardest part," an old gentleman had told me who had had his operation thirty years before. "For forty-eight hours you don't move a muscle!" I could well believe how trying it was. But, though I dreaded that ordeal, I had reminded myself, *Others have stood it. So can I.*

☆ ☆ ☆

THAT PRICELESS FEELING

By May Richstone

Under this bit of feminine fluff,
In this hat to which my heart is
lost,
I feel beautiful, cherished and
brave enough
To tell my husband what it cost!

☆ ☆ ☆

But the doctor reassured me. "No, the day of the sandbag is over," he told me, explaining that in earlier days they placed sandbags on each side of a patient's head, believing the eye might be ruined if the patient so much as twitched an ear. "All we ask now is that you be reasonably quiet."

That in itself isn't easy. All through the first night you must lie on your back, which aches painfully. That's why it's wise, if you can, to engage a private nurse for the first thirty-six hours. She will hover around and tuck tiny pillows under the changing pressure spots. After that the floor nurses can care for you.

There is some discomfort, though little pain, and after the first day your spirits rise. "Do you mean to say," I demanded of my doctor one day, "that I'll be able to read a book again?" For so long my reading had been done painfully, with a magnifying glass.

His answer was an innocent, "What book?" Then, more serious, he assured me, "Yes, you'll be able to read again—and indefinitely."

Before going into the hospital I'd "invented" a notebook which allowed me to write in it without seeing. In a sheet of cardboard I'd cut horizontal slits which, when laid over a sheet of paper, enabled me to write within each slit without straying off the line. In it I wrote (the second day), "You can do more wrong things after a cataract!

You may not sneeze, cough, blow your nose, stretch, reach, bend your head, wear glasses (for the other eye), comb your hair, push, pull, or lift.

"If I had the least desire to smile they'd stop that too. What you can do is lie still, talk, get your bed raised or lowered, *think* (if you haven't forgotten how) and listen to the radio."

As I got better I was occasionally cranky, as all convalescents are, I guess. Late one night I argued with a night nurse, who reminded me tartly that she'd been doing things the hospital's way for about eighteen years and she didn't think she'd change the rules now just to please me. We did a little mutual glaring, I expect, though neither of us could be sure, for the mask covered both my eyes.

So Many "Don'ts"

You have ups and downs. One day I yelped that my eye was "caught," and that the eyeball wouldn't move. The nurses tried to calm me. My doctor wasn't due for an hour. I wouldn't wait. *Someone* must look at my eye! They found a resident, who looked and calmed me. It seems one of my stitches had tangled a bit with an eyelash, and all was well. When my own doctor came in, he said rather sternly, "What's all this about?"

Backstage I had become The Patient Who Wouldn't Behave.

Sensing this, I tried to glean reassurance from Edith, the maid, when she came in for my luncheon tray. "Am I a bad patient?" I demanded with confidence, for I was sure she liked me.

Edith said, "We-ell," with a grin. "Say I'm a good patient."

"All right, I'll say it," she paused, "but that's not necessarily what I mean." And with a flit of her skirts she was gone.

That night I put on my glasses, over the mask on one eye, so my other eye would see. "Did the doctor say you could wear those?" the night nurse demanded, catching me at it. She was the one I'd had the argument with.

"No'm." I was learning to be meek. "But he didn't say I couldn't."

"Well you can't."

I'd already suspected it wasn't such a good idea. I knew by this time that the two eyes are so sympathetic that if one is being used, the other struggles to be used also.

Then I began using my invention, writing blind. Another nurse came in. "Oh, you mustn't do that!" she exclaimed, and took it away.

On the tenth day the doctor peered into my bleary, lid-drooping, bloodshot eye which must have looked like nothing so much as a tired oyster—and said with satisfaction, "Umm. Dreamy." He announced I could go home.

It was wonderful being at home, though for two weeks more I languished about, doing little housework, "—and especially don't make beds," he'd warned. "And don't take a bath alone, you might slip. And don't bend over a hot oven." More don'ts.

I had been without a shampoo for so long I had become positively uneasy. Finally I had permission for one. "But don't bend forward, and don't sit under a dryer." Next day, I walked away from a hairdresser's wet—but happy.

Then the Big Day came when the glasses were prescribed, and then the Bigger Day when I could call for them

Pridefully yours...

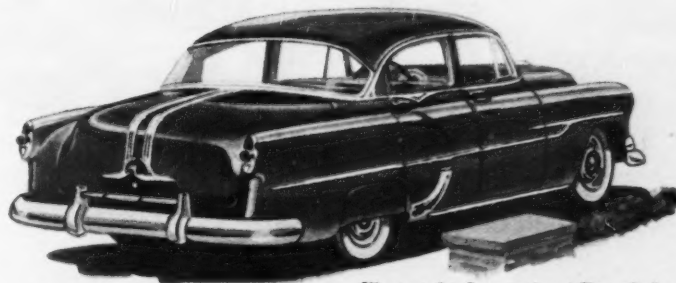


Pontiac
"Laurentian"



Illustrated — Laurentian Sport Coupe

Tops in Everything but Price!



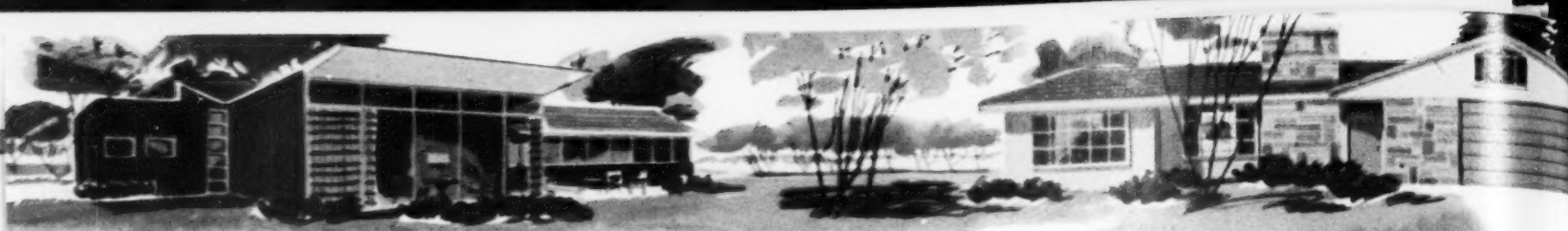
Illustrated — Laurentian 4-Door Sedan

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A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



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The Cyclamatic Frigidaire with the NEW IDEAS was made for today's new, exciting way of living

It's a true food freezer plus a roomy refrigerator—with a new kind of automatic defrosting

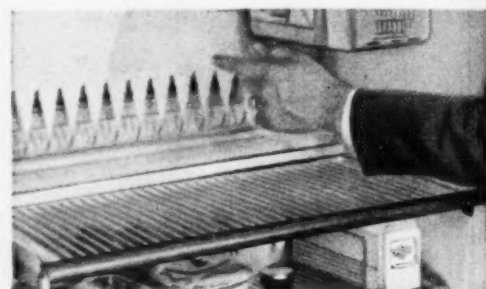
Seldom has a new idea caught on so fast as "Cyclamatic." All across Canada housewives have discovered that Cyclamatic—offered only by Frigidaire—means a brand new kind of food-keeper. As different from the ordinary household refrigerator as that appliance differs from the old-fashioned ice-box.

The Cyclamatic Frigidaire is a true food freezer plus a big refrigerator. With a new kind of automatic Levelcold. With an exclusive Refrig-o-plate that keeps proper temperatures within the refrigerator and defrosts automatically. Really, you've never before seen so many modern food-keeping ideas as you'll see in this years-ahead Frigidaire—now in two new Cyclamatic Models, both powered by the famous Meter-Miser.



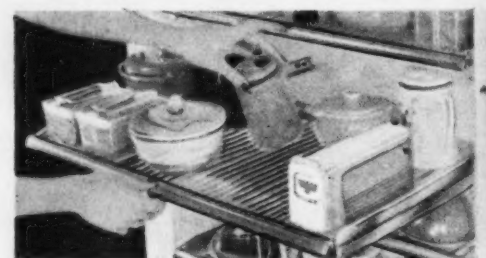
New ideas in a food freezer! Now you can store almost 50 pounds of frozen foods in this completely separate, heavily insulated food freezer compartment with its own refrigerating system. Food keeps for months

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Cyclamatic model DS-106

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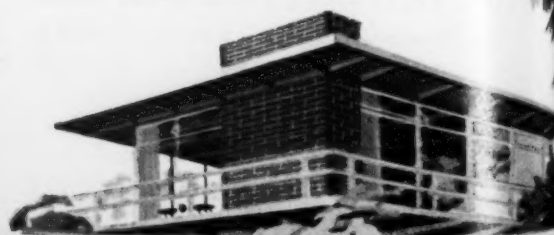


Here is your food freezer

Here is your refrigerator

Cyclamatic Frigidaire

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at the optician's. This would be the proof of the pudding. Would I really be able to see? Or was all this the bunk?

Guided by the unoperated eye, which was still able to get me places, I went to the optician's alone.

There I obediently leaned across the table, eyes closed, while he fitted the glasses carefully. Then I heard him say, "Now."

I opened my eyes.

I thought I was prepared, but nothing can prepare you. The doctor had said "What you see will be distorted at first. Everything will be very bright and close. You won't be able to judge distances. But you'll get used to it. It's all in the mind."

I had listened, sceptically, but in the face of what burst upon my astonished eyes, I thought, *I'll never get used to this!*

At first it was all a jumble of bright colors, too close, too bright. Then I realized vaguely that the optician was holding one of those double cards containing samples of printing.

I looked, concentrating on one of the samples. My heart sank horribly. I thought, *All this has been in vain! All this time, and money!*

Because—while the characters were clear enough—they had a strange shape and made no sense!

I felt like fainting. As if from a long distance, I heard the optician say gently, "Try this side." And the print moved, and changed. This print, though much smaller, I could read! Relief flooded back.

"Oh," he explained when I pointed dumbly to the first sample, "Oh, I'm sorry. What you were looking at was a sample of Yiddish."

Jumbled World

My reason saved, I looked around. I felt like Alice-in-Wonderland. Nothing was normal. Vertical lines careened away crazily. Countertops sloped, and you wondered why the objects on them did not slide off. It was wonderful, exhilarating—but frightening.

Then I noticed something near my right hand. Was it a face, the lower part of a face? That was a mouth, wasn't it—a bright clown mouth on which someone had put lipstick very badly? The skin around the mouth (if it was skin) had holes in it as big as manholes, lines like abandoned river beds.

Suddenly I knew. That was my own face! Have you ever looked into one of those magnifying mirrors? This was like that, only the image magnified many more times. "Good grief!" I gasped, "do you mean to say that's what I've been looking like all along and didn't know it?"

"Everyone," the optician said comfortably, "makes some such remark at first."

Again I felt deep relief. Now I looked over to the door and had another shock. I had come in on a level floor (I thought) but now the doorsill seemed several feet higher, and the floor sloped up to it. Would I be able to climb up that hill?

My eyes traveled up. The walls started normally and then bent. What should have been a horizontal line where wall met ceiling dipped in the centre like a sail heavy with wind. It was all most confusing.

When I left the optician's I couldn't resist the lure of a small movie theatre across the street.

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IN YOUR BATHROOM



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But the screen jumped at me, enveloped me, as I entered. When one of the characters, a moment later, took out a gun and shot his companion—I thought I was the one shot, and I fled.

How I got home I'll never know. Doorknobs and walls sprang away from my touch, things were always farther away than I'd estimated. Steps looked all on the same level.

Life Starts Over

At last I walked into my own living room. Safe home! But what a small room it had become! The curtains at the far end—I put out my hand to touch them, but they weren't there. I walked twenty feet before I came to them. It was incredible. My husband looked wildly improbable as he walked toward me, smiling, anxious, but his kiss felt all right.

It felt fine.

That night I read again—almost a full column of print—and I wrote a poem, a Stein Song which began "Drink a highball, To the Eycball!" Bad poetry, but delicious with joy.

That's all. What I'm trying to say is that today I see better than I have for years. Life, for me, is starting over. I say, "Jack, pick up that pin on the carpet over there, will you?" and he looks at me in amazement. He hasn't seen any pin.

The distortion has passed. True, the world still looks a little bright and new, but that's all right with me. Doorknobs no longer spring away from my hand; now a straight line bends only a little.

During the year between the first and second operations I suffered one inconvenience. An operated and an unoperated eye do not synchronize. They don't see in the same way, and the result is some confusion. For that reason, my unoperated eye had to have its sight blocked off, so far as possible.

That confusion has passed. With both eyes finished, they see now in unison.

From now on, the picture is good but not ideal. In two respects my eyesight will always be less than perfect. In the first place, my eyes no longer have the muscular control to switch from a near to a far object and back. A separate glass must be provided for each range of distance. This will mean having several pairs of glasses, or at least two pairs of bifocals, one for near and far, and one for the intermediate distances.

The other respect is that my side vision, my radius of vision, will never again be as great. Always I will have to turn my head a bit oftener to see what I want to see (unless I am wearing those contact lenses). Always I shall approach stairs with a certain caution. Differences in level will not be easily detected.

Not ideal, perhaps, but think of the alternative. Remember, once you have cataracts, you are given two choices only: to operate, and see again—or not to operate and in time never see at all. To my mind there is no choice—even if I could have "gone along," as the doctor said, for a few more years.

I have a good many projects in mind. After I've written a few more novels, I want to try my hand at a play. And after that I'm going to be a carpenter, a lady carpenter. And I'll resume my interest in birds—and then, of course, I've always known I'd go back some day to painting.

But just for now it's enough to know that I can read again—"indefinitely!"

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Kem-Tone

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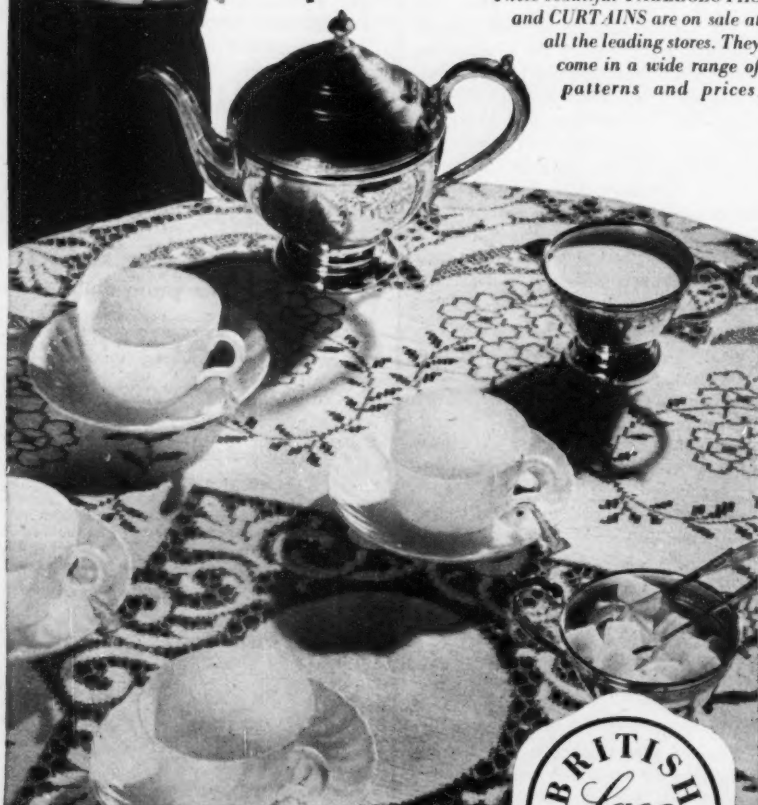
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GARDENING



GROW AN ALL-BLUE GARDEN

*You can keep your entire garden blooming all season
with nothing but beautiful blue flowers*

BY HELEN O'REILLY

THERE ARE THREE Pacific hybrid delphiniums in particular that never fail to stop the garden-minded in their tracks and then, as soon as they get their breath, to evoke the inevitable comment, "Such a glorious color—and there are so few *really* blue flowers!" The delphiniums in question are Blue Jay, Blue Bird, and Summer Skies and I have it on the authority of my artist neighbor, Fred Brigden, that these flowers are actually a true, simon-pure, blue.

Now the Irish, as you know, would rather argue than eat. No sooner did I realize that this opinion as to the dearth of blue flowers was well-nigh universal than I began to point out, note down, and talk back about, the variety and innumerable (I was beginning to stammer by then) of blue, blue flowers. And in no time at all I arrived at the

unshakeable conviction that an entire garden could be kept abloom all season with nothing but beautiful blue flowers.

Beauty, they say, is in the eye of the beholder and I believe the same might be said of the color blue. The seed catalogues, in the best possible faith announce an aster as blue that to my tired old eyes is either mauve or purple and, after all, what care I how blue it be if it be not blue to me? If I were going to have an entirely blue garden—a cool green and blue enchantment—or if I simply wanted to be certain of a blue accent in my borders all season long, I swear I could have it without relapsing into purple or mauve (shades that delight me, I may say, when my Irish is not roused).

My blue garden would begin at the first breath of spring with great clumps

of Glory-of-the-Snow (*chionodoxa*), deep blue stars with white centres, and before these early miracles had faded my drifts of scillas would "bring the April sky right down from heaven." Then my pulmonaria would come into bloom and, although its buds would be a warm pink (*pulmonaria saccharata*), the full-blown clusters of bell-like flowers would be gentian blue. Next to flower would be Virginia bluebells (*mertensia virginica*), as true and lovely a blue as ever was. Along my borders and around the garden trees would be masses of grape hyacinths (*muscaria*) in a blue that is not the artist's utterly pure color but a soft and lovely shade none the less.

All this is just to whet your appetite, for now in April money cannot buy these blue beauties. As Stephen Leacock once remarked, "The difficulty about gardening is that with so many things you have to begin the year before last." *Chionodoxas*, *scillas*, and *muscaria* are small bulbs that must be planted in the fall and *pulmonaria* and *mertensia* are plants grown from seed and must be sown the summer before they bloom or moved in the autumn. So I suggest you look out for these blues in other people's spring gardens so as to decide whether or not you yearn for them next year.

Fortunately, however, you can start right now amassing the flowers that will fill your garden with glorious blue from now until the killing frost. Chinese blue violas, for instance, will bloom all through the spring and early summer and then, if you shear them back ruthlessly, they will flower again; forget-me-nots (*myosotis*) come in a marvelous shade called Blue Spire; flax (*linum perenne*) has sweet blue flowers that bloom afresh each day; and, if you are allowing yourself violet-blue, tussock (*campanula carpatica*) will flower all summer if you cut back the clumps after each blooming. All these can be transplanted now and so can your blue-garden iris—Blue Rhythm and Helen McGregor for instance are really blue—but of course you cannot be sure of flowers this year from iris moved during spring.

Now you are into high summer with the famous blue of delphiniums and these plants should be moved as soon as you can get the spade into the ground. For the back of the border there are the stately Pacific hybrids that must have lots of sun and lots of room to do their magnificent best and these will bloom again in the autumn if you cut them back after flowering; there are the familiar, reliable *Belladonna* delphiniums with their airy sprays of single blue florets; and for the lower levels of the border there are the hardy, free-flowering delphiniums *chinensis* or *grandiflorum* such as Blue Mirror which is an ineffable deep blue tone and Cambridge, the color of an August sky—both will flower all summer because you will not be able to resist cutting them for the house and that is just what will keep them blooming until frost.

Do you call cornflowers blue? I do and I plant the seeds of the dwarf bachelor's-buttons called Jubilee Gem. But there is a convolvulus that is infinitely bluer; it grows eight inches high and is called Royal Marine. There is as well that fabulous climber, the morning glory (*ipomoea*) called, so rightly, Heavenly Blue. Plant these two last as early as you dare even if you find

you have to cover them with hotcaps against the late frosts because once they start blooming they will be your pride and joy until the killing cold. Make two plantings of the cornflowers, sowing the seed over the same patch a month apart so that your second planting grows in the shade of the first flowering and you will have blue bachelor's-buttons until late October.

All these, and I have only scratched the surface. For the rock garden and the border edging there is deep, deep blue

lobelia, an annual you can move from a nursery now or grow from seed next March; there is phacelia (*campanulata*) or California bluebell in lovely gentian blue, an annual you can plant now from seed in the spot where it is to stay. *Anchusa* is another perfect blue, a perennial that used to be grudged its garden space because its flowers were too small to make a showing; but now there is a new *anchusa* called Feltham's Pride with large flowers, infinitely blue, that make it worth any space you can

spare. There is borage, the herb with the clear blue flowers whose stalks will lace a salad with a delicate flavor rather like cucumber, and there are the gentiana, the perennials that bloom only in cool weather and whose very name means blue. And now there are blue perennial poppies and blue salvia but these I cannot vouch for as I have not seen them.

I could go on like this until I'm blue in the face—have I made my point? +



They'll toot your praises over this yummy Tutti-Frutti Cake

a new, sumptuous
creation by MAGIC

This sumptuous fruity cake is meant to see you over a week-end—but don't count on it! Such a magical blend of flavors—such a dream of an icing—will keep you cutting and cutting! And every slice will add a fresh note of praise for your baking skill . . . *you made it yourself!*

For baking you're proud to serve, you can depend on time-tried Magic Baking Powder. Magic protects your investment in time and ingredients and ensures success—all for less than 1¢ per average baking. Be sure you have Magic on hand.

TUTTI-FRUTTI RING LOAF CAKE

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| 2 cups once-sifted pastry flour or 1 1/4 cups once-sifted all-purpose flour | 2 tbsps. finely-cut preserved or candied ginger | 1 tsp. grated orange rind |
| 2 1/2 tbsps. Magic Baking Powder | 1/4 cup finely-chopped filberts | 1/2 cup sieved well-drained sweetened canned peaches |
| 1/2 tsp. salt | 9 tbsps. butter or margarine | 2 tbsps. milk |
| 1/4 cup well-drained finely-cut mixture of red and green maraschino or candied cherries | 1 cup fine granulated sugar | 1/2 tsp. vanilla |
| | 3 eggs, well beaten | 1/8 tsp. almond extract |

Grease an 8-inch tube pan and line bottom with greased paper. Preheat oven to 325° (rather slow). Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together three times; mix in prepared cherries, ginger and filberts. Cream butter or margarine; gradually blend in sugar. Add well-beaten eggs part at a time, beating well after each addition; mix in orange rind. Combine sieved peaches, milk, vanilla and almond extract. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of peach mixture and combining lightly after each addition. Turn into prepared pan. Bake in preheated oven 65 to 70 minutes. Cover cold cake with the following Creamy Peach Icing and decorate top with orange sections, drained halved green maraschino cherries and whole filberts.

CREAMY PEACH ICING: Cream 3 tbsps. butter or margarine. Work in 2 cups sifted icing sugar alternately with about 3 tbsps. sieved well-drained sweetened canned peaches—use just enough peach to make an icing of spreading consistency; beat in 1/4 tsp. almond extract.



Don't be a die-hard



Are you always the last girl in your set to take up a new idea? For instance, when it comes to sanitary protection, are you still wedded

to that belt-and-pin routine every month? Switch to Tampax which is worn internally. No odor. No chafing. No bulky pads to dispose of. . . . Think these things over and next time you buy sanitary protection ask for Tampax at your regular drug or notion counter. You'll say it's wonderful! Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ontario.

Don't be a timid soul



Please lady, listen! Don't hold back from Tampax just because it's different from the familiar kind of monthly protection you have

hitherto used. Tampax is doctor-invented for internal absorption and it is many, many times smaller than the external kind. You cannot even feel it while wearing. No pins; no belts; no odor! Wear it in tub or shower. Millions of girls and women use it. Why think you are any different? Sold at drug and notion counters. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ontario.

Don't be a know-it-all



Don't trust to hearsay when considering Tampax for monthly sanitary protection. Test it yourself. Note the small, neat form —

easily disposable. Note the slender white applicator for easy insertion. Note the great absorption. . . . Note the pure surgical cotton firmly stitched for security. When in place Tampax is conforming in shape so you cannot even feel it. . . . Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies. Month's supply goes in purse. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ontario.

HOW TO TELL LOVE

Continued from page 9

But, how to tell? Daisy petals have a small but devoted following; swamis do something messy with egg whites. To help you decide, I consulted ministers, marriage counselors and personnel managers—all of them deeply interested in this question.

The main fact they agree on is that the feeling which bursts into full flower with the first Spring sun is *luv-luv*—and it's fun, if taken as directed. But like a flooded cellar masquerading as the Tunnel of Love, it isn't *life*, baby—not by a long city block.

According to *luv's* slick philosophy, boy meets girl—wham!—boy gets girl—wow!—and the church aisle guides them down a path to paradise. This claptrap gets in its deadly licks through novels and the pulps, on radio and TV, in ads and in glorious technicolor on every movie screen. Take a ride in the country and it's blazoned on billboards; wander into a restaurant and the juke box is willing, at a nickel a platter, to serve up *luv* as that ol' feeling, black magic, a bushel 'n a peck or midnight ecstasy.

Do we fall for this pitch? Do we honestly believe love and marriage are made of moonlight and roses—that you can spot a life mate across a crowded room? Does Monday follow Sunday? According to Margaret Mead, the anthropologist, the answer is yes. She sees youth rushing into marriage on the strength of "the myth-laden aura of romantic love." And Rabbi Abraham Feinberg of Holy Blossom Temple in Toronto says, "Too many people try to enter the most important relationship in the world because of a romantic hunch based on a moonlit night."

What we must strive for, according to the experts, is *love*—the sort with the old-fashioned spelling. But to find it, you will have to pick a trail through a lot of foggy, foggy dew.

Love At First Sight

Let's begin with the fantasy that claims love is a sudden flash which causes your head to spin and all the clocks to strike the hour when you set eyes on Lochinvar from out of the west. According to this belief, you rush into each other's arms with nary a thought for obstacles, and spend the rest of your lives in a soft pink haze. Gently but firmly, Dr. J. D. Parks, a director of the Canadian Mental Health Association, says, "There isn't any such thing as heaven-made marriage."

Love at first sight is like playing blind man's buff, with the blindfold double-thickness.

The authorities sum it up this way; if he looks like your prince, fine and dandy—have your spring fling. But just remember, Cinderella, the coach turns into a pumpkin at midnight. So don't marry the man. Three months after the wedding, you're liable to find with a shock you don't even like each other. And while love is important in marriage, liking is indispensable.

"Blind puppy-love may make for happy engagements, but rarely for successful marriages," is the view of Judge Joseph Sabbath, who has heard 100,000 divorce cases in his 42 years in Chicago's Superior Court.

The second piece of nonsense you can

discard is the myth of the Great Hate, a favorite of Those People in Hollywood. Under this chemical - attraction - in reverse, boy meets girl, boy hates girl and girl hates back (the reason is never very clear), and then, ah then, they *luv*, as the music swells up to a finish.

The only place you'll ever see this work out happily is from a loge seat. Never consider a Kilkenny cat-fight a sign from the gods that you were made for each other—and don't expect a flutter of wings and a wham of arrows.

Waste no time feeling sorry for the beaus you leave behind. They don't suicide from high buildings; they marry

someone else. Because, of course, there is always someone else. That brings us to the third piece of flummery, the theory of the One and Only, so dear to the heart of songwriters. According to this one, you stay right where you are, honey chile, for nature in her wisdom has thoughtfully provided a custom-tailored male for each deserving female—and heaven knows, you're deserving. Truth is, you might marry any one of a hundred men and be happy. But the romantic notion is kept alive as each couple recalls every detail of their meeting, marveling at the hand of providence so evidently at work. We don't carry on in this foolish fashion when we choose a dog or a dentist. But when it comes to romance, the fog rolls in, and you're flying blind.

Why do we persist in choosing a life partner with our brains turned off? Well, as one marriage counselor put it, "Children are teething on fairy tales. Then they pass on to movies and novels. They become convinced that a man who is handsome and a woman who is beautiful are made for each other, and it doesn't matter if they haven't anything in common."

If we rid ourselves of these time honored legends, what guideposts are left? We should exchange our illusions for a little wisdom, tolerance and humor. With these qualities, assess yourself, your emotion and your man.

Seek to understand him, see his essential character. This cannot come in a sort of table-of-contents acquaintance . . . it takes steady, faithful courtship. (Remember, we've left the hot-blooded haymakers, the thrills and chills behind.) Don't rush into marriage; for ever and ever means till you are wrinkled, old and grey, Nelly. You have but one life to live—and people are living longer all the time.

See each other under home conditions. The girl who meets a date at the door with her hat on hasn't heard the old lady's remark, "Marriage ain't no party dress. You have to wear it morning, noon and night." Ask him in to meet the family, and display your skill with a skillet. You aren't qualifying as Gold Medal Dance Champion; you want to cook him a thousand meals a year, burp the baby and toast his slippers on the hob.

True love accepts the loved one as he really is, so drop your crafty scheme of altering your beau. Marriage is no reformatory. You should share likes and dislikes in at least a number of things, so your own interests will find sympathy. Yet retain your individuality, for who wants a carbon copy? What sort of friends does he like—and you?

His Parents Are Important

You don't marry a man; you marry his social position, his income level and his ambition. You wed his standards and ideals, his taste and family tree. His parents are important; study them. Happy marriages, like soft teeth, tend to run in families.

Take stock of yourself. Have you matured sufficiently to choose a life partner? Are you turning to marriage as a cure-all for troubles you can't face? No woman is ready for life with somebody else until she has learned to live with herself. We don't marry to become happy, but to be happier.

It should come as no surprise that

A HEART CHART



To be taken with a spoonful of discretion and a dash of wit.

Tick each YES answer and score 5.

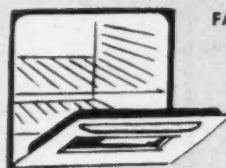
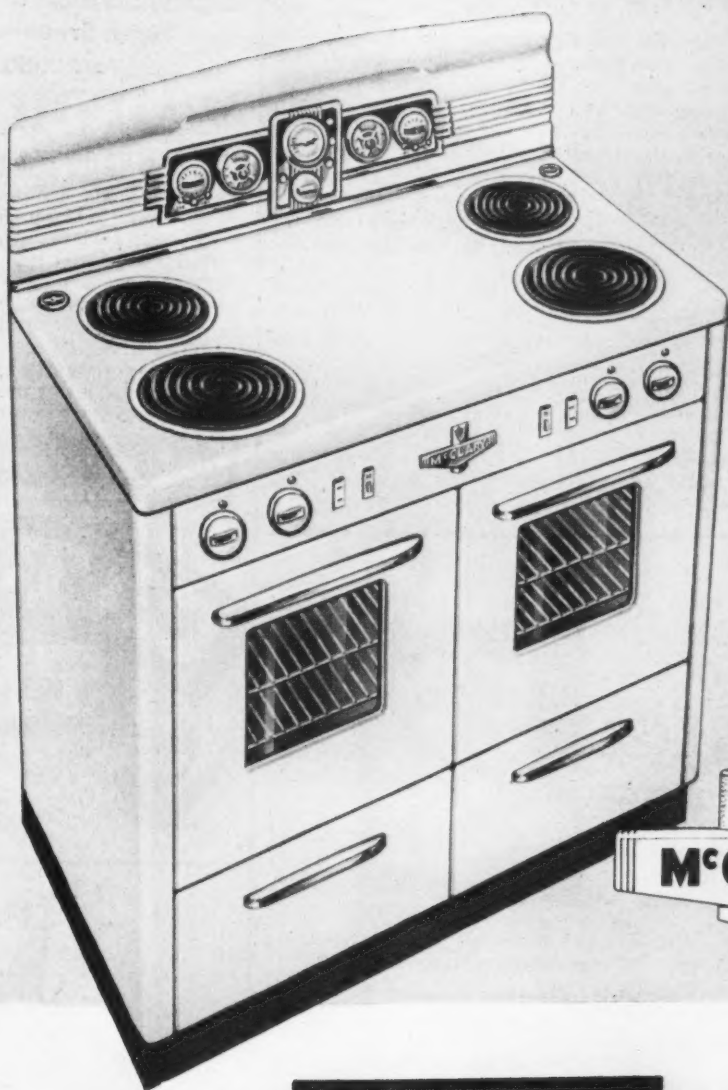
1. Are you both in good health? . . . ☐
2. Are you both interested in what's going on in the world? . . . ☐
3. Is he warmhearted and affectionate? . . . ☐
4. Does he keep his word? . . . ☐
5. Are your ages within three years of each other? . . . ☐
6. Do you both have about the same educational background? . . . ☐
7. Are his religious beliefs or disbeliefs the same as yours? . . . ☐
8. Can you spend a quiet evening at home together? . . . ☐
9. Is he reasonably sure of keeping or bettering his job? . . . ☐
10. Is he well groomed? . . . ☐
11. Have you dated for six months or longer? . . . ☐
12. Has your dating been fairly free from quarrels? . . . ☐
13. Does he find satisfaction in his work? . . . ☐
14. Does he possess a sense of humor? . . . ☐
15. Have you both had experience in handling your own paychecks? . . . ☐
16. Are you interested in homemaking? . . . ☐
17. Do you both desire children? . . . ☐
18. Do both sets of parents approve your marriage? . . . ☐
19. Do you enjoy introducing him to your friends? . . . ☐
20. Does he have a pleasant personality, an amiable manner? . . . ☐

Total . . .

If you have a perfect score of 100—don't marry him, preserve him under glass! Score of 60 up could mean a marriage built on solid rock. Score between 50 and 60—think it over before signing yourself on as life mate. Score below 50—a strategic withdrawal may be in order.

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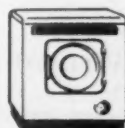
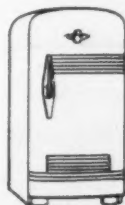
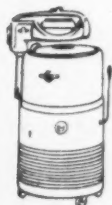
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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

some girls marry to get their teeth fixed others to leave town and still more, because the other girls at the office have their diamonds. Remember that when the office mob has faded into the mists of memory, you'll still be rocking on his hearth, searching his socks for holes to mend.

Is it love? Well, try these questions on for size: "Is he the father I choose for my children?"; "Do I need him, not as an escort or a meal ticket, but as a man?" You will change through the years. So will he. Some of the adventure of a good marriage comes in changing together.

Marriage is a sharing of ideas, life-experience and bureau drawers. Marriage is dynamic, requiring continuous adjustment and compromise. Marriage is sometimes dull; only a great love gives you the strength to face one another across the morning coffee pot for forty years.

Will He Make a Good Father?

The happiness of your future children is involved in your choice of a husband. Marriage is a fellowship in which a man and woman create a home in which to raise sons and daughters to maturity, and to live out their lives after children have grown. In this pattern, you will be the heart; is this man your choice as director and guide, capable of filling his role of decisive husband and father?

Marriage is worth work, faith, selflessness. Such a relationship, if it is to be rich and to endure, cannot be based on infatuation, on mere sexual attraction.

To Have and to Hold

There is a readymade yardstick to measure your love. It is the marriage covenant used in the church of your faith. Read it. Forget the orange blossoms and candleglow, and concentrate on the profound implications of the solemn vow:

"Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony. Wilt thou cherish him, love, honor, and keep him in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?"

"I will."

"I . . . take thee . . . to my wedded husband to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance, and thereto I plight thee my troth."

Is your feeling for him such love as this, winged with high purpose? If you're still not sure, there is one final, foolproof way to tell love from spring-time. Wait till fall. +



Last month: Chatelaine readers delightedly acclaimed the full color portrait of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II.

Next month: Chatelaine presents a companion portrait of

H.R.H. DUKE OF EDINBURGH

in full color — suitable for framing, along with another exclusive chronicle of our royal family by Hector Bolitho:

THE QUEEN'S CONSORT

Chatelaine for May

and don't miss

CHATELAINE'S SOUVENIR CORONATION ISSUE

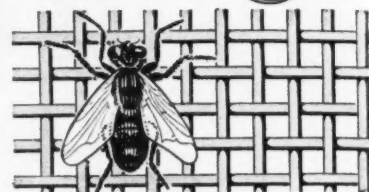
A warm and colorful salute to our Queen at the great moment of her crowning — special pictures, special articles, special fiction. An issue you will enjoy — and save to enjoy again —

Chatelaine for June

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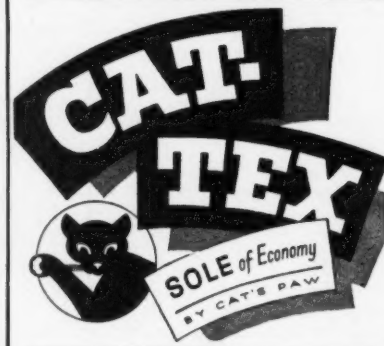
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CHATELAINE — APRIL, 1953

THE QUEEN LOOKS WEST

Continued from page 11

and a note from his hostess telling him that the roses were "for Sunday, and in memory of England."

It is important to trace this theme if we are to comprehend the development of the mind and interests of Queen Elizabeth II. When she was born, the family ties with Europe had been severed. At Windsor—where the ancient walls could whisper tales of the visits of Czars and Emperors—the visitors she met as a child were mostly from the Dominions. In the park where she played was an immense tree stump on which she liked to climb. It was one of many, left from trees cut down by Canadian lumbermen during the 1914-1918 war. By the time of her childhood, the living figures of the new world had come to join the shades of the old. It was at Windsor that a nice little scene was enacted, when she was about five years old and brought in after luncheon to meet Mr. Casey, the Australian statesman. He whispered to her, "I have two little girls at home, but their socks are never as tidy as yours." The Princess whispered back, "Mine were pulled up by my nanny before I came in the door." She enjoyed also the stories told by her uncle, the Prince of Wales, when he came home from his great journeys, and with photographs of his ranch in Canada. Her parents also spoke—not of the charms of Sans Souci and Venice—but of their travels in East Africa, Canada, Australia and New Zealand.

Longest Journey Lies Ahead

So the Atlantic and the Pacific became the oceans that stirred the Princess' spreading imagination—not the Channel, nor the Mediterranean. And, in time, she began her own journeys—to South Africa, where she made her coming-of-age pledge to her father's people; and then, after her marriage, to Canada and the United States. And now she enjoys, as Queen, the prospect of her greatest adventure—the journey to Australia, New Zealand and Ceylon.

Most of us are aware of this education through travel; this realistic, sincere bond between the monarchy and the countries of the Commonwealth. But there is another immensely important change and development that is affecting the Queen's life and interests today. To describe this, I plead space in which to make a diversion.

Until the early part of this century, the "new" countries were still pre-occupied with their own young growth: economics and trade were most important to their lifeblood. They were concerned only with the practical, and their contribution to Britain was through trade in peacetime—and valiant service during war. Art and the adventures of the mind were secondary industries in countries where the earth had still to be subdued—where the call was for courage rather than contemplation. But, slowly, Britain and Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand came to share and exchange their intellectual life, the value of which can be proved with a remarkable list of episodes and names.

In the early years, this exchange of thought was not easy—for scientists or

statesmen. In the old days a colonial crisis passed while the ambassador's dispatch was en route to his monarch: now, a dozen problems can be decided between governments in the very hour that they arise. (We recall that Mr. Churchill was able to pick up his telephone and speak to Mr. Mackenzie King or Mr. Roosevelt, each in his capital, during the recent war.)

In science, also, the countries of the Commonwealth have been brought close together. We were reminded of this in

March, 1952, when the Prime Minister of Ceylon, Mr. Senanayake, was injured in a fall from his horse. There was a chance that he might be saved by an operation on his brain, so an urgent message was broadcast by Ceylon Radio with the hope of summoning Sir Hugh Cairns, the Australian surgeon, who was at his home in Oxford. The message was picked up by amateur radio operators and quickly flashed by the B.B.C. to the surgeon's home. A special telephone call was put through to

Colombo and Sir Hugh Cairns was able to give his advice and instructions, within an hour. To me, this is romantic—that an Australian surgeon, practicing in England, could, in a sense, transport his wisdom to Colombo within a matter of minutes. This episode gives full meaning to my phrase, *the sharing of talent and mind*.

These developments in the intellectual life of the Commonwealth have had a direct influence on the interests of the Queen. Her father's guests at Windsor

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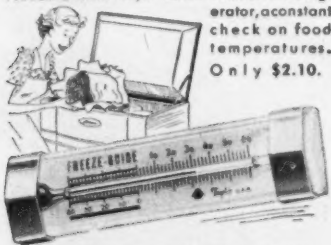
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and Balmoral included statesmen from the Commonwealth countries: as a child, she was used to the company of such men as Mr. Mackenzie King, Mr. Vincent Massey and General McNaughton. The same Commonwealth atmosphere will be maintained—indeed, it is being vastly increased—during the present reign. When the Duke of Edinburgh addresses meetings of scientists, they will no doubt include scholars like Sir Howard Florey, co-discoverer of penicillin, and Prof. M. L. E. Oliphant, the great authority on atomic energy—both Australians. When the Queen goes to Oxford, she will meet the Very Rev. John Lowe, Dean of Christ Church—a Canadian, born in Calgary in 1899. When the Duke attends meetings of the Council of the Duchy of Cornwall—instituted almost six hundred years ago—he sits beside Sir Edward Peacock, G.C.V.O., Receiver-General of the Order; a man of deep knowledge and lively judgment—also a Canadian, born in Glengarry County, Ont., in 1871. Thus these men of learning come to England—like springs of knowledge refreshing her ancient institutions. The Queen is aware of this changed pattern of English life: she has spoken of the "great congregation drawn from every part of the Commonwealth and Empire."

Canadians Entertain Her

In addition to the scholars, this "congregation" includes men of the stature of Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Garfield Weston, each of whom has made his different impress on the life of England today. There are also many musicians and dancers, who satisfy the Queen's liking for concerts and the theatre. When she goes to the ballet she sees such stars as Robert Help-

mann and Elaine Fifield, both Australians, and Alexander Grant, a New Zealander. From the B.B.C. she is able to listen—as respite from duty—to the wit of Bernard Braden, born in Vancouver, and now one of England's most popular comedians; or to the organ music of Sandy MacPherson, a native of Paris, Ont., and perhaps the best-loved of all the regular broadcasters who aim their art straight at the housewife in her kitchen.

Within the Court also, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh have increased the Commonwealth atmosphere in their latest appointments. The most recent change has been in the office of Deputy Constable and Lieutenant Governor of Windsor Castle. Lord Gowrie, who has occupied this post for the last eight years, is soon to retire: in his place will come Lord Freyberg, the New Zealand general who won the V.C. with the Anzacs at Gallipoli. Lieutenant-Commander Michael Parker, Equerry to the Duke of Edinburgh, is an Australian; and many of the other officials in daily contact with the Queen have served in the Commonwealth countries; among them Major Mark Millbank, Deputy Master of the Household, who was with Lord Alexander in Canada, and Viscount Althorp, Equerry to the Queen, who was A.D.C. to the Governor of South Australia in 1947. Nearest to the Queen is Sir Alan Lascelles, her Private Secretary, who also served King George VI for many years: from 1931 to 1935 Sir Alan was secretary to the Governor-General of Canada, and he has an intimate knowledge of many other countries of the Commonwealth.

We recall that the Lord Mayor of London, at the time of the Queen's accession, was an Australian, Sir Leslie

WHERE'S JUNIOR?



PHOTOGRAPH BY SARRA

Mabel Jones' jellies always go first!

Her name on the label tells you these home-made preserves were put up with care and presented with pride!

You have to get to the bazaar early to get a jar of Mabel Jones' grape jelly—and her rose geranium is out of this world.

Her fame as a jelly-maker goes back many years, to the time she won first prize at the fair. It has been growing ever since.

Mabel says, "I know folks count on my things to be extra good, so I just take a little extra care before I put my name on a glass of jelly."

Isn't that how any reputation is built?

The maker takes a little extra care before he puts his name on his product, and people recognize the difference and tell their friends. Soon his brand name becomes known as the symbol of a product proudly made, a product you can have confidence in.

You'll see many such fine brands in the pages of this magazine. Think of them when you shop, and name your brand—to better your brand of living.

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Boyce. A few sentences from a speech made by Sir Leslie contribute to the argument of my article. He said that when he first arrived in England, he had "no relations in the mother country and no letters of introduction." His financial assets "were limited to a small but favorable balance" in his military pay-book. Then he said, "I mention this to show that under our democratic British way of life the gateway is open sufficiently wide to enable a very ordinary young man, some twelve thousand miles from London, to find his way to the Mansion House in his own right."

I do not wish to present a smug, sentimental, "haven't - we - got - a - wonderful-family" argument over this relationship between the monarchy and the Commonwealth. By birth, I am a New Zealander: my instincts therefore spring from the new earth, not the old; and my emotions as a monarchist are based on the fact that Queen Elizabeth is, by the free will of my countrymen, Sovereign of New Zealand.

A Distant Symbol

It was not always so. As a child in New Zealand, I called England "Home." Even into the reign of George V I remember my mother referring to May 24th as "The Queen's birthday." I was a monarchist then, because I was a romanticist, and because I had been taught to reverence England without question. My King was a distant symbol; somewhat mingled with divinity.

All this has changed during the fifty years of my life. Canadians, South Africans, Australians and New Zealanders no longer have to travel to

England to see their monarch. Queen Elizabeth goes to them and she is, therefore, not a dim figure emerging from history, but a smiling reality. Also, her voice has been heard in almost every home in the Commonwealth. We accept this fact of science too easily, forgetting that it is also a miracle.

It is obvious from her promises that the Queen intends spending considerable time in visiting the countries of the Commonwealth. It must be remembered, therefore, that wherever she may be—in Ottawa, Pretoria, Canberra or Wellington—that city will be, in a sense, the headquarters of the monarchy during the time she is there. She has her example in this in the arrangements made during her father's tour of South Africa, when the royal train, speeding across the vast land, was equipped with offices and telephones. At every railway station where the train stopped on the way, it was possible for the King to speak to any of his Prime Ministers, in London or the Commonwealth. Similar arrangements will be made when the Queen makes her great journeys, in the tradition of her father.

I do not believe it is possible to make "foreigners" understand how valid and lively is this Commonwealth relationship with the Crown. I was in Karachi, the capital of Pakistan, when news came of the death of King George VI. Pakistan is only five years old as a country and as a member of the Commonwealth. It could not be expected that the Pakistanis would share, in the same measure, the emotions of the Britons, Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders living in Karachi at that time. We were drawn together, in grief, and

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the memorial service to the King in the cathedral in Karachi was one of the most deeply moving experiences of my life. We seemed isolated—on the fringe of the Sind Desert and within sight of the Arabian Sea—as we knelt during a service that was as austere and devout as a service in Westminster Abbey; as we rose from our English prayers and saw the branches of flame-tree flowers and the wheeling vultures beyond the tall, arched windows. After the service I sat with Mr. Kenneth Kirkwood, the Canadian High Commissioner, Mr. John Oldham, the Australian High Commissioner, and an American journalist. We talked of the cancellation of "Princess" Elizabeth's visit to the Antipodes. The American said, "It must be rather a blow, after all those arrangements—two royal tours canceled—the wasted organization and expense." The Australian High Commissioner was almost angry as he answered, "I know nothing about that. I only know that we have lost our King."

At that moment, Queen Elizabeth was already back in England. She had received the news of her loss and of her terrible responsibility in Kenya, and one of her first acts had been to send cables to the Prime Ministers of Ceylon, Australia and New Zealand, explaining that her tour would have to be "postponed." Since then, plans for the visit have been renewed, and we have been told that her next Christmas broadcast will be made from Auckland, New Zealand.

One is suddenly aware from all this

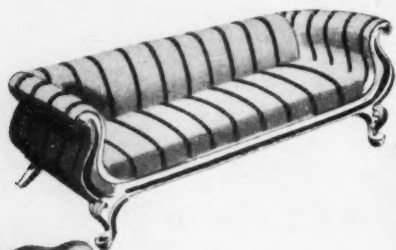
of the remarkable circumstance that the Queen's life is already closely related to the Commonwealth. She made her dedication, on coming of age, in Capetown, in 1947. After her marriage, she lived for many months in Malta, when the Duke of Edinburgh was stationed there. She made her first great journey, without the support of her parents, to Canada in 1951. She received the news of her accession in Kenya. The entire Commonwealth is truly her realm and her home. Canadians will remember her last words, broadcast from St. John's, Newfoundland—"Good-bye for a time and thank you"—and her reference to Canada as "a country which has become a second home."

It will be a romantic and important episode in the history of this relationship between the Crown and the Commonwealth when the Queen makes her Christmas broadcast from Auckland next December. The occasion will give fresh meaning to her first Christmas message, which she broadcast from Sandringham, when she said:

We belong, all of us, to the British Commonwealth and Empire, that immense union of nations, with their homes set in all the four corners of the earth. Like our own families, it can be a great power for good, a force which I believe can be of immeasurable benefit to all humanity.

My father, and my grandfather before him, worked all their lives to unite our peoples ever more closely... I shall strive to carry on their work. +

Next month another article in the exclusive Hector Bolitho series—"The Queen's Consort"

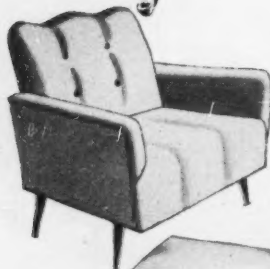


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NO WASTE IN THIS KITCHEN

The kitchen in the Sullivans' house on Dewhurst Blvd. in Toronto was old-fashioned with a high ceiling, dreary walls, and no cupboards except in the awkwardly placed pantry. Although there was a lot of space it wasn't used to advantage and the lack of cupboards caused countless unnecessary steps. A lively wallpaper, imaginative floor treatment and built-ins turned this kitchen calamity into what Mrs. Sullivan describes as a "real worksaver, most popular place in the house."



Before: Small window looked on porch. Cupboard space was nil.



High ceiling, solid color on walls made the room look cheerless.



After: Useless window was turned into a handy cupboard over the stove. Built-ins around sink provide lots of shelf space. The pantry became a closet where the four Sullivan children hang their outdoor wraps. A mirror and concealed light were placed over the sink.



The ceiling was lowered and a useless door removed. The walls were tiled halfway up, then papered in a spicy pattern of grey, terra cotta and green, lacquered to shed dirt. Floor space was broken with a mottled linoleum in the dining area, squares in the kitchen end.

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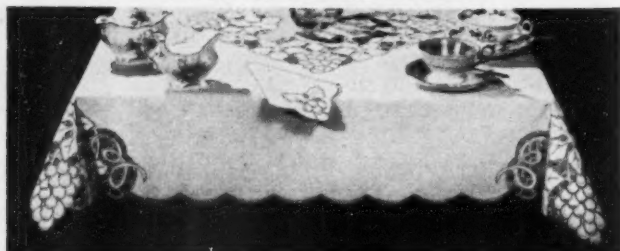
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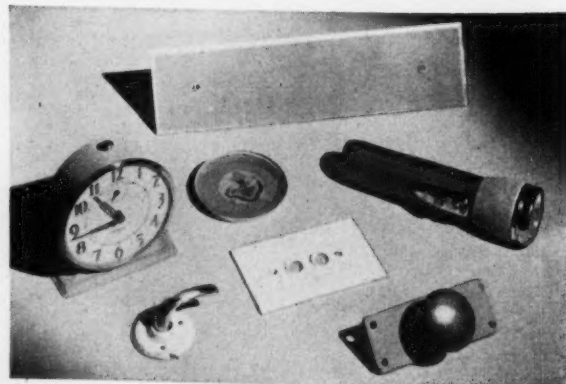
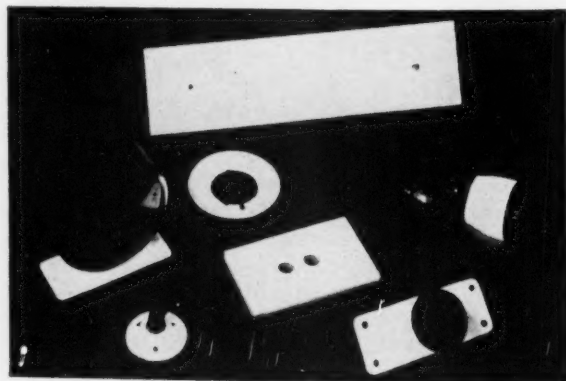
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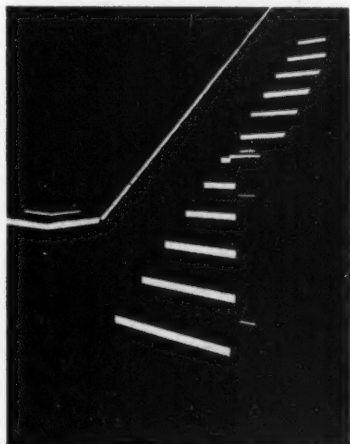
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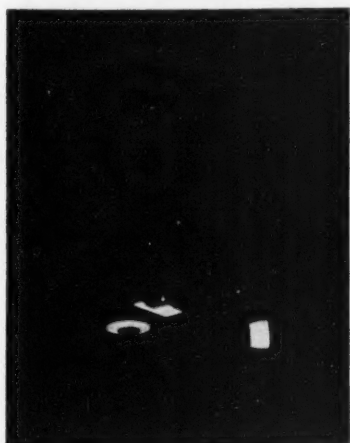
Luminous paint lights up night-time hazards around your home, saving you barked shins, or even a serious accident. A good choice of colors to blend in with your daytime decor is available at any department store. Our pictures show some spots to paint, but while you're at it, why not touch up the stones on the driveway, the back fender on the bicycle, the doorbell — well, you take over from here.



Articles, that look quite ordinary by day, light up in the dark, and save your time and temper. Luminous paint is quite easy to apply, but it takes a little longer to dry.



A light panel coated with luminous paint saves groping in the dark. Painted strips along the banister, tops of steps, newel post, prevent stubbed toes. These stairs can be mounted just as easily in the dark as in the daytime.



The articles on your bedside table will be less likely to get knocked over in the night if they wear a coat of luminous paint. You might even give your telephone, cigarette lighter, ashtray and soles of your slippers the treatment.



The Shadow of the Duke of Windsor



Seldom spoken about, seldom seen at home, the man who gave up a throne for the love of a woman will always be remembered as the restless Prince Charming of Wales. In April 1 Maclean's, read of the strange spell he still casts over the House of Windsor.

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Thousands of children are getting a substandard education. Everywhere parents and teachers are meeting to ask where are the funds that can halt this national emergency. Sidney Katz, Maclean's specialist in social problems, reveals the story every parent should know.

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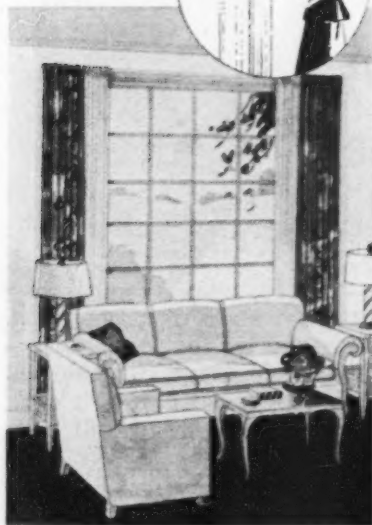
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YOUNG PARENTS

LET'S PLAY WITH PASTRY

BY BERTHA SALIS

Here's a good idea to keep your small fry amused on rainy days

"YOU CAN EASILY DO IT," parents tell the nursery school teacher, "because it is part of your organized program. You have just your children to watch. But with all my housework I can't take time out to supervise their play." Well, maybe... I have worked in nursery schools; they have their advantages, perhaps, but there are many play materials that can be just as successfully used in the home with little extra effort. Here is an inexpensive and entertaining item that I have found to be a lasting favorite with small children.

Mud pies never fail to intrigue children, to the regret of all mothers. Why not give them some real pastry dough just like mother's? This will not only keep them clean and out of mischief but constructively busy and absorbed for many a happy hour. They can sit down to this at any washable surface in the kitchen, den or porch where you can keep an eye on them while doing your housework.

The recipe for the play pastry we use is as follows:

- | | |
|------------------------|---|
| 1 cup flour | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lard
(4 tbsps.) |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup salt | Cold water
(approx. $\frac{1}{4}$ cup) |

Mix in the same manner as plain pie pastry.

This is a suitable portion for one child and the recipe can be increased according to the number of children. I generally divide it into two or three parts, adding a different color to each. For coloring use any food color you have in the house, making whatever tint desired. Colored pastry has more appeal than plain white and it will not become discolored as quickly from much use by grubby little hands.

Empty Jars For Rolling Pins

Mold the individual portions into small balls or flat discs and store in a wide-mouthed glass jar with a tight cover. Place wax paper between the different colored parts. Like all pastry it is best kept cold, in the icebox, if you have room. If your children have no toy rolling-pins the different colored portions can be put into small individual jars (emptied peanut butter, pickle or marmalade jars) that can be used as rolling pins when they take the pastry out to play. Stored in this way it can be brought out for use at any convenient moment when the children ask for it. When they've finished playing, roll it up and put it away again.

This mixture will keep indefinitely, depending of course on the amount of use and abuse. Proper storing is impor-

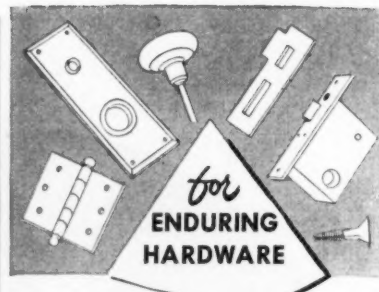
tant. The average life of a batch around our house is three or four weeks when it's in constant use. It is soft, clean and malleable and will not stick to the hands or table. When the pastry becomes somewhat dry, because children will break it up considerably, it can easily be made pliable again by just wetting the hands and kneading a little moisture into it. Children like it every bit as well as plasticine. Pre-school youngsters seem to prefer it to plasticine because it has a softer texture and is more workable. Besides, it is decidedly less expensive.

Colored pastry of this kind meets the requirements of creative materials that nursery schools stress. Children are encouraged in learning the "feel" of materials. This is an ideal homemade modeling clay that can be molded into any shape they desire. It has not exactly the strength of real modeling clay but children's play creations are never permanent so that does not deter them. It is of no importance whether your children have any artistic aptitude, they'll still like working with it.

Jar Tops For Cookie Cutters

A little judicious adult guidance will help to sustain their interest, of course. If you bring out the pastry when you are doing your own baking, any pre-school child will be proud to imitate mother in some corner of the kitchen. Most children have some toy dishes—there are so many varieties available nowadays—but if not, any suitable tops from empty jars and bottles can be used as cookie cutters and baking pans. The jars can serve as rolling-pins as mentioned before. Rolling-pins are an essential for pastry play and it is not necessary to buy complete pastry sets to get them. Any smooth, round wood of suitable size, such as old broom handles or what-have-you, can be sawed into required lengths and the ends cut down for handles. Leave it to the children, they are usually ingenious at solving such needs. We have a set of small table and chairs in a corner of our kitchen where the two youngest eat and it's their favorite play table. But I have seen wooden crates, placed together with open ends outward and covered with plastic cloth, serve the same purpose.

On rainy or wintry days there are often a few neighboring playmates collected in our porch, and while I'm doing the week's darning or mending I sometimes give them the dough. I may start them on some simple item that hit their fancy that day, a shopping basket, a puppy dog, a house or a



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flower, making the odd model, but they soon have ideas of their own. A few accessories like bright buttons, shells, pipe cleaners, bits of lace, toothpicks, or other small white elephants always heighten the interest of your modeling class.

A Little at a Time

As with all other toys, if you want to maintain a lasting interest over a period of time, don't overwhelm the kiddies by placing all this before them at once. Children can only absorb one item at a time and if given a whole array of things at once they'll only be distracted from one to the other. Not knowing which to do first, they quickly tire of it all. They'd be exuberant of course, but it doesn't last. You'd be continually answering questions, hovering over them to show them how to use this and that. "Mummy, what's this?" and "What can I make with this?" With a larger group there are usually some who will grab possessively and play quickly becomes a division of the spoils.

One color at a time, if you have enough of it, is the best method, each child with a fair portion. If two colors are used they can take turns with the different colors if they wish. Only older children of school age are capable of using varied colors at once without mixing them. After playing with one color for several days or even a week, it will be something new if you bring out another color. Periods of playing house with baking can be varied with periods of modeling, as the children choose. By reservedly producing new accessories for different modeling periods this can be carried a long way. Once the children are acquainted with all these variations they will choose and vary them of their own accord. And of course any child will take a greater interest in anything he chooses than if told "Now sit down and play with this and stop annoying me."

I would not want to give the impression that this is the only answer to a child's question, "Mummy, what shall I do?" It is merely one suggestion that can be used to add variety to children's play with little or no extra cost. For occasional periods it will keep them absorbed. +

Next month

WHAT TO DO AFTER THE DOCTOR LEAVES

How to make Johnny take his medicine and cope with those pleas of "What can I do now, Mummy?"

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YOU WERE ASKING

THE INSTITUTE . . .

about refrigerator problems, refreshing dried coconut and more ways to use raisins. Here are the answers of Chatelaine's home economists

My family likes raisins. Can you suggest ways to use them in everyday meals?

There are many quick ways to use raisins. Sprinkle a few on the bowl of hot breakfast cereal or on ready-prepared cereals. Top sliced oranges with raisins for breakfast or lunch. Raisins add interest to salads. Add them to shredded cabbage or grated carrots. Or toss a few with mixed greens in the salad bowl. Soaking raisins in fruit juice for an hour or so makes them extra juicy and plump for salads.

Raisins are good in sandwiches, too. Chop them and add to pineapple cream cheese as sandwich filling—or combine with orange marmalade or peanut butter.

Raisins heated in a brown sugar or nutmeg sauce for cottage puddings add interest and variety.

Is it possible to freshen shredded coconut that has dried out?

Yes, soak the coconut in lightly sweetened fresh milk, then drain before using.

We are using dried milk powder now and I am wondering if it should be kept in the refrigerator?

Powdered skim milk (packaged) will keep for several months on the cupboard shelf provided the temperature is not higher than 75 degrees F.

During hot weather put dry skim milk powder in tightly covered jar and store in the refrigerator.

Powdered whole milk which is purchased in vacuum-packed tins will keep for months in the unopened can. Once the can is opened it should be stored in the refrigerator and kept covered.

Fluid milk made from either the skim milk or whole milk powder needs to be kept cool and covered just like the ready purchased fluid milk. As soon as it is mixed pour it into clean jars, cover and place in refrigerator.

Does it matter whether pure vanilla extract or synthetic vanilla is used in baked goods, such as cakes, that are to be frozen?

Yes. The pure vanilla extract is preferable because frozen baked goods containing synthetic vanilla are more apt to develop off-flavor during freezer storage.

Is it safe to use fish that has been refrozen after it has been accidentally thawed?

Food that has been thawed and refrozen should be discarded unless you know very definitely that it has been thawed only a short time and that its odor and appearance are normal. The refreezing will not harm the food; the danger is that thawed frozen foods do not keep as well as the same type of fresh products. Be particularly careful when such perishable items as fish have thawed. +

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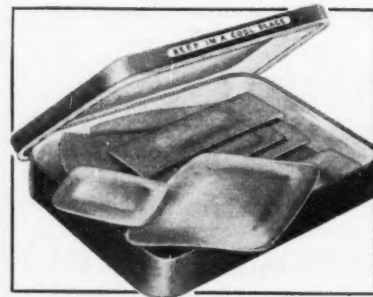
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YOUNG PARENTS



Mock tea-parties are fun — also teach good manners.



Make-believe and dressing-up for charades develop the young imagination and a sense of drama.

Don't let PUSHBUTTON PASTIMES stifle your child's mind

Junior's imagination jaded by comics and canned entertainment? The CBC's "Kindergarten Lady" prescribes liberal helpings of make-believe games and reading aloud

By Dorothy-Jane Goulding of CBC's Kindergarten of the Air



WALKING ALONG the street one Saturday afternoon I passed a line-up outside one of the larger movie houses. I noticed three people in the line—a mother, father, and a small child, whom I gathered from scraps of conversation was celebrating her sixth birthday with this treat, a trip to the movies. I glanced at the title of the film she was going to see. It was "The Snake Pit."

I couldn't help but remember my own sixth birthday. I had a party, and my guests and I played games, had supper with favors and a birthday cake. The climax came, however, after supper. Then we went downstairs to the room which had curtains at one end. Behind this stage,

great preparations had been made, and when the curtain rose, two of my three sisters and my mother presented a play for us. It was a simple play, about a king, a queen and a chamberlain, but to me and to my guests it was sheer enchantment. At the end, one of them asked me breathlessly, "Were those really your sisters?" And I was able to answer proudly, "Yes, except for one—she was my mother." What six-year-old could ask for more at a birthday party—her own mother, appearing in a false nose and whiskers! And yet, compared to the elaborate schemes many modern mothers think up for birthdays—movies, professional puppet shows, magicians, television—how simple it was, and how satisfying.

Too often, mothers and fathers care little or nothing for what their children see or listen to for amusement, and if parents themselves lack



Let children discover their own favorite music.

critical standards, is it any wonder that their children grow up without any, and quite content to be spoon-fed with anything served to them through movies, radio, and comic strips?

Children have wonderful imaginations, and an instinctive sense of what's good and bad, when they are quite small. But imagination soon dies if it has little to feed on. Some parents wait till their children are eight or ten, and then start them on a strenuous course of lessons in piano, dancing, elocution, and so on. They feel quite earnestly that they are doing their best. But what they fail to realize is that all the lessons in the world, begun at that age, cannot make up for a lack of background in literature and music. I do not say they should start formal training any younger: eight years old is plenty of time for most lessons to

Continued on next page

begin. But if you want your child to have any appreciation at all of books, good theatre, good music, you will have to provide the background yourself during his earliest years. If you wait till he goes to school, and hope he'll be "educated" there, you are doomed to disappointment. He spends five hours in school, while the rest of his day is up to you. He has to rely on you and his home to teach him most of his attitudes in life.

As for his critical sense, here again

he will imitate what he sees in his own home. Naturally, his judgments are not mature, and many of his opinions on what he sees and hears will not be worth much. But listen to what he has to say, and discuss your own views with him. Daddy is not an oracle to decide what is good and what is bad. After you have seen a moving picture together, there should be lots to find fault with, and lots to praise. If he hears you discuss things in a calm impersonal manner, he'll learn that half the fun of

seeing or hearing anything new is talking it over afterwards. I remember with what amazement I heard a grown-up family acquaintance describe myself at twelve as "always criticizing," as if that were something wrong. We invariably discussed everything we saw and heard in our family. I was the youngest, but my opinions were treated with as much consideration as my father's, provided I had arguments to back them with. No flat statements were allowed to go unchallenged: "I

thought it was terrible" was always answered with "Why?" even though we might all agree. What better way can a child learn to appreciate what is put before him? It takes time, of course, and patience, and you may have to revise some of your own attitudes toward criticism, but the time is well spent, if you want to develop intelligent attitudes in your children toward creative things.

I can hear the chorus rising now—"I don't know anything about music"; "I can't tell the difference between good and bad"; "I was never taught anything like that when I was a child, and it's too late now." It's not too late—it never is. If you know nothing about these things, find out. Consult libraries, talk to those friends whom you think do know something, read reviewers in your local newspaper, and above all, keep an open mind. Nothing is worse than someone who quotes all opinions second-hand. Because Mr. Anderson next door studied violin for twenty years, it does not follow that he knows everything there is to know about the concert last night. Listen to what he has to say, but hear what other people say too. Try to find out why he feels the way he does, and gradually you'll come to the point where you have a reasoned opinion you can express. Naturally, we can't all be experts in every field, but we can all learn. To do that, we have to listen, watch, and think. The next time you complain that David reads nothing but comic books, check back and remember when was the last time that David saw you reading a book, instead of the daily paper or a magazine. If Mary spends her time listening to soap operas or jazz, it may be time to ask yourself, "How often have I left the radio going all day, without listening carefully to anything that was coming from it?" David and Mary may just be following your example, which is the most potent educational force your children are exposed to.

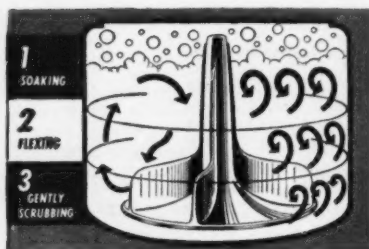
Learn Some Lullabies

Is there a pre-schooler in your home? While he is still too small to talk or run about, he is not too small to be shown the fun of words. Bounce him on your knee as you recite the old nursery rhymes — Ride - a - Cock - Horse, A Farmer Went Riding, and all the rest. You don't know any? Go to your public library and ask for a book of Mother Goose. Those books were written for people like you and me. Locate a book of lullabies and pick out the tunes on someone's piano till you know them, then try singing to your baby as you tuck him into bed. (It's quite correct to do that now, you know. The psychologists have decided that is what our generation missed!) What if you can't sing in tune—your baby won't mind, and most of the people who made up the tunes long ago couldn't sing either. When you buy records for the two-year-old, make sure they are good ones. You may not notice surface scratch and distortion, but your small child will, and you don't want him to get used to hearing third-rate sounds. If he does, he will accept them, and you have lost another battle toward his appreciation of things that are good. Likewise, be careful of the content of the recordings. Listen to them before you take them out of the store. Don't

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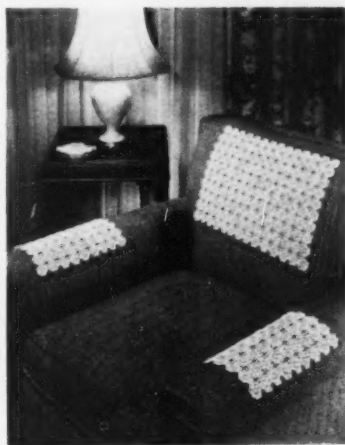
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accept them if they are cheapened by "cute" additions and embellishments. The best are the simplest, especially for the two- and three-year-olds.

When your toddler starts to walk, he will start imitating everything you do. He will sweep and dust, he will wear Daddy's hat and put on Grandpa's glasses. All children love to dress up, and encouragement can do no harm, provided you accept his play as a matter of course. But guard against interference. And guard particularly against making too much of these early attempts at dramatization. If Johnny was funny yesterday acting as Daddy paying the paper boy, that is all very well. Perhaps you laughed, and Johnny knew he was funny, and then did it again today. Now is the time to show some intelligence. Steer him off to something else, and forget about the first incident. But do not tell everyone in front of Johnny just how clever he was. Do not ask Johnny to repeat the incident with added stage directions of your own. Doing these things will turn Johnny into what you wish to avoid—an exhibitionist. His play is serious to him, and an important part of his development. When he is on his own, he is displaying a sign that says "Adults, keep out." Respect that notice and leave him alone.

As the child grows older, his imaginative play grows more complicated. Besides mimicking things around the house, he enters the world of fantasy, and here you will notice the direct influence of what you have provided in the way of a background.

Johnny starts to play cowboys and Indians. This is perfectly natural, provided he can play at something else as well. You began reciting nonsense rhymes to him before he could talk. Then, perhaps, you showed him books, read him simple stories, taught him how to turn the pages. Children love to be



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read to, they love to be told stories. But a child of five or six who has never been read to much is under a handicap he may never overcome. He has to learn how to listen, because he is beyond the stage where it comes naturally to him. Again, if he sees you reading, it will be quite natural for him to pick up a book at first, just to imitate you, but later on to look at the pictures and eventually to read to himself. I have heard so many parents complain that their children hate to read, and wonder why, when I know that not only do the parents themselves not read, they openly state they are "too busy" to read to their children, and no one in the family owns a library card. In such families, it is seldom that the daily paper is not read from front to back, including the comics and the advertisements, not to mention the

April 26 to May 2 is

NATIONAL
BABY WEEK

sports page and the society news. I am not condemning this practice; I am only saying that if we have time for the daily paper, we have time to read to our children. If Johnny continues to play cowboys and Indians to the exclusion of everything else till he is ten or twelve, you may be sure that his reading material is deficient. Of course he will read comics—all children go through that stage—but with your example and encouragement, he will read books too.

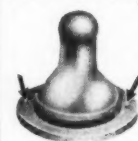
Before he goes to school, besides knowing the fairy-tale characters, he should be conscious that people have not always lived as we live now. He should have heard some of the ancient myths, he should have heard stories of real kings and queens from far-off days, he should know that trains and airplanes are a recent substitute for horses and coaches. He can learn these things through what you read to him, and your reading will reflect itself in his imaginative play. The sandbox will become a scene of moats and drawbridges, instead of always a series of roads for trucks. A few simple scarves may turn Judy into an elegant lady for an hour or so, or a fairy, or a witch. Here again it's your business to provide the materials, and then retire into the background. Don't make suggestions, unless they are absolutely necessary, and take the results in a matter of fact way. The results may surprise you, but remember that all children love to play-act, and often do it well. Don't rush your child off to have formal dramatic lessons at five or six, just because he likes to dress up. Let it stay an informal part of his play, spontaneous and unaffected, and you will both enjoy yourselves.

You can, of course, make use of this love of dramatics for your own ends, if you are clever about it. Dress Judy up as a fairy, and suggest that as her good deed, she pick up the toys on the floor with her magic. Galloping up the stairs with Johnny to rescue a maiden from a dragon may leave you a little breathless, but it will leave Johnny in close proximity to the bath-tub, and it's much quicker than calling him for bed

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live or six times. Again, a new and possibly frightening experience for a child may lose much of its terror if you take the time to act out what is going to happen. Mimic the ether cone, play-act the nurses and the doctor, and the tonsil operation will go much smoother than if it were entirely strange to the small person who is the central character. Simple manners can be taught by play acting—knocking on doors, saying how-do-you-do, shaking hands, saying good-by and thank you for the lovely time—and can save you many embarrassing moments later on.

You can provide wonderful entertainment for the six-to-ten age-group in your neighborhood if you have a room they can use on rainy afternoons, and a box of castoffs. Take your old sheets, worn and past mending, dye them different colors, and let the children pin them on each other for dressing up. Your materials need not be elaborate—the simpler they are, the more the children will use their ingenuity. Tunics, scarves, costume jewelry, flowers and feathers added to your discarded sheets and draperies are all and more than is needed. In our family, we played charades every Sunday evening with materials like these.

We divided into teams, and acted out short scenes from the Bible, history and literature, for each team to guess in turn. We did three-letter words, where each letter is acted by a scene—C for Caesar, A for Adam, T for Oliver Twist, for instance, then the whole word. We used dumb show, for two reasons. The first was obvious—it's so much easier to act when you don't have to think about what you're going to say. The second reason I now see more clearly. A six-year-old can join in the group and be quite successful in dumb show, but if he is expected to cope with language in competition with ten- and twelve-year-olds, most of his fun will be gone.

At first, the group may have a little difficulty in thinking up enough material to use, but with your own family especially, it won't be long before they are using spare time to search through bookshelves for more characters to act. Your suggestions may be helpful, at first, but keep them to a minimum. Expect a certain amount of disagreement, but rest assured that the children themselves will soon learn that quarreling only wastes time.

Above all, make a willing audience when called upon, but show them a good example with your intelligent criticism. If you are sincerely interested in their best work, they will work hard to give it to you. I can still remember the intensity with which we worked on our Sunday night performances. There were never any giggles from us—and those of my parents' friends who joined in with us I'm sure didn't dare not take our work seriously! If you suffer from self-consciousness when you play with your children, they will sense it immediately and imitate you. But if you try your best to do a good job, they will too, and play-acting, done sincerely, can never be really bad and certainly not harmful.

Choose Movies Carefully

Your child will be most influenced by what he learns in his own home. But don't forget that what he hears and sees outside his home will play a large part in developing his imagination and critical judgment. He should be taken to hear and see things as often as possible, but parents should exercise a little taste and discretion about the entertainment.

"The Snake Pit" is not good fare for a six-year-old, no matter how you look at it. But I can see no harm in taking the same six-year-old to a performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." In each case, the work is far too adult for the child, but there are compensations in the second case. The stage performance will have visual scenes that are lovely to see, words that are music to hear, and fantastic ideas that are in the realm of every child's understanding. The movie mentioned will offer none of these.

Naturally, plays or pictures that you want your child to see will not always be available. So when he comes and begs to be allowed to go to the movies with his friends, think twice before you hand him the quarter and get rid of him for the afternoon. Try to arrange something else—visiting some place of interest together, having a friend in for the afternoon to play pirates with a bang-up supper afterward—anything, even if it taxes your ingenuity to the utmost. The effort will be worth while if in days to come you have a child who can provide his own entertainment and is an alert intelligent critic of what he sees and hears. +

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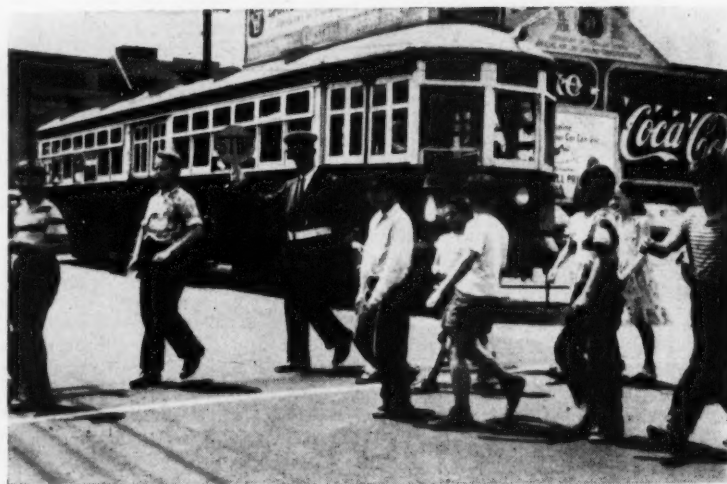
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"Baby's First Year" is the second important bulletin on care and feeding of infants. It deals with the problems of regular routine and teaching baby to eat solid foods. These two bulletins have been prepared by Dr. Elizabeth Chant Robertson, editor of Chatelaine's Child Health Clinic.

Order from:

Chatelaine Service Bulletin Dept., 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

YOUNG PARENTS



The Greatest Child Killer of Them All —

ACCIDENTS

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., DIRECTOR CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

What is responsible for most deaths among preschool children? The answer, which may surprise you, is accidents.

In the year 1930 far more of these youngsters died of pneumonia and the childish infectious diseases than from accidents. Since that time the accident deaths have been cut in half, but thanks to the remarkable new drugs, pneumonia and the infectious diseases have been reduced by 90%. So now accidents constitute the greatest hazard to your preschool child, and for every fatal accident there are some 100 to 150 serious nonfatal ones.

Prevention of Accidents

There are two things that you can do to prevent accidents. The first is to provide safe surroundings for your youngster. The second is to teach him how to take proper precautions. As you know children of this age are great imitators—so you will have to train yourself to do things the safest way. If you cut across the street on a red light or climb upon a rickety chair, your child will naturally follow your example. The aim of this article is not to cause undue anxiety but rather to suggest ways of preventing trouble. Too many people take it for granted that serious accidents won't happen to their children.

Automobile Accidents

Motor vehicles kill or seriously injure more young children than any other hazard. As you know these youngsters forget quickly and often don't think before they act. The safest place for them to play is in a completely fenced-in backyard. Although this may be a nuisance to you and run into considerable expense, it is worth it all.

If you provide your child with plenty

of interesting playthings such as a sandpile, a sleigh, wagon, shovels, tricycle, doll carriage and so on, he will play there happily and he probably won't lack for company because his friends will enjoy the equipment too. While the youngsters are still small they will need some supervision when they are playing together. Usually young children wander away from home because they haven't enough suitable equipment or playmates. Playing on the street is always potentially dangerous. Don't ever let your small youngster play ball on a sidewalk, as he is likely to dart out onto the road after it. A great many children are run over on driveways especially by cars backing out. You can't be too careful when you are doing this.

When you take your children out walking you have a fine chance to demonstrate and reiterate safety habits, such as walking only on the sidewalk, crossing only at the corners after looking both ways, crossing on the green light and watching out for cars turning. A lot of youngsters still come to grief when they run out from between parked cars and often if the driver had been traveling more slowly the consequences would have been far less tragic.

Burns and Fires

More than one quarter of the fatal preschool accidents are due to these causes. Despite their frequency, witness the almost daily reports in the papers, parents still leave children alone in houses. Young children are helpless in a fire at home. A good many small youngsters still die from upsetting or falling into hot liquids. Small children are better out of the kitchen entirely. Can't they play in their own rooms or at least somewhere else while you are busy cooking? At any rate you should

always turn the pot handles so they don't project out from the stove and you can keep the child away from the cord of the electric toaster or coffee maker. Every children's hospital always has a number of toddlers being treated for burns. The cost of treatment of a serious burn may amount to three or four thousand dollars because of the long stay in hospital and the numerous operations.

Playing with matches is another fairly common cause of burns. It is no doubt safer to teach your child how to light and put out a match properly than to have him experiment off by himself. Striking matches only under supervision should be the rule but that will probably satisfy him. Smoking while attending to your baby certainly isn't safe. One baby recently lost his eye because a cigarette flicked across his eyeball.

Although injuries by electric wringers don't properly belong in this category, they shouldn't be forgotten because they are quite common in young children. Your youngster should be well out of the way while you do the washing.

Drowning

Even a shallow pond is deep enough to drown a toddler and if there is any water near your house, you must make sure that your child can't get to it. You would be wise to learn how to administer artificial respiration, but with small children it is often too late by the time they are found.

Falls

Plenty of tumbles are part of learning to walk, but falling out of windows, downstairs or off verandas can be prevented by proper precautions. A gate across the top of the stairs or at the door of his room, and hooks or latches on screen windows are necessary safeguards. If you see your child in a dangerous position, move the furniture so he can't get there again and explain to him why he shouldn't repeat the performance. As you know he likes to do things over and over again.

Choking and Strangulation

Babies and toddlers have choked on buttons, beads, safety pins, coppers, squeaks, bells or eyes from stuffed animals, earrings and many other small objects. Your cue is to keep all such objects out of reach. Other youngsters have got tangled up in loosened harnesses or have caught their beads between poorly spaced bars in their cots. With reasonable care such accidents can be avoided.

Eating Poisonous Materials

A preschool child is extremely curious and it is essential to keep the family medicines, cleaning supplies and insect or rat poisons in places where he can't possibly reach them. Remember too that many of these youngsters are quite ingenious climbers. Because of their small size, relatively small doses of many medicines may cause serious poisoning or even death in these children. Headache tablets (especially the new sweetened flavored ones), sleeping pills, chocolate-coated laxatives, camphorated oil, liniments and many other drugs are dangerous. Most of them aren't labeled as poisons, but if your child helps himself to them he will no doubt get an overdose. If, in spite of your precautions, he does eat some

medicine, give him as much water as he will drink (2 glasses say) and then 2 tablespoons of salt or one tablespoon of powdered mustard in a glass of warm water. The latter is to make him vomit—if it doesn't work you can make him vomit by putting a spoon in the back of his mouth. If he won't take any water, make him vomit anyway. Call your doctor right away and tell him what he has eaten. If the medicine bottle lists an antidote on the label, give him that if you have it handy. If

you haven't, a mixture of two parts of burned toast, one part of milk of magnesia and one part of strong tea should be given. This is known as a universal antidote. If you can't get your doctor right away take your child to a hospital in a car at once.

Ant or rat poison, mouse seed, fly sprays, mothballs and other moth repellents are poisonous. So is lye, coal oil, cleaning fluid and most polishes. Lye may also be present in washing powders, drain-pipe cleaners and paint

removers. It seems hard to believe that a child would drink coal oil, but they do and quite frequently too. The child should not be made to vomit if he has taken coal oil or lye. Antidotes for lye are diluted vinegar, lemon or orange juice. Lye is particularly serious, because it causes constriction of the oesophagus or gullet which may require years of skilful treatment. If kerosene has been swallowed, give a little mineral oil and get the child to a doctor or hospital right away. +

"I love vegetables the way they come in Heinz Soups"



Heinz Vegetable Soup in children's lunch boxes is just the thing with sandwiches, and Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup goes well with lunches or snacks.

Many children are just plain stubborn when it comes to eating vegetables. Some of them have been seen to shudder at the mere mention of spinach, for instance. But the slickest way to get needed vegetables into children's tummies without argument is to put 15 in one bowl in the form of Heinz Condensed Vegetable Soup.

Just put steaming bowls of this rich nourishing soup before those young-

sters of yours and before your back is hardly turned you'll hear: "Look, mum! All gone!"

Children who have been brought up on Heinz Baby Foods like to see the familiar keystone label on the soups their mothers bring home. It means good eating. Whenever you see that label on a product you know it's good—because it's Heinz.

Serve very young children vegetables in these nourishing Heinz Soups

Vegetable
Cream of
Green Vegetable
Vegetable
without Meat
Cream of Green Pea
Cream of Celery

57

A furore up and down Main Street, Canada

... The writer shouldn't talk of narrow and bigoted small-town people until he has broadened his own mind. My experience with city folk is those uninvited guests who drive out to the country for a restful stay at the expense of their hosts. They do nothing to help—and are too ignorant to be of any use.—*Country Hick, Alvrison, Ont.*

Myth Exploded

... It's a long time since I read anything that filled me with such pure delight as your article on small towns. Ever since we moved to one four years ago I have been bored to tears. All the beautiful scenery in the world can't make up for the movement, color, the beauty and squalor of a big city. Bad or good, it's alive!—*H. G., Ontario town.*

... I suspect J. P. will be equally maladjusted in the city. I'd term his mental outlook intellectual dishonesty. Anyone so unwilling to face facts gives their children a greater handicap than any small town could.—*A. C. Hamilton, Ottawa.*

... After the author has lived in a city a few years he'll probably send you an article, "I Won't Raise My Children in a City." If he wants to shirk his duty as a father, why should he blame the town?—*L. D. S., Waterford, Ont.*

... Does he really believe manners are picked up in the street?—*M. E., Plattsville, Ont.*

... Thank goodness someone has at last had the courage to explode the myth of morality, peace and friendliness of the small town. You will probably stir up a hornet's nest and the buzzing and stings will be terrific, but you'll have plenty of supporters too. I'm one of those whose lot it is to teach in a multiple-grade classroom. It was my misfortune to grow up in a small town, and I always swore I'd never live in one, but necessity can be tough.—*C. D., Saskatchewan small town.*

... Finest conglomeration of untruths, misrepresentation and misinformation it has ever been my misfortune to read.—*W. C. Lecky, Summerside, P.E.I.*

... Such unjustified criticism of an important part of our nation is indeed very bad taste.—*D. Clapp, Belleville, Ont.*

... If this is the type of reading we can expect, you may cancel my subscription immediately, as I wouldn't use it even to light my fires.—*Mrs. Grant Noble, Coldwater, Ont.*

Pop Bottles Mean Wild Parties

... I admire J. P.'s courage and agree with everything he says. We moved to a rural town three years ago and the narrow-mindedness of the people is driving me crazy. They seem unable to hold an intelligent conversation and are suspicious of everyone... if we take pop bottles to the store we've been having wild parties!—*D. R. G., Ont.*

... A true and well-written article, but I'm surprised it got by. Most magazines are afraid of offending subscribers. Evidently not *Chatelaine*, which is a good healthy approach to better journalism.—*M. I. L., Charlotte-town.*

... Maybe Mr. Powers was just throwing bait at us small-town suckers, or maybe he lived in a remote village and did a Rip Van Winkle there. When he woke recently he started to write without even looking around to see what changes had taken place during his nap.—*Country Woman, Laurel, Ont.*

... May your well-written article awaken the stupid and illiterate in time to save our younger generation from complete degradation.—*Mrs. M. S., Alberta small town.*

... With the sheeplike complacency of the city-dweller, he wants to shift responsibility to someone else's shoulders. If he'd taught his children how to live, where they lived wouldn't matter.—*M. McLean, Wbaletown, B.C.*

... The author really knows what he is talking about. Granted people have a right to live and think as they please, in a small town they are just as Mr. Powers describes—like those who laughed at the poor kids' works of art.—*J. P., London, Ont.*

... Even in the city the writer will never enter the company of the truly cultured. They respect the customs and ways of people who are strange to the ways they know. They do not scoff, and above all, they are tolerant.—*Mrs. V. Bowles, Markdale, Ont.*

... Regard this writer's attitude as the height of stupidity. If you have what it takes you can get along wherever you are, but if you haven't the material to start with, you'll get failures like J. P. anywhere.—*Mrs. E. Lowe, Toronto.*

Cowards Run Away

The writer certainly hit the nail on the head. We have lived under similar circumstances for a year now, and when possible will gladly join Mr. Powers at King and Yonge Sts. again.—*Ex-Torontonians, Midland.*

... Some of the criticisms were well-founded, but like so many citizens he never mentioned what he had done to better the environment in which he had placed his family. Only cowards run away.—*Mrs. J. R. Brown, Newcastle, Ont.*

... If Mr. Powers' children are no smarter than he is, it isn't going to matter much where he brings them up.—*Miss E. A. Tye, Bridgen, Ont.*

... I left the city for health reasons, thinking a small town might be beneficial. I found the same lack of culture and stimulating thought, and the change did me no good except to make me realize how much a city has to offer.—*E. C., Toronto.*

... Agree that the wonderful people who come out of the country come out in spite of the mental and emotional attitudes, not because of them.—*F. H., Flesheron, Ont.*

Ignorant About Health

... I am a nurse, and the one thing that enrages me is the ignorance of country people about health. They look after their cows better, but will let their own ailments develop beyond all help, before going near a doctor.—*Ontario smalltowner.*

... We live in a small town, are students in a modern well-equipped high school. We have many recreational facilities and supervised sports. We believe the foundation for good manners is laid at home, and that the quality of narrow-mindedness has never been more perfectly exemplified than in your article.—*Ruth Murdock, Patricia Pequegnat, Eleanor Eby, Donna Cottrill, Port Elgin, Ont.*

P.S. Incidentally we all love ballet.

... The Small-Town Way of Life

Men never walk down the street with their wives.

Men never walk down the street with any woman (must consider it disgraceful).

If a woman dresses in the latest style she is thought fast; if she's single, she's husband-hunting.

Any single woman who moves there, no matter what her age, is dangerous, and should be treated so.

Women are judged by the kind of housekeepers they are; they aren't supposed to have minds.—*M. E. Read, Ontario town.* +

RURAL REBUKE

Dere Mister Editor:

I'm jest settin here readin yer maggyzin all about what thet there feller Powers sez in his pece about not wantin tu live in a small town. Waal the old gerl (thats my missus) has jest done shovellin the snow offen the path tu the street and she's plum tuckered out. I tol her tu quit her fussin, put on a klean aprun and I'd take her tu the korner store fora bottela sody pop. The kids is rasselin and tyin nots in the cats tale but i promised if they quit i'd let them go down to the libry and blow the dust offen them books they got down there. And he sez we small towners aint good tu our wimmen folk and kids!?! Twouldn't sprise me none if them other yokels where he hails from will be doin all they can to see if they caint get him a job in the big city—him and his gol darnd kids.

Yers trooly,
Jake Doolittle, Collingwood, Ont.

... Where did that man get his antiquated notions about farmers' sons behind the plow? Nowadays they're in front on a tractor. Country folk stare? Yes, at city slickers who go all bucolic in the country. They listen on the phone—of course, but everyone does, so no one can complain. But you take sick or your barn burns down, and those nosy neighbors are there on the double.—*J. Harrison, Toronto.*

Where's His Utopia?

... Nothing for his kids to do? I guess not, if he wants them brought up in museums and theatres. My idea of kids' entertainment is skating, hockey, supervised swimming and playgrounds. We have them all close at hand.—*Mrs. A. Tosel, Sbaron, Ont.*

... Where is Mr. Powers' new Utopia-type home—that place where teen-agers don't sip cokes at soda fountains; where they don't dance to juke-boxes, and most of all where people don't discuss other people's affairs?—*E. Thomson, Toronto.*

... He speaks of fighting for cultural development as a losing heartbreaking struggle. Isn't that only for those who give up?—*"Tbisile," N.S.*

... Why didn't he introduce some of the culture he's been fortunate enough to acquire instead of hotfooting it back to the city? — *Mrs. C. Sherrington, Montreal.*

... Had to read the article twice—first time I couldn't believe my eyes. Small-town-ness is a state of mind as prevalent in a city as on a prairie. The reason the two louts dawdling in front of the village drugstore seem so ignorant and unmannerly is because we know them so well. But we don't know the thousands of ignorant and vicious individuals who haunt our city streets and parks.—*Mrs. E. Foster, Toronto.*

... Too bad he didn't do anything about the filth he found, except to publish the fact in a national magazine. How much better if he'd tried to leave the town a better place. — *Mrs. M. Doonan, Regina.*

... Will cause the biggest furore since the publication of *Main Street*, because people don't like having their myths examined intelligently and critically. This does not mean small towns are all bad, but surely we can look without flinching at some of their shortcomings.—*M. S., London, Ont.*



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all Maple Leaf Hams the same delicate pink meat,
the same delicious flavour, the same exceptional tenderness.



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Wilt-resistant mix, all giant varieties including feathery, peony-flowered and giant branching types. All colors. Catalog value 25¢.

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Fiesta. Medal winner. Bright gold, scarlet petals; semi-double with ruffled petals. Bloom all summer. Catalog value 25¢.

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Unwin Dwarf Hybrids. Semi-double 3" flowers in wide variety of brilliant colors, on 2-3 ft. branching plants. Flower first year from seed. Catalog value 25¢.

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Double Gaiety. Large flowers in red, white, pink, maroon on compact 12" plants. Fringed, twisted petals give feathery effect. Catalog value 25¢.

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Super Giant Mixed, including odorless varieties. Some resemble 6" mums, others peonies and carnations. Every known tint from red to yellow. Catalog value 25¢.

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Scarlett O'Hara. Soft, velvety red. Sensational 3 1/2" flowers that stay open longer in day, bloom abundantly. Catalog value 20¢.

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